

PUNCH



VOL LXXIV

LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.
1878.

LONDON:
BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.



THE night was dark; only a far-off gleam on the horizon gave faint and doubtful promise of a better day. The low rumbling of recent thunder rolled in the distance. Flashes of lightning ever and anon told of an atmosphere still charged with electricity, even if this had not been proclaimed by the sulphurous and stifling air.

But what is this discord that bursts upon the darkness?

Squeakings and shriekings, groanings and gaspings, grumbings in veiled *basso profundo* alternating with squeals in agonising *alto*, confusion worse confounded of sharps and flats, dominants and subdominants, crotchets and quavers, diplomatic semitones and undiplomatic protests—mingled squawkings as of strings violently pulled many ways, blarings as of brass, wailings as of wind—

Never did more horrible *charivari* make night more hideous.

"Confound the cats!" murmured PUNCH, as he turned uneasily on his hot and rumpled pillow.

"Not cats, Master," growled TOBY, from his post of guard at the bed-side; "only the Berlin Orchestra tuning for the European Concert."

It was hard to believe that the long-promised Concert was coming off at last. But PUNCH can trust his watch-dog.

The Master was wide-awake at once, up and dressed, and deep in the list of the principal performers which TOBY had handed to him.

BEACONSFIELD and BISMARCK, to alternate the duties of Conductor and First-Fiddle; SALISBURY for BEACONSFIELD'S Second-Fiddle; SCHOUVALOFF, Big-Drum and Leader of the Russian Horn Band; ANDRASSY, Ophicleide; WADDINGTON, Flute and French *Cor de Chasse*; COETI, *Viol da Gamba*; MEHEMET, Cymbals, Tambourine, and Turkish Crescent; Roumanian *Guzla*, Greek Lyre, Jew's-harp, and other minor instruments incidental to the Concert, by Messrs. BRATIANO, DELYANNIS, the Leaders of the Israelitish Alliance, and others.

"Quite a star-orchestra," murmured the Master. "What a pity they didn't get it together two years ago! Why should Europe have had to wade her way to her concert through a sea of blood, across a waste of war strewn with hideous wreck of massacre, athwart misery untold—famine and death, and outrage worse than death? And what a discord by way of introduction! But the more trouble in tuning, the more chance, let us hope, of harmony to come."

So saying, but with a sigh of misgiving, PUNCH made his way to the concert-room through a double row of Special Correspondents who bowed respectfully as he passed.

BEACONSFIELD, *bâton* in hand, was at his side in a twinkling—leaving his seat, for a moment, to SALISBURY, his Second-Fiddle, who seemed ill at ease under the new responsibility. Was he thinking of the Conference of Constantinople, and what it came to?

"What can I do for you, my dear and illustrious *confrère*?" exclaimed BEACONSFIELD, blandly, as he made a movement to take PUNCH's hand.

"Let me see your programme," said PUNCH, politely waiving the proffered courtesy.

"Of course I have settled it all beforehand with SCHOUVALOFF and BISMARCK—but only provisionally," hastily observed BEACONSFIELD.

"Somebody must settle," rejoined the Master, "or we should have the music in a nice muddle. But you ought to have taken *me* into council."

BEACONSFIELD, for once, blushed, as he handed PUNCH a paper.

"You will see it is by no means as SCHOUVALOFF would have had it," he continued, complacently. "St. Petersburg taste is barbaric. They understand nothing but brass and wind; and their best players are always making false notes. We have modified the Panslav Movement very considerably; cut short the Russian March, and altogether suppressed IGNATIEFF's Overture to the Siege of Constantinople; besides curtailing their Bulgarian symphony, of which there was ridiculously too much. It is true we have given them the 'Blaué Donau' Waltz, with the Sofia, Schum'a, and Varna variations, the Bessarabian *scherzo*, and the Batoum *barcarole*, but *en revanche* we have restored the Balkan passages for the Turkish band."

"But how about 'the integrity and independence of the Ottoman'?"

BEACONSFIELD shrugged his shoulders. "A mere *façon de parler*. We know what that sort of thing means," he added, with a smile. "All very well for a Jingo air at the Music Halls, but in a European Concert!"—and he winked, and all but whistled as he put his finger to his nose, with an air of infinite significance. "But there was no alternative. ANDRASSY has been very troublesome. We all know he has a difficult part to play, but he will play it in his own time and way, no matter at what risk of the general harmony. It is arranged that the Viennese *troupe* are to lead the Bosnian and Herzegovinian Concerto. If they don't find themselves in a mess before they have done—but that is their affair. As for England——"

"You will allow *me* a voice," interposed PUNCH, firmly, "when it comes to the English part of the programme. Though I am not precisely a Wagnerian, in the European Concert England must go in for the 'Music of the Future,' with Peace and Progress, Justice and National Right, for her key-notes. Ah, if we could only cut down the military bands, German and French, Austrian and Russ, alike! Amidst the overpowering din of big drums and trumpets, trombones, fifes, and bugles, the European Concert may yet end in a worse *charivari* than this with which it opens."

"At all events, I hope you'll like my setting of '*Humpty Dumpty*'?" anxiously whispered BEACONSFIELD, "whatever the Turks may have to say to it."

"The less of that air the better," said PUNCH; "at least, without an English Conductor for the Turkish instruments, and one whom England can trust. At any rate, you had better let me give you a lead. *Here is my Music-Book.*"

So saying, PUNCH placed on the stand his

Sebenty-Fourth Volume,

and with BEACONSFIELD still nominally in possession of the *bâton*, but well under PUNCH's eye, proceeded to Educate the Educator.



PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1878.



LONDON: PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET, E.C.



FEMALE CLUBS v. MATRIMONY.

Mr. Firebrace. "SEND YOUR HORSE HOME, AND STOP AND DINE HERE WITH ME, JULIA! I'VE ASKED TRIXY RATTLECASH AND EMILY SHEPPARD."
Mrs. Bolingbroke Tompkins, nee Julia Wildrake (with a sigh of regret for the freedom of Spinstership and the charms of Club life). "CAN'T, MY DEAR GIRL! MY SAINTED OLD FATHER-IN-LAW'S JUST GONE BACK TO YORESHIRE, AND POOR BOLLY'S ALL ALONE!"

LOVE IN LACONICS.

He. Love you! Have me, dear?
She. Humph! How much a year?
He. Three hundred! Expectations.
She. Tales of hope! Relations?
He. Aunt. Ten thousand pounder.
 Eighty. Always found her Liberal. Thinks me CAUGHTON, Seedy now at Brighton. Made her will,—a right 'un!
She. Ah! *Anticipation*—like x in equations—Unknown quantity! Question! Let me see, Love + "screw" + x (Latter for expects) Equals Me + You! Hardly think 'twill do! Do not wish to vex, But,—first find out x !
He. If I prove x ample—
She. I'll no longer trample On your hopes.
He. Agreed!
She. Hope you may succeed!

CHEMISTRY OF COMMON LIFE.—A distinguished Professor of Chemistry suggests that the nomenclature of that science might be drawn upon for a variety of pretty additions to female names. Having himself a family of five girls, he has named them respectively, GLYCERINE, PEPERINE, ETHYL, METHYL, and MORPHIA.

ECONOMY OF "TIPS."—Two six-pences are better than a shilling, three groats better still, and, better yet, four threepenny-pieces.

MELANCHOLY REFLECTION (by a *Commons Councillor*).—"This will be poor Temple Bar's last Christmas!"

NEAR REGENT CIRCUS.—People who live in Glasshouse Street, shouldn't throw stones.



THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME.

Old Wiggies (delighted). "THERE'S THAT DEAR OLD BONNET 'COMING IN' AGAIN, I DECLARE!"

PROVERBS FOR THE TUMPT HUNTSMAN.

Dressing.
 THERE'S no toe without a corn
 If the boot pinches—bear it.

Breakfast.
 A snack in time, saves nine.
 Faint hunger never conquered tough beef-steak.

Mounting.
 You can't make a hunter out of a hired hack.
 The nearer the ground the safer the seat.

In the Field.
 Take care of the hounds, but the fence may take care of itself.
 Too many brooks spoil the sport.
 One pair of spurs may bring a horse to the water, but twenty will not make him jump.
 It is the howl that shows the funk.
 Fools break rails for wise men to go over.

Snobs and their saddles are soon parted.

At Luncheon.
 A flask in the hand is worth a cask in the vault.
 Cut your sandwiches according to your stomach.

Coming Home.
 The nearer the home, the harder the seat.

Bed-time.
 It's a heavy sleep that has no turning.

MORAL FOR THE MONTH.—Lions will be Lions. When March comes in like a Lion—we must put up with his airs.

TO THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS.—"Ariston, men, hudo!"

THE TELEPHONE.



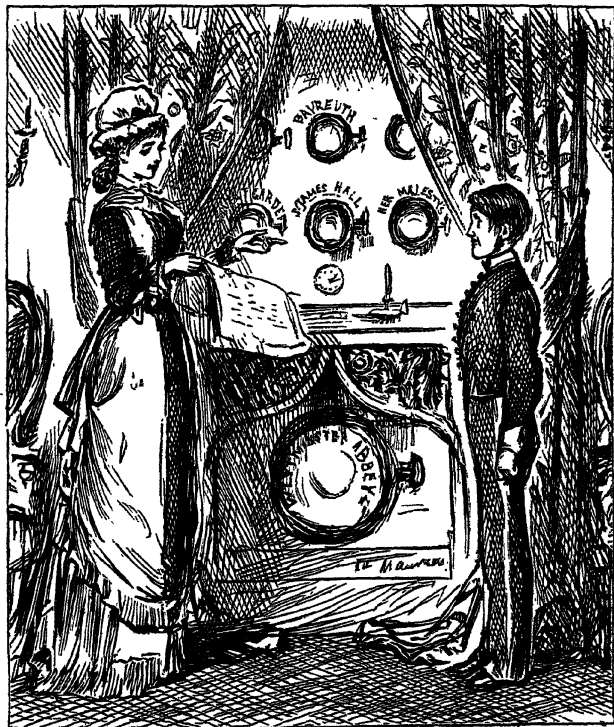
PLACE—Bedford Square. TIME—8 A.M.

Paterfamilias (waking up). "WHAT'S THE MATTER, JEMIMA?"
Materfamilias. "IT'S DEAR CHARLEY GOT A DINNER-PARTY. THE SLINGSBY ROBINSONS, FROM COLOMBO, ARE THERE, AND CHARLEY'S JUST PROPOSED OUR HEALTHS SO NICELY. JUST LISTEN TO THE CHEERS!"
Paterfamilias. "ALL-RIGHT! WAIT A MINUTE, AND I'LL RETURN THANKS!"



PLACE—South Kensington. TIME—10.30 A.M.

Matilda. "OH, MAMMA, SUCH FUN! JACK HAS GOT SOME MEN FROM THE BUSH TO SUPPER, AND THEY WANT HIM TO SING 'MY PRETTY JANE,' AND HE WANTS YOU TO PLAY THE ACCOMPANIMENT FOR HIM."
Careful Mamma (opening the Piano). "CERTAINLY, MY DEAR. BUT I WOULD PREFER YOU NOT LISTENING ANY LONGER TO THE MERRIMENT GOING ON IN JACK'S HUT!"



Musical Mistress of House ("on hospitable thoughts intent"). "NOW, RECOLLECT, ROBERT, AT A QUARTER TO NINE TURN ON 'VOI CHE SAPPETE' FROM COVENT GARDEN; AT TEN LET IN THE STRINGED QUARTETTE FROM ST. JAMES'S HALL; AND AT ELEVEN TURN THE LAST QUARTETTE FROM 'RIGOLLETO' FULL ON. BUT MIND YOU CLOSE ONE TAP BEFORE OPENING THE OTHER!"
Buttons. "YES, MUM!"



BY THE TELEPHONE SOUND IS CONVERTED INTO ELECTRICITY, AND THEN, BY COMPLETING THE CIRCUIT, BACK INTO SOUND AGAIN. JONES CONVERTS ALL THE PRETTY MUSIC HE HEARS DURING THE SEASON INTO ELECTRICITY, BOTTLES IT, AND PUTS IT AWAY INTO BINS FOR HIS WINTER PARTIES. ALL HE HAS TO DO, WHEN HIS GUESTS ARRIVE, IS TO SELECT, UNCOIL, AND THEN COMPLETE THE CIRCUIT; AND THERE YOU ARE!



THE SEASONS.

A Domestic Drama in Four Acts.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HE (her Husband). SHE (his Wife).

ACT I.—SPRING.

SCENE—His Library. Enter SHE.

SHE. 'Tis spring! my love, come forth into the garden.

HE (grumpily). I've got these bills to check!

SHE (reproachfully). You hourly harden,

Is this the dear romantic boy I—

HE (shortly). Rubbish! You deem me a Diogenes harsh and tubbish; But pray remember that a kiss or sonnet Won't pay your milliner for that new spring bonnet!

SHE. Wouldst thou love's bullion? Oh! there's some- one misses Those "sweet bilabial bagatelles called kisses,"

I quote your words, Sir!

HE. I was then a stupid; I've now to think of Cook as well as Cupid. Go! gather butter-cups and poeies utter, And leave me here to look to,—bread-and-butter! Only pray don't take cold, because—

SHE (eagerly). Well, dearest?

HE. O well, because this wind's of the severest;

And that last doctor's bill is dreadful!

SHE (hysterically). Oh!

That's all! Then cold or not,—behold!—I go!

(Exit with a "flounce.")

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE MONTH.

If the reader has carefully studied the directions we have not yet given him, he will by this time have a fine crop of weeds and nettles to reward him for his pains. Remember that nettles do not sting this month. In order to impress this truth firmly, but playfully, on the minds of rather fingers—of the rising generation, take your children (if you have any) into your garden (if you have one); if not, by the bye, take somebody else's children into somebody else's garden. (The owners of both, if they are good fellows, won't mind, and will enter heartily into the spirit of the thing.) Having informed them of the above fact, request them to gather nettles. When they have done crying, point out to them how necessary it is in this world to be prudent and cautious, and not to be led astray by high-sounding phrases.

How to get rid of Weeds.—We only know of two trustworthy methods. One is burning. But there is no fun in this, unless the wind is in the right direction, and your neighbours' windows are wide open. We therefore recommend pulling them up, and throwing them over the wall into the next garden. Settle with the owner thereof as best suits you.

Much pleasure can now be obtained by throwing stones at your conservatory, but this is an expensive amusement, and can only be carried out to perfection in very large establishments, or if you are fortunate enough to live in close proximity to an Academy for Young Gentlemen.

Many gardeners now plant potatoes; we advise eating them. Also, don't hoe your turnips; mash them. The skilful amateur ought now to have a very fine show of potted peas, and preserved beans. Pickled cabbage, onions, and walnuts, now flourish. The common mistake is to transplant old oaks and ancient elms, during this month, from somebody else's garden into your own. We decidedly reprehend this system, as its results are often disagreeable to the transplant. Many Lady Correspondents (to whom we must really remark that Mistletoe is *not* spelt with a Z), want to know if this is not a favourable season to plant that favoured parasite on chandeliers and over door-ways. This is a branch of husbandry on which we can offer no opinion without personal experience. (N.B. Office hours twelve to four, but in the middle of the day we go out for three hours to lunch.) Apples, oranges, and pears, ought now to be in great profusion—at greengrocers'. Now pot out beer. You may also sow cucumbers and vegetable marrows, with the pleasing conviction that they won't come up. The few flowers that bloom at this dull season, chiefly flourish in the button-holes of young amateurs. If your gardener has been indulging in the festivities of the season, you will now find it necessary to discharge him.

ANECDOTES OF HIGH LIFE.

A ROUGH and his wife were quarrelling at the door of a public-house. Accidentally, to them up comes Bobby A.I.

"Ere! What are you a doin' of 'ere?" inquired the Arm of the Law.

"I'm a goin' to liquor," answered SIKES, the People's William.

"Lick her, are you? Then you come along o' me." And he walked him off.

Explanations . . . and they all liquored.

INFANCY IN SLUMBER.—Kidnapping.

SOME PLANETARY ASPECTS FOR 1878.

JUPITER IN OCCULTATION.

AGAINST the ruler's rôle my pride revolts, Who marks my nods, or heeds my thunderbolts? The Radical Prometheus has the pull, With revolution all my realm is full. I'm weary of Olympus, where my Court Of power is almost shorn, of courtiers short. I think I'll take a turn in realms infernal, Or—yes—turn Editor of some Court journal.

PUNCH.

Aye, do! A Jupiter out of luck should prove A most superior Jenkins. Try it, Jove.

ASTRONOMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC REMARKS.

(For Students and Examiners.)

Q. Is there anything larger than the Sun?
A. Lots of stars, very distant, and not mixing themselves up with the others, but confining themselves to their own little coterie, and looking down upon the Sun as a flaring, flaunting, showy, vulgar sort of person who thinks himself somebody among nobodies, but who is a mere *parvenu*, an upstart of a comparatively modern date.

Q. What should you say is the moral to be deduced from the study of Astronomy?

A. Do not believe all you see, and trust nothing you hear. Stick to one good strong glass—the strongest that can be got—every night before going to bed. Be happy, be virtuous: if you can't be virtuous, be happy. And after all your studies of Astronomy, after spending many a jovial night in an observatory, making the pleasantest possible observations, you will be obliged at last to return to our old friend, Dr. WATTS, and say,

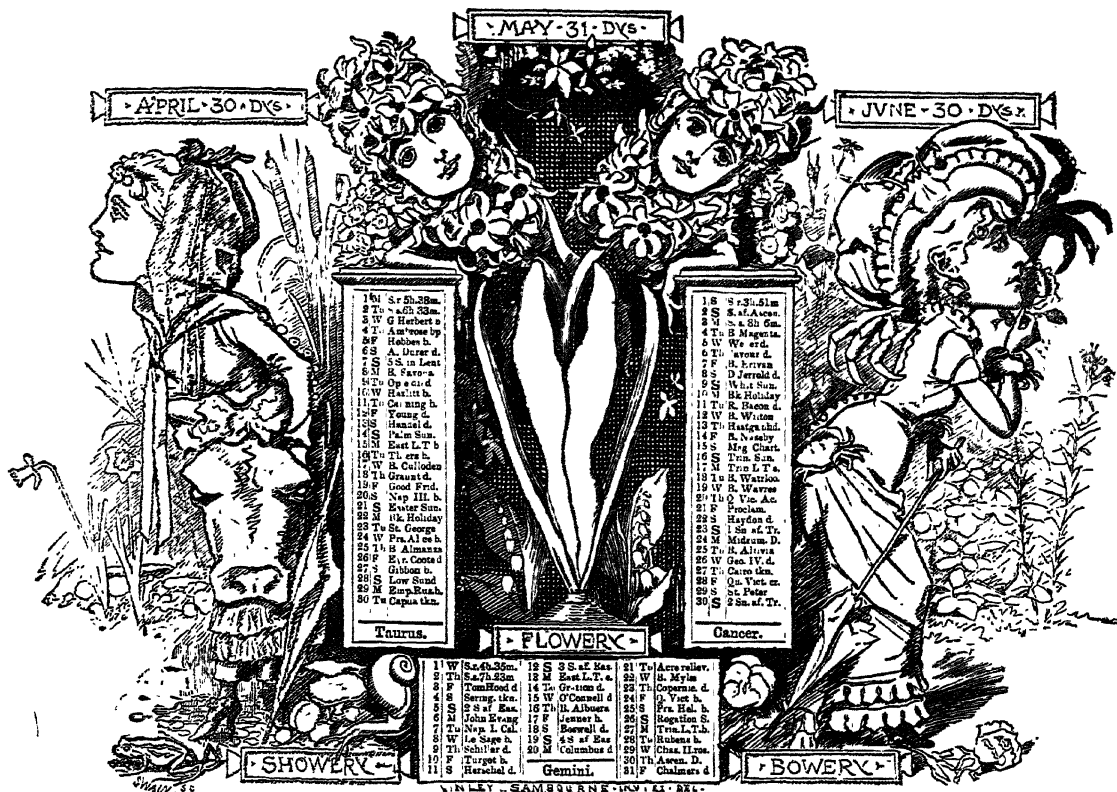
"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are?"

For you *know*, after all, just as much about them as he did, as SIR ISAAC NEWTON, as SIR JOHN HERSCHEL did, and as much, probably, as we ever shall know. Let us liquor.

TRUTH FOR THE TURFY.

List a saw of ancient stagers,
"Bowls lay eggs, and fools lay wagers."

A REAL VIVISECTIONIST.—The dressmaker who cuts your wife's "body" to pieces.



THE SEASONS.

ACT II.—SUMMER.

SCENE—HER BOUDOIR. Enter HE.

He. What! still that book? Do come into the garden And see my roses!

She (languidly). O, I beg your pardon! It's far too hot. Your roses may be pretty, But give me coolness, solitude, and ROSEMARY!

He. Solitude!

She. Yes. His dreams are too æsthetic To share, unless the sharer's sympathetic. There, do not glare upon me like a vulture! You're more at home in practical floriculture Than culling flowers of fancy.

He. Now, by jingo: I'm sick of all this cant "æsthetic" lingo. Nature, not namby-pamby art, for me!

She. Precisely, my dear Faunus. Pan, you see, Is quite your natural deity. Go, follow His earthly cult, and leave me to Apollo. You once,—but there, no matter.

He. You think there's something earthly in a rose!

She (abstractedly). Dream-roses are deliciously—

He (drily). Can you tell Where I may buy some?

She (scornfully). Buy!

He (sardonically). No! They're a sell! (Exit with a bang.)

ASTRONOMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC REMARKS.

(For Students and Examiners.)

Q. The Earth is round, isn't it?

A. Yes. The older it grows, the rounder it becomes. The Earth is losing all its figure. Its rotundity is proved by your constantly meeting the same people over and over again.

Q. Have you any farther proof?

A. Yes. So few people are able to "go straight."

Q. How about "objects at a distance?"

A. It has been demonstrated that the more remote any object is from you, the farther off it appears, and when it has quite disappeared from view, it may be fairly considered as entirely out of sight.

Q. Some lecturers illustrate this with a fly and an orange.

A. Do they? Then you pay for the fly, give me an orange, and I'll take a ride in the first, and suck the second.

SOME PLANETARY ASPECTS FOR 1878.

VENUS IN TRANSIT.

POOR JOVE! there's little terror in his thunder. He must cave in, but I shall not knock under. Queen Beauty never abdicates, that you know, My Cupid! Things are looking bad for JUNE. Though men now run with learning's flaming torch hard,

I still should win the apple—a whole orchard! Yet, spite of British grace and Gallic chic, My kingdom pleased me best when it was Greek. Fashion invokes me, but it waxes my mirth To think of Aphrodite dressed by WORK. And for the Bards themselves, the shrine they raise me Is such a sham I snigger while they praise me. Still I do reign o'er hearts as well as rhymes, And that is something in these shaky times.

PUNCH.

Could you give worth to hearts and truth to artists, Your rule need fear nor Communists nor Chartists.

A HINT TO HOUSEHOLDERS.

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JONES, who is literary, lives in a "quiet" street, where the music begins at seven in the morning and leaves off at midnight. He therefore places this placard on the front of his house:—

NOTICE!

Organ Grinders and Brass Bands playing opposite this house will be

PROSECUTED!

N.B.—Ten Shillings Reward for information leading to the conviction of Offenders: to be doubled when "Tommy make room" has been played.

PROVERB FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS AT CHRISTMAS.—"One box in the hand is better than two on the ear."

ECONOMY WITH COMFORT.—Do not wear your clothes too long. When beggars cease to bore, dogs begin to bark.

AGGRAVATING.—Getting a Money-Order for the Civil Service Stores at a Post-office kept by a grocer.

A ZOOLOGICAL RAMBLE.

HAVING given the cat-o'-nine-tails her milk, and patted the dog in the manger—he seemed to smell a rat—I put on my borrowed plumes and left home just as the cuckoo clock was striking nine, bent on accomplishing one of two things—either to hear a lion in his den or to break a butterfly on a wheel. I called at my fishmonger and poultryer's, but he had nothing in his shop except a fish out of water (very like a whale) and a March hare; but his wife said he was absent on a wild-geese chase, and had set some springs to catch woodcocks before he went, so would be sure to have a bird in the hand in the course of the morning. I ordered a couple of Welsh rabbits, and went on my way. I had bought an ounce of civet of the apothecary, when, hearing a cry of "Wolf!" I rushed into a china-shop, and there encountered a bull, which I took by the horns, and was thanked by the Mayor for my courageous conduct. On my way back I crossed the fields, and had the rare good fortune to catch a weasel asleep, and—attracted to the spot by the croaking of a frog out a-woooing (without the maternal consent)—to find a toad with a precious jewel in his head. (Luckily, I saw a snake in the grass just in time.) Nothing else remarkable occurred, except that I met the lion of the season on a white elephant, accompanied by a little dog proud of its side pockets, and saw a man with a bee in his bonnet nursing a dear gazelle and throwing physic to the dogs. I shed some (crocodile's) tears at the sight. (I forgot to mention that I was pursued by a wolf in sheep's clothing and a bear with a sore head, but my dogs of war saved me.) The cat was still looking at the king, and the fox at the grapes, and the fretful porcupine had not parted with her quills, when I reached home, where I found a present awaiting me of two dozen (four-and-twenty) blackbirds all ready prepared for my Christmas pie.

FACILIS DESCENSUS.—The Rev. JABEZ INWARDS used to maintain that wine and cigars were the downward steps to the Turf. His rule of declension was "Bacchus, Bacca, Back'um."

JUNE.—Now's the time to sow cuttings from newspapers. Theatrical stars travelling in the provinces send slips up to London, and get them well planted.

DOMESTIC GARDENING FOR ALL THE YEAR ROUND.—Sew buttons.

CAPILLARY ATTRACTION.—The charm of my lady's back hair.



A SUBSTITUTE FOR RINKING.

THE JENKINSONS ARE SO DELIGHTED WITH THE "PARQUETS CIRÉS" THEY HAVE SEEN IN THEIR TRAVELS ABROAD, THAT, ON THEIR RETURN HOME, THEY PROCEED TO "FROTTER THEIR FLOORS IN THE TRUE ORTHODOX FASHION."



"THE LAND OF LORN."

It has drizzled incessantly, for a fortnight, since the Smiths came down to their charming Villa at Braebogie, in Argyleshire. Keeper (who has come up to say the boat is ready on the Loch, if "they've for Fushin' the Day"). "EH! I SHOULD NA WONDER IF THIS WEATHER TUR-RNS TA RAIN!!"

SWAIN 80



"PUNCH'S" DREAM OF THINGS EGYPTIAN!

"So of Khedive, an Needle, and Canal,
He thought and dreamed!"



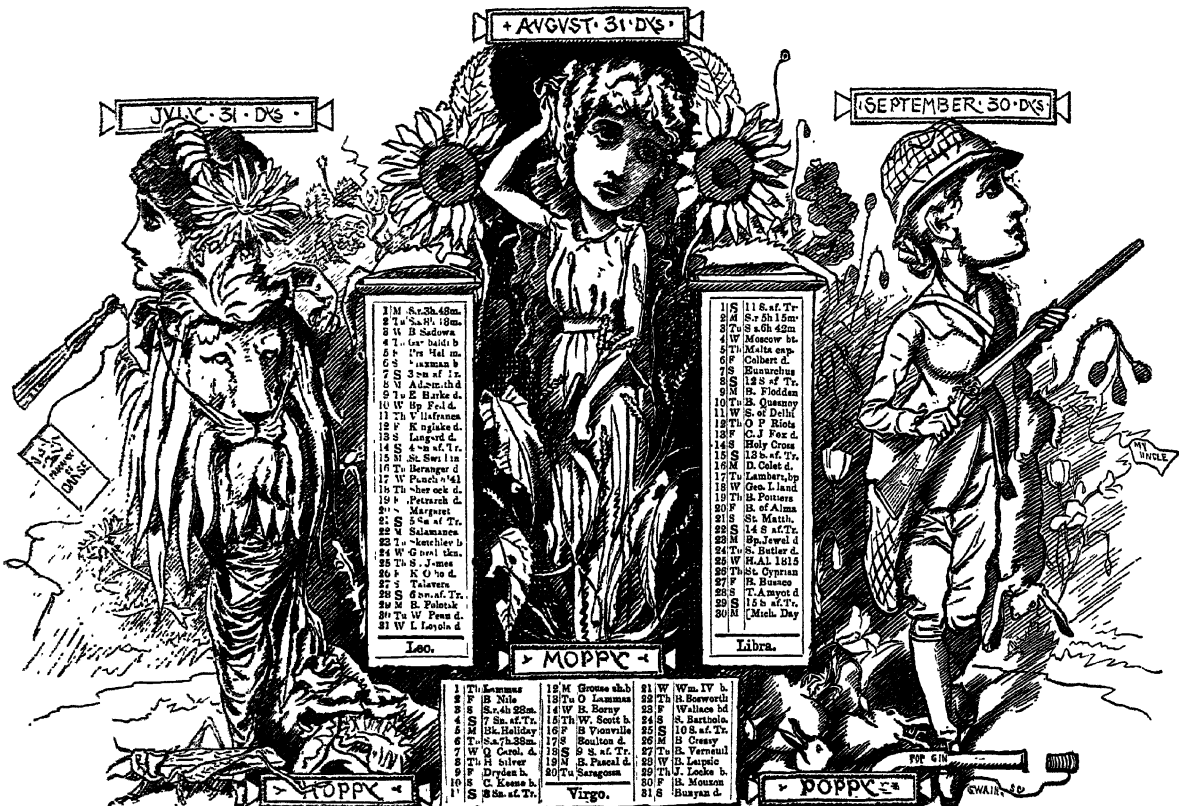
MODERN ÆSTHETICS.

Materfamilias. "WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL THE MORNING, GIRLS?" Sophronia Cassandra. "WE'VE BEEN PRACTISING OLD GREEK ATTITUDES AT LAWN-TENNIS, MAMMA?"
 Papa (who is not æsthetic) "AH! HOPE YOU LIKE IT, I'M SURE!" Sophronia Cassandra. "VERY MUCH, PAPA—ONLY WE NEVER HIT THE BALL!"



THOSE DREADFUL BOYS!

Algernon. "AND, DEAREST, IF THE DEVOTION OF A LIFE—" (At this moment his hat is knocked over his eyes by a common Star-fish, or Five-fingers (*Asterias rubens*), thrown, with considerable force and precision, by one of those *infernal*—high-spirited little fellows her younger brother, TOMMY and BERTIE!!!)



SOME PLANETARY ASPECTS FOR 1878.

MARS IN ASCENSION.

Jove may lament, and Venus may complain,
But latter-days are strengthening my reign.
Despotic power may fail, and beauty fade,
But fighting is a never-failing trade.
Religion once declared against my rule,
But now has set herself to me to school;
Knowledge was sternly set to bid me fly hence,
But my most useful servant now is Science.
Jove's heaviest bolt was but a harmless trifle
Compared with the Martini-Henry rifle.
The other gods may curse their luckless stars,
I rather think it's all serene with Mars.

PUNCH.

Science, who serves you now with much regret,
May play the Diomedes with you yet.

SOCIAL MAXIMS.

(By a Social Man.)

SOCIETY is composed of two classes of aspirants—the people who aspire to give dinners, and the people who aspire to eat them. My first maxim is, To take care of Number One: and so I count myself in Number Two.

Another of my maxims is, Never be in haste to accept an invitation until there is no hope that a better may turn up. Delays may be dangerous (as with rich and crusty relatives), but they more frequently bring you real turtle in lieu of mock.

A third maxim of mine is, When you lend an umbrella, be sure it is a bad one: otherwise you tempt the borrower to forget to send it back.

It is a maxim of mine that a man should always carry a cigar-case in his pocket, in order sometimes to embrace the opportunity of filling it when calling on a friend.

If you chance to be afflicted with a big bump of benevolence, bear in mind my maxim, When you go to hear a charity sermon, put a shilling in your pocket, and leave your purse at home.

When an old friend asks for a small sum, just "to go on with," depend on it he wants it to go off with.

Why is Matrimony like Captain WHITE'S Oriental Pickles, as advertised?—Because it also is "a delicious mixture of sweets and sour."

THE SEASONS.

ACT III.—AUTUMN.

SCENE—Seashore. SHE seated. Enter HE.

He (eyeing a retreating figure with much disfavour).

Who is that pottering fool?

She (blaudily). Net much! A poet!

But rather handsome.

He. Well, he seems to know it.

What was he doing?

She. Reading me some verses.

He. On what?

She. On me!

He. O, fifty thousand curses!

She. Stay, I can't count so many!

He. Hang his cheek!

She. A compliment, my dear.

He. I'd have you seek

No compliments in rhyme. They're always rot!

She (archly). Always, my dear? I fear you've quite

forgot

Some

He (sternly). Let me see them.

She. Nay, "rot" cannot please you.

He. I tell you I insist.

She. Well, not to tease you

I'll show them. O, he speaks of me so nicely,

Proclaims my eyes "scintillant stars."

He (grimly). Precisely!

All lute-thrummers tell lies.

She. You think they're not?

He. Good gracious, no!

She. And then he says a lot

About my cherry lips, which might he touch

He'd

He (furiously). Hang it, Madam! This is quite too

much!

Hand me the insolent scribbler's stuff. I'll choke

With his own lies!

She (solicitously). Now dearest, don't provoke him,

Because he's, oh! so fierce!

He (imperatively). The lines I say!

She. Well, here they are (hands him paper). But do

not tear them, pray,

Because I value them more than my life.

He. A very pretty statement for a wife.

(Reads)—

"Scintillant orbs, more radiant, more divine

Than those that hang in heaven's clear hyaline."

Why, here! I say!—oh! hang it all—they're

mine!

[Exit in a huff.]

A SCOT IN A SHOWER.

Heck, ho, the Macintosh!
Fair fa' the Macintosh!
In a shower to stan' a slosh,
I'll be bail for Macintosh.
Heck, the bonny ower-johnnie!
Ho, the bonny Macintosh!
Anti-sappie, drappie, drappie,
Weet-proof wrappie, Macintosh!
Tramp through the squish-an'-squosh,
Fa' floods, I diuna fash!
Fute in caoutchouc galoeche,
Tap to tae in Macintosh!
Deil a dandie's sprush as SANDIE
Claikit in his Macintosh!
Hieland laddie o'er your plaidie
Aye pit on a Macintosh!

THINGS WHICH EVERY MAN CAN DO:

(Or thinks he can, at any rate).

WRITE a novel, a love-letter, or a leading article.
Drive a tamar: shoot a pheasant: and order a good dinner.

Poke the fire on sound scientific principles.
Make a cigarette as well as a machine.
Pick the winner by the preliminary canter.
Ride a bicycle without six months' practice.
Pack his own portmanteau far better than a man-servant.

Make an after-dinner speech worth being reported.
Spot a snob without so much as speaking to him.
Cook a chop, carve a goose, or concoct a first-rate champagne cup.

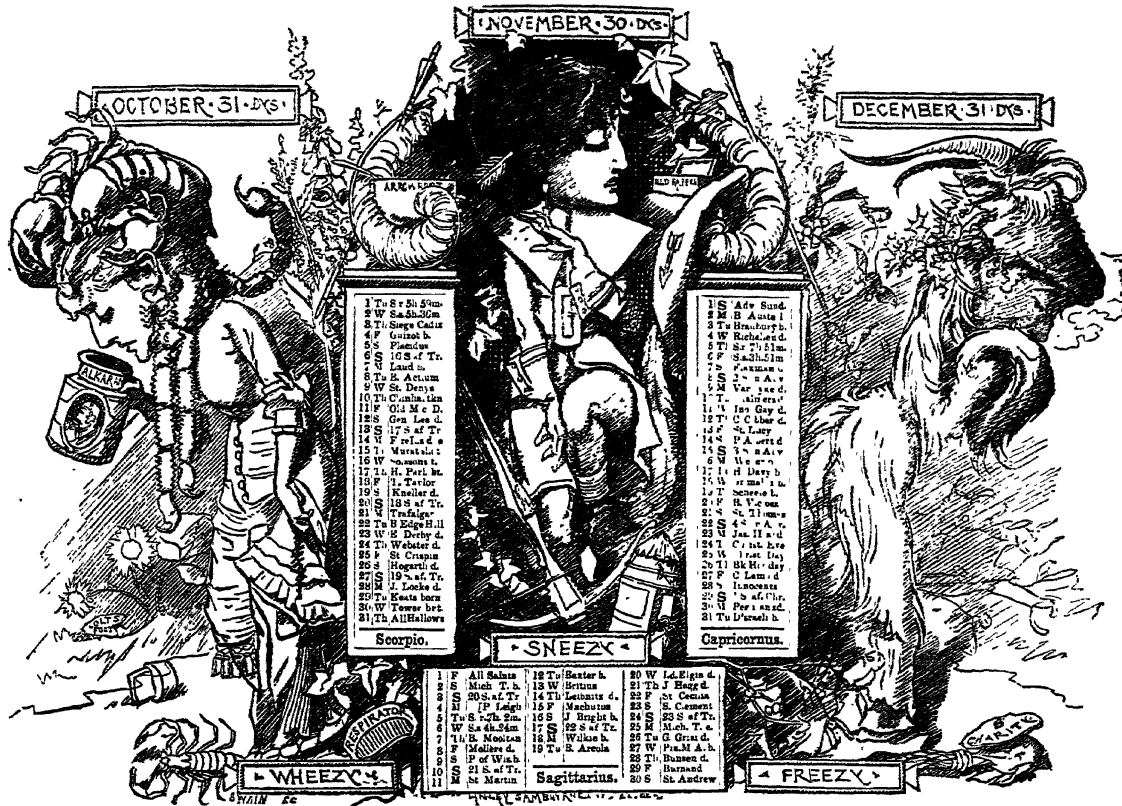
Know where to buy the best of shooting-boots and breechloaders.
Judge a horse, a glass of wine, or a water-colour drawing.

And, finally—Make his wife believe the reasons he alleges for his absence on the Derby Day, or for taking suddenly a short Paris trip without her.

PREDICTION FOR THE SHORTEST DAY.—The Sun will be on his beam ends.

TWICE AS GOOD AS THE "ODD FRYER."—The even tenner.

DARWINIAN.—Origin of Punch—the primordial self.
THE SOIL OF UTOPIA.—No Man's Land.



POLICE WANTED.

WHEN may we expect the HOME SECRETARY who will organise a body of Police to bestow surveillance solely upon members of the brute creation? Such, for instance, as the following:—

Brutes who shirk their work, spend in drink what their wives earn for them, and then pay them by knocking them down and dancing upon them.

Brutes who send their children out into the streets to beg, or steal, or starve, with no further care about them.

Brutes who scatter orange-peel upon the pavement, to the danger and detriment of passers-by in general.

Brutes who, to save a sixpence, put bad corks to your good wine, whereby most of it is spoilt ere coming to maturity.

Brutes who mangle your shirts so that, on coming from the wash, the fronts are found to be in holes, and scarce a button left on them.

Brutes who, when they pack them, fill your figs with grit, and artfully insert small stones among your currants.

Brutes who put cheap rotten laces to your boots, as you will probably discover when ten miles from a shop, among the wilds of Scotland.

SOME PLANETARY ASPECTS FOR 1878.

MERCURY IN OPPOSITION.

Nor Jove, nor Venus, nor the mighty Mars,
Nor other of the great Olympian stars,
May match *my* power in these modern days.
Jove? Pooh! the bankrupt tyrant cannot raise
Funds for his fun without my artful aid.
Venus? Against the tricks of talk and trade
She and her bantling both are impotent.
What's love or beauty matched with cent. per cent.?
And as for Mars, when could mere arms reverse
The will of Share-list, Price-current, Bourse, or Purse?
At power, at force, at beauty mortals laugh—
Their favourite deity's the Golden Calf;
And I'm sole autocrat whilst I can hold
Headship o'er trade, palaver, craft, and gold.

PUNCH.

You're basest and most blatant of the bunch,
But you are reckoning without your *Punch*!

NOTE FOR NOVEMBER.—No swallows in a Saint Martin's summer.

ILLUMINATION FOR STUDIOS.—Northern Lights.

THE SEASONS.

ACT IV.—WINTER.

SCENE—The Domestic Hearth. SHE knitting.
Enter HE from business.

He (heartily). Well, Pet!

She (tenderly). Well, precious! What? Some roses?
Truly

You're quite too kind. Like having flowers in
Thule,

To get them this cold weather.

He. Well 'tis chilly,

But then that kiss would thaw an iceberg!

She (smiling him delightedly). Silly!

He. What's that you're knitting?

She. Cuffs for you, my dear.

The wrists will chafe in weather thus severe;

Does that sound prosy?

He. From your lips, divine!

She. Goose! Now be still! and drink this hot mulled
wine.

He. My Hebe-Dorens!

She. Thanks! That's really pretty.

And now sit down, and read me some ROSSETTI.

(Left sitting.)

MARGARINE—AN IDYL.

MARGARINE, sweet Margarine!

Who art thou? Some one's bosom queen?

My heart is in a flutter,

Imagining thy bright eyes' sheen,

Thy breath like fragrant Floriline,

As thy soft name I utter.

No; Margarine, sweet Margarine,

Weareth no human form, I ween;

Idle that name to mutter!

Sweet, fresh, and French is Margarine—

'Tis beef-fat, *minus* stearine,

And—substitute for butter!

ARBOR VITÆ.—Free Translation.—Harbour of Refuge.

DRESSING FOR GREEN-BEARDED OYSTERS.—Emerald Ile.

A MAN'S WEATHER EYE.—The one he looks sheepish with.

HORTICULTURAL.—The Cucumber is the Melon's poor relation.

SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS.

(For the Christmas Holidays.)

ACTING as a wet blanket.
Adding fuel to the flame.
Bending the twig.
Burning the candle at both ends.
Cutting the Gordian Knot.
Dipping a pen into gall.
Fanning a flame.
Getting into hot water.
Gilding refined gold.
Infusing new blood.
Opening the flood-gates of eloquence.
Pouring oil on troubled waters.
Putting all the eggs into one basket.
Putting the cart before the horse.
Registering the gauge after it has rained
cats and dogs.
Striking while the iron is hot.
Throwing cold water upon a plan.
Touching pitch.
Ventilating a subject.
Keeping many irons in the fire.

INFORMATION WANTED BY THE STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

The number of persons sent to Coventry during the past year, and the average period of their residence there.
The number of tons of coal carried to Newcastle.
The number of wedges inserted by the small ends.
The number of murderers of the Queen's English.
The number of "h's" dropped.
The number of times PRISCILIAN has had his head broken.
The number of bricks that have been made without straw.
The total length of "yarns" spun about the Russo-Turkish war.
The cubic contents of the "padding" in the Magazines for twelve months.
The number of persons who have dined with Duke HUMPHREY.
The area of pie-crust broken in the form of promises.
The number of speeches delivered by the Irish "Obstructives" in the House of Commons.

PEOPLE talk as glibly of MANNING a Pope, as if the POPE were a Man of War.

RANK AND FILE.—A bankrupt peer and his schedule.

TEACHINGS BY TRAVEL.

THAT *pourboire* is a word in common use upon the Continent.

That to journey by yourself with a knapsack at your back is certainly much easier, though of course far less respectable, than to travel with a wife and daughters, and their lady's-maid and luggage and parasols, and handbags, and pet dogs, and other knickknacks.

That it is not every alpenstock that has been up Mont Blanc, although the name may be conspicuously branded on it.

That you had better use plain English than questionable French, or German, or Italian, at least when you are giving instructions to a waiter.

That however much it makes you smack your lips at first, there yet may come a day when you are sad to see an omelette.

That a wet day in Venice, or even in Vienna, is hardly more enjoyable than one in Mudborough or London.

That it really is astounding what ill-usage a portmanteau may endure when it has grown well seasoned to it.

That in refreshment-rooms abroad you can get something better than a Bath bun or stale sandwich.

That in a crowded Spanish church, where peasants mostly congregate, the odour of sanctity is sadly full of garlic.

That it is not every French cook who can serve a tender steak, and a hot plain boiled potato.

That one may feel slightly chilly even in the Sunnir South, a little after nightfall in the middle of November.

That if you desire to travel *en primea*, in point at least of cost, you had better take a courier.

That the finest mountain scenery, and the best of *tables-d'hôte*, may be spoiled by a mosquito.

That the railway guards in Germany are not so prodigal of small politenesses, even when bribed handsomely, as their brethren are in England.

That there is not much to choose between a Paris fog and London one.

That foreigners, after all, are not bad fellows in their way, but they might have better figures if they did not eat such monstrous breakfasts, and played more athletic games than dominoes and billiards.

And, finally, that, however glad one feels at getting away from home, one is generally far more so at the thought of getting back to it.

A CASE OF "SURVIVAL."—Great Britain and Ireland, at a remote prehistoric period, were probably numbered among the Cannibal Islands! In Ireland a good fellow is still called "a broth of a boy."

ATROCITIES AT HOME.—Will it be believed that in the City of London, in a street named after our gracious Queen, not far from the Mansion House, and the Thames Embankment, there stands a stately building, occupied by a body of English gentlemen, one of whose duties it is to "impale"—though it should be added as some extenuation—not the whole body, but "arms" only?

THOUGHT FOR GOOD TEMPLARS.—The wife of SOCRATES was a *temperant*, who sorely tried her husband's philosophy. Her misbehaviour has been ascribed to over-indulgence in intoxicating wine. XANTIPPE was frequently XANTIPSY.

BEST WEAPON FOR KILLING TIME.—The Minute-Gun.

RUSTIC RETORT.

YOUNG JEMMY and JESSY sat mute on a stile.

Says JEMMY, "In vain time in cooling I lose:

I can't get a kiss, nor a word, nor a smile,

Come, cant you say bo! to a goose?"

Says JESSY, "I don't want to hurt you, my dear,

Or I'd say bo! to you. You're so slow:

If you can't take a kiss without asking, I fear

I shall have to say "goose" to a beau!"

HAPPY-THOUGHT MEMORANDA FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Mem.—To get up earlier. Also, to go to bed earlier.
Mem.—To be more careful as to diet. (This *Mem.* made after Christmas week.)

Mem.—To live by rule. Write out my own rules, and keep 'em before me on my table. For instance, say, To breakfast *punctually* at (hour not yet settled). To begin work *punctually* at — (not yet settled the time for beginning work). To lunch exactly at 1-30. To take exercise regularly. To read from — till —. (Must take time to fix these hours exactly; but once fixed, *mem.*, to stick to them.)

Mem.—Always to dress for dinner. Slouchy habit not dressing for dinner.

Mem.—To read so many lines of SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, COWPER, or some poet every morning while dressing. (N.B.—I read of some celebrated character who did this, and he got through a lot of poetry in a year.)

Mem.—To brush up my Latin. Read HOMER—a stanza a day, and learn it by heart, so as to come out with it as an apt quotation. (N.B.—Lead the conversation up to this point.)

Mem.—Never take a cab when I can walk.

Mem.—To have one settled time every day for reading the paper. (Say when. At Club? If so, what becomes of sociability at Club?)

Mem.—To practise whist and cribbage privately.

Mem.—To get a Frenchman to come for an hour three times a week, and talk Italian also; or, for economy, an Italian who can speak French. Say, he comes at four o'clock every day—or at some time when I should be doing nothing else—and mustn't put him off.

Mem.—To read a chapter of History every day; say, at breakfast.

Mem.—To limit smoking to (—) pipes, (—) cigars (number not fixed: mustn't do this sort of thing too hurriedly).

Mem.—To set apart one day a week for calling and leaving cards. Say, Sunday afternoon.

Mem.—Always to answer a letter immediately on receiving it.

Mem.—To get in all my bills, and make arrangements for paying ready money in future.

Mem.—Not to read in bed at night.

Mem.—To think of several other *mems.*, and put them all down in form.

IDLE THOUGHTS.

(By an Idle Man.)

An ill-tempered friend is like a gas illumination—easily put out.

When a man marries for money, the honeymoon might more properly be talked of as the moneymoon.

Of all the enemies to repose, commend me to a cat. Catterwauling, while it lasts, is fatal to comfort. As the proverb says, "*Le Meu est l'ennemi du bien.*"

A man who writes a diary with a view to publication, may be considered guilty of an attempt on his own life.

The worst of keeping racehorses is, that they are sure to be running in one's head, just when they have been kicked out of the betting.

The question of the day is—What to do with your cold mutton?

My son, beware of heavy suppers if you have any wish for light slumbers.



AN EMBARRAS DE RICHESSES.

Guest. "HAVE YOU GOT A SPARE PAIR OF SLIPPERS, GEORGE?"
Host (comely Curate). "SLIPPERS, MY BOY? LOOK HERE!" (Throwing open closet.) "PRESENTS FROM THE YOUNG LADIES SINCE I TOOK THE CURACY LAST AUTUMN!"

THE DECLINE OF THE DRAMA.

MUNDUNGUS deems the Drama is declining.

Yet fain would swell the crowded playwright ranks.

The secret of his pessimist opining,

Is—all his Dramas are declined—with thanks!

ISOLATION IN AGE.—"Ah!" sighed old Mr. PEN-
NIOLOVE. "I am a lonely man! I have not a friend in
the world to die and leave me anything!"

AN ECLIPSE THAT CAN'T BE CALCULATED BEFORE-
HAND.—The Eclipse of the Honeymoon.



THE MANIA FOR RESTORATION.

Chorus. "MAMMA!
GRANDMAMMA!
GREAT-GRAND'MA!" } WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING WITH YOURSELF? WHERE IS YOUR BEAUTIFUL WHITE HAIR, AND YOUR PRETTY CAP, AND YOUR BLACK SILK GOWN?"
Great-Grandmamma. "WELL, MY DEARS, ALL THE FINE OLD BUILDINGS ARE BEING 'RESTORED' ACCORDING TO THE ORIGINAL DESIGN. WHY SHOULDN'T FINE OLD LADIES HAVE A CHANCE AS WELL?"



THE HAUNTED ROOM.

Host (to Captain Jinks of the Militia). "WE'RE DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU, MY BOY, THOUGH WE DIDN'T EXPECT YOU. WE SHALL HAVE TO PUT YOU INTO THE EAST CHAMBER—THE HAUNTED ROOM, YOU KNOW. BUT OF COURSE YOU DON'T MIND GHOSTS—AND IT'S ONLY AN OLD LADY WITHOUT HER HEAD!!" [Now anything mortal he wouldn't have— But—!]



HOW TO WORK OFF A CHRISTMAS DINNER.

MOTTOES FOR THE SUPPER TABLE.
 I'm dying for the next wait, charming Nelly!
 My heart is wobbling like this orange jelly.
 Though ready for my supper, dearest ANGEL!
 I love you better than the best Blanc mange.
 Ladies of yore asked lovers for a ballad,
 I think, dear, you'd prefer some lobster salad.
 On Venus' altar doves were offered.—I
 Will therefore offer you some pigeon pie.
 When your eyes turn on me, see how I'm fluster'd,
 It makes me turn as pale as any custard.
 If I am ice with some, for you I melt, Sir!
 So fetch me, like a deer, some wine and Seltzer.
 What will my love ally? Declare it, Molly!
 Offer a lady claret mixed with polly.
 To slice a gallant, 'e'en by knight's, I ween,
 Was thought of old a proof their love was keen;
 Try then, to-night, a slice of galantine.

My heart is in a pickle! Don't say gammon;
 But let me recommend this pickled salmon.
 Enough of sentiment! of supper, *assez!*
 But finish up with just one *narron glacé*.
 As round the flame doth buzz the blind cook-chafar,
 So I round thee, and feel I am no safer—
 Bosh! Fetch me two more ices and a wafer.

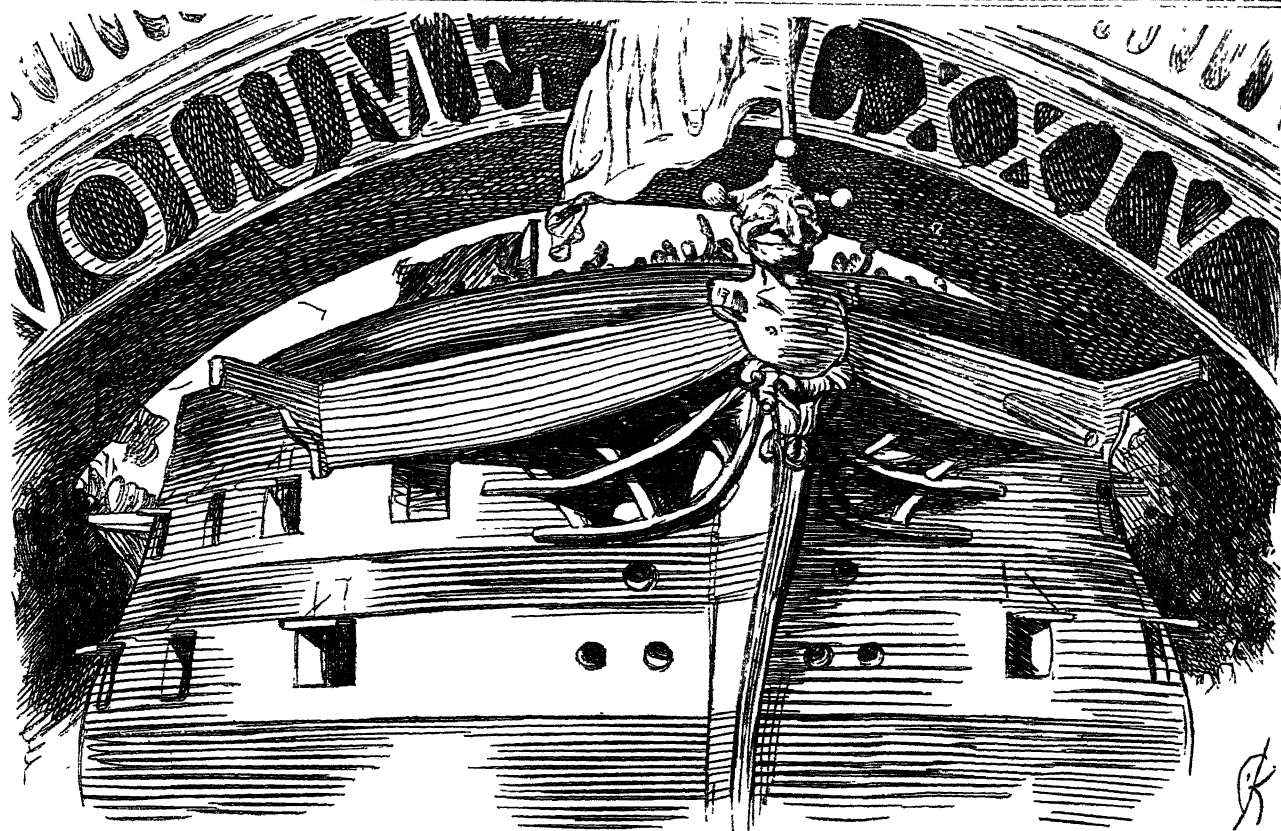
NE PLUS UTERA.—The most credulous man we ever knew was one who believed in Fairies, Vestries, City Companies, Critics, Opera season programmes, and Joint-Stock Company prospectuses.
CABIN' IT COUNCIL.—Shall I walk or take a Hansom?
FEATURES OF THE FESTIVE SEASON.—Balls and Snowballs.
GREAT TRANSFORMATION SCENE.—The life of a Buttery.

"FACTS ABOUT SHERRY."
 Wine merchants may reate, if they please, their glittering array of Sherries, dinner and after-dinner, pale, dry, golden, brown, nutty, old, East India, Anon-tilado, and so forth; but the sober truth is, that there are but two sorts of Sherry—that which is made in Spain, and that which is manufactured out of it.
 As there are brandy cherries, so are there brandy Sherries.
 Golden Sherry for the morning of life, brown for the meridian, pale and dry for the sear and yellow leaf.
 Pale Sherry at a funeral, golden at a wedding, brown at any time.
 One man's "Sherry" is another man's poison.
 The better the wine, the better the weed.
 No Sherry like Old Sherry.
 Better a bottle of good Marsala than a dozen of indifferent Sherry.
 Happy the man who can afford a quarter-cask of real Sherry four times a year!

You may speak of a glass of Port wine, but not of a glass of Sherry wine. This subtle distinction no philosopher or philologist has ever been able to explain. Let your humour and your Sherry both be "dry." Our "duty" as regards Sherry may be thus summed up—Give it good, or not at all.
 Those are a few "facts," about Sherry; the fictions would fill the *Almanack*.

A CHRISTMAS APPEAL.
 Christmas comes but once a year,
 Coming mild on Christmas Day,
 If 'tis frosty and severe,
 Christmas comes again in May.
 Beg not, therefore, shameless Gai,
 Routly on an idle plea
 Go! I am not to be had.
 Ask no Christmas-Box of me!

CONVEYANCE FOR GIRLS.—A *Virginibus*.



BRAYED TO DEATH.

HAPPILY for the upholding of English common-sense impudently defied, and the comfort of English timidity, well nigh flustered into foolishness and brayed into bewilderment, England has a responsible Government, as well as an irresponsible Press.

LORD DERBY and LORD CARNARON have their cold-water douches ready to turn on sufferers from the inflammatory war-fever, due to the infectious germs sown broadcast, from whatever motives, by a certain section of the newspapers. We will give this hot-headed little clique the benefit of that charitable construction which it never extends to those who differ from it, and assume it to be prompted less by wickedness than unwisdom. Whatever the cause of its war-whooping, we cannot but feel it fortunate that we have Ministerial voices to speak reason for its rhodomontade—peace instead of war, moderation in place of madness, and prudent policy for pot-valiance and pseudo-patriotism. Ravings and roarings, black visions, and deranged bilious and nervous systems, are symptoms of the disease best if most briefly known as *D. T.*—natural consequences of over-circulation, and over-indulgence in stimulants. But the wild utterances thence arising do not pass, and, thank England's stars, are never likely to pass, for the voice of the British public, still less the roar of the British Lion.

Only asses could mistake asinine note for leonine. Now, though the Prophet of Chelsea has roughly set down our thirty millions of British population as "mostly fools," there are degrees in folly. The fools who are foolish enough to mistake Ass's bray for Lion's roar are a decided minority, though numerous enough to be a nuisance, and even troublesome at certain times and in certain places.

But what sort of a following these blatant ass-echoers can command, even among the class that musters at Metropolitan mob-meetings, was shown last week in the miserable failure of Mr. MALTMAN BARRY and his fellows to get up a Turcophile demonstration in Trafalgar Square. The *Daily Telegraph* had to record the contemptible collapse of its own precious "convertites." And though MUSURUS PASHA was ill-advised enough to stoop to the humiliation of an interview with the leaders of the "fizzle," Mr. DISRAELI, warned by Mr. MONTAGUE CORRY's report of the meeting, was too knowing to grant the appointment for a deputation solicited by Mr. MALTMAN BARRY.

No, while England has a Queen and a Constitution, a Parliament and a Government, a History and a British Lion, she will speak by these, rather than by the voice of *D. T.* If the part to be assumed were the Lion of Judah—*passé!* But the British Lion—oh dear no!

TOYING WITH PAUPERISM.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

As a porochial hoffer and offishal administeriater of porochial economy purmit me to purtestagin them there Crisimas appeals as as lately bin apperin in the papers on bearf of them goodfor-nothink Porpers. The most owdacious of Witch I considers the hontery about Childhood without Toys, and the happlicashon for Dolls and sitch to be sent to Workuses for Porper Childern. Fanny a Porper Child nussing a Waacks Doll, wot spekes and can say Mar! Why the next thing will be Rockin Osses for Porper Childern. Sir, a Workus ort to be an ouse of work, but them there Umanitarians wants to make it an ouse of play. I've heerd in pint of relidgion Umanitarians is a Pack of erratics, and ain't we told to wisit the Sinns of the Parients on the Childern? Werry well, then.

And now wot's been the Consequens of petitionen peple to send Workus Childern playthings? A lot on 'em as been sent here to this werry Porochial asilum all of which I should like to ave throwd beind the fire, partickler one, witch was—wot do you think? Wy a figger off a Twelfcake dressed in full togg in the Caricter of a Porochial hoffer, the werry imidge of, and no Dount ment for my self, witch not meenin no poetry I have the Honner to remain yure

Obeigent Umble

Stinham Union Wurkus.

Servent, BUMBLE.

P.S.—Is that the way to teach 'em to onner there pasters and masters, and beave their selves lowly and Reverend to hall there Betters?

The Hound and the Rifle.

A RATHER UNUSUAL combination of hunting and shooting may be noted in the following brief report of the wild sport of

"DEERSTALKING AT THE ROYAL HUNT.—During a recent run with Her Majesty's Staghounds in the Harrow country, some unsportsmanlike person fired from behind a tree at the stag, and shot it in the head. The animal, of course, had to be killed, and the occurrence created considerable indignation among the followers of the Royal Hunt."

Very likely. Their sport was spoiled by the shot of the unsportsmanlike person. But, as sportsmen, may not the stalker and the hunters of a half-domesticated hack deer be considered to stand pretty much upon a level?

PUNCH'S NEW-YEAR GREETINGS.



As through his coil of wondrous wires,
 With tiny tubes like flowrets hung,
 A-throb with life of lightning fires,
Punch greets the wide world, tongue to tongue,
 To all the shores, o'er all the seas,
 He sends, as erst, a glad "New Year,"

From lips whose smile but ill agrees
 With most that strikes his listening ear.

There's war and woe in East and South,
 And yet more woe and war to be;
 But now the gripe of dearth and drouth
 Held India hard from sea to sea.

With wrath and want at work abroad,
And ill-times and ill-deeds at home,
'Tis hard to raise the New Year Laud
'Gainst wailings that athwart it come.

Brim bowl, and let the brandy blaze,
Toss the glad toast from lip to lip;
His blithest bark let *Toby* raise,
And pipe all hands to "wear the ship"
From War's black reefs and blood-stained waves
To Peace's sunny-sleeping sea;
From Famine's toil, and tale of graves,
To full-fed Plenty, feasting free.

'Tis easy wished! Were *Punch's* will
As potent as his heart is wide!
But the world's great loom stands not still,
Nor weaveth as *our* wisdoms guide.
The pattern of its warp and woof
We read not while the shuttle goes,
But we have faith, on Man's behoof,
That the World-Weaver works and knows.

Our New Years are as Old to him;
His worlds and ours have different names:
His bright may oft to us show dim,
His gain seem loss, His glories shames.
Still it roars on, that mighty loom,
Nor let hope die, and heart repine,
While joy and woe, success and doom,
Work out the web of wise design.

A LONG LOOK-OUT A-HEAD.

THE Scotch are well known for a provident people. Here is a proof that providence with them reaches even to Town Councils, and is large enough to include the "fou" as well as the "fastin'." There are various ways of preparing for the New Year. This is the Dundee one. In its *Advertiser* of the 26th ult. we read:—

"PREPARATIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR.—At a meeting of the Police Committee, held on Monday night, the Superintendent of Police made application for five wheel-barrows (one for each police station) for the purpose of conveying drunk and incapable persons to the several offices. He also submitted a plan of the wheel-barrow in use by the Glasgow Police for the same purpose. The Committee granted the application. The barrows, which are to be constructed immediately, will each cost £5 15s."

With cushions, no doubt, and a sloping bed, at a comfortable angle of forty-five degrees, though even so, the price seems high. Still this sweet solicitude is very beautiful. A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind.

AN OPENING.

WHAT a chance for Rising Juniors of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn when the Temple is "Disbarred."



L'AXONG D'ALBIONG.

"OH—EE—PARDONG, MOSSOO—MAY KELLY LE SHMANG KILFOKER J'ALLY POOR ALLY ALLYFOOL MILITAIR?"

"MONSIEUR, JE NE COMPRENDS PAS L'ANGLAIS, MALHEUREUSEMENT!"

[Our British Friend is asking for the way to the Ecole Militaire.

A ROYAL EAGLE AND A ROYAL SPORTSMAN.

"For several days past an eagle of great size and beauty has been seen hovering about Windsor Great Park, and on Wednesday it was observed to settle itself on the Castle. Information of this fact having been forwarded to Prince CHRISTIAN, His Royal Highness, accompanied by several keepers, tried to shoot it, but failed. In order to capture it, a trap was laid, into which the bird subsequently entangled itself; but it tore itself away, leaving one of its toes in the mesh!!"—*Times*, January 1st, 1878.

Better day, better deed! We congratulate Prince CHRISTIAN on his last sporting feat of the Old Year. Eagles are not so common at Windsor that Royal Sportsmen can be expected to spare them. And yet German Royal Sportsmen might be credited with kindness for Eagles, considering the figure the big birds, single or double, cut in the heraldry of German Royalities. But we presume that Eagles, to find favour in German *Ebengebürtig* eyes, must be double-headed, or at least, "displayed" after the spread-eagle fashion of *blazon*, more like kites on a game-keeper's kennel-paling, than like kings of birds soaring in the boundless blue, or perched at gaze on sea-cliff or mountain crest. Any way, this Windsor waif-aquiline found no mercy from Prince CHRISTIAN and his keepers—but first, a volley of cartridges, which luckily missed their mark, and then a trap, which only tore off one of the aquiline toes instead of catching the whole bird. "*Ex ungue aquilam*," Prince CHRISTIAN may proudly inscribe under the captured claw, when he has it mounted as a trophy of his prowess.

Seriously, if this is the sort of welcome that awaits the Royal bird, at Royal hands, in the Royal Home Park, the wider berth Eagles give Windsor Park and Windsor Castle the better. We have our Bills for the protection of small birds, but we presume our big birds are considered large enough to look out for themselves. When LOUIS NAPOLEON flew his tame eagle at Boulogne, the sagacious bird settled down in the shambles instead of soaring to the Napoleon Column. At Windsor, the bird that seeks the British QUEEN's British oaks may find that he is settling in the shambles too—shambles in which the blood will be his own, and the butcher a Christian Prince—we beg his pardon—a Prince CHRISTIAN.

If Eagles and Princes could but change places, like the Lion and the Man in *Aesop's* sculptured group! Think of a full-fed, sleek Serenity of a small German coming down on a Royal Eagle's home-demesne, and to his consternation finding that the guns fired, as he might naturally fancy, by way of welcoming the Royal visitor had been shot! Then, when, startled by this striking salute, he turned tail, fancy the Prince finding his leg in a trap, and extrication possible only at the cost of a big toe left behind him! What would the Prince think of the Eagle's idea of a Royal Reception?

ALL THE BETTER FOR INDIA.

SIR HENRY SUMNER MAINE, by becoming Master of Trinity Hall, will not cease to be a Member of the Indian Council. That light, at least, will not be turned off at the Main.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

At the Gaiety afternoon—The Adelphi afternoon and evening—The Folly—with most interesting and varied information about all sorts of things.



SIR.—In my capacity as Your Representative, and, therefore, reading everything, I have been much struck by a series of articles in *The Globe*, appearing under the heading of "Our Light-houses." I was saying to myself, "What a delightful occupation! a Light-house Inspector!" when it suddenly occurred to me, that, at all events, during Christmas, I am Your Lighthouse Inspector, or, to speak by the card, Your Inspector of the Light-houses of London. For if the Lyceum, with its Irvingite service, and the Princess's, with its Will's mixture, and the Queen's (late National) with *Fa-therland*, represent the "heavy" business of the theatrical world, then all the other theatres in Town, at this gay and festive season, are the *Light Houses* of London, beginning with

the Prince of Wales's, Vaudeville, and Court, as representing Light Comedy—at least, the Court will represent Light Comedy when *The Last Days of the House of Darnley* have come to an end—the Olympic as representing the revolving light of Comedy-drama, the Gaiety and Strand as representing Light Comedy and lightest and brightest Burlesque, the Haymarket, with its clever eccentricity (un-musical), the Opéra Comique, with its ditto (musical), the Royalty, with its Opéra Bouffe, the Folly, with its lightest of light musical Farce, and, finally, Her Majesty's, with its Ballet Pantomime, Old Drury and Covent Garden, with their Pantomimes, and the Gaiety (again) and the Adelphi, with their Afternoon Pantomimes—all these certainly represent the London Light Houses of which, by special appointments (time, date, and number of seat, being on the ticket), Your Representative is the Inspector.

Of the first Lighthouse, Drury Lane, I have already spoken, and spoken well, as everybody else does who has seen the *Vokes et præterea nil* Pantomime of *La Chatte-ron Blanche-ard*. But before the holidays are over and the inevitable Black Monday arrives, let me recommend all who love taking children to Pantomimes, to see the Gaiety afternoon Pantomime of *Valentine and Orson*, commencing at 2.30 P.M., with its thoroughly good old-fashioned genuine Pantomime Scene, with very little talking in it, (and after all, who wants to hear anything except a song or two in a Pantomime?) between the D'AUBANS and W. WARDE, and Lieutenant COLE to follow, with his speaking figures, or as he might term them, his "figures of speech." "Lieutenant" COLE! Why he is far above that rank; he is King COLE, King of Ventriloquists, with an exhibition of cleverness that no COLE, who has ever had anything to do with any sort of exhibition, has ever equalled. He is the only COLE that might be sent successfully to Newcastle. I don't like his *Jeremiah Broadbrim* behind the screen; let King COLE take a friendly hint and drop this particular figure of speech. The little Girl who sings "*The Dicky Bird out in the Snow*," is excellent; but the gem of the whole entertainment is the centre figure, the irritating Old Gentleman who will interrupt on every possible occasion, but who is so intensely disgusted when he himself is interrupted by the laughter of the Black Boy on his left. It may be safely said that for something light and brilliant, this is the very best COLE anywhere.

There is another afternoon Pantomime at the Adelphi played entirely by children. It is called *Robin Hood and his Merry Little Men*. A more elegant Harlequin than Miss ANNIE GILCHRIST won't be seen this Christmastide anywhere, and I suppose Master BERTIE COOTE is the only Clown in town who sings the queer old-fashioned song of "*Hot Codlings*," which used to delight our grandfathers and our fathers, and up to within a very recent period was regularly demanded every Boxing-Night by the Gallery, when compliance with the request was regularly refused by the Clown. Now—a days no one in the Gallery calls out for "*Hot Codlings*," and I do not believe that any Clown ever sings it, not even in private life. Can any one of us, even of those privileged persons who know a Clown to speak to,—who "know him at home," as Eton boys used

to say,—can anyone of us, I ask, really divest himself of the idea that a Clown remains, just as he is, dormant throughout the year, until suddenly revived by the genial approach of Christmas? Who cannot imagine the gradual awakening of Clown? The winter fires feed the vital spark, and restore animation. Then, after the longest run, after, perhaps, nearly three months of buffeting, bonneting, of tumbling, of injuring himself all over with red-hot poker, fancy the sudden collapse of Clown on the blank inevitable To-morrow that follows on the Last Night of the Pantomime.

I—*moi, qui parle*—have spoken with most eminently respectable and well-behaved individuals who, I have been told, are Clowns, Pantaloons, Harlequins, and Columbines. In my heart of hearts, I have never credited the information, but, of course, politeness would forbid my expressing a doubt. I do not believe that the Pantomimists who are brought to us by Fairies at Christmas, and who salute us with, "Here we are again!" can, at other times, be ordinary mortals. If, in spite of my incredulity, it is nevertheless a fact, then, as Mr. Fact comes of a stubborn family, I refuse to make his acquaintance. Most of us prefer Fiction.

The Adelphi Pantomime assures me of the truth of, at all events, one of my Pantomime Theories, which was *minus nascitur non fit*. Clearly these Mimes are "born so," and here they may be seen all a-blowing (after their dances), and all a-growing,—for some of them are a good inch taller than they were last year.

But I have a bone to pick with Mr. CHATTERTON. In his programme, now before me, he announces, not only for certain fixed dates, but for "every evening," that at seven P.M. will commence the Drama of *Formosa*, to be followed by *The Enchanted Barber*, in which the GIRARDS will appear. Outside the theatre the announcement was to the same effect, while inside the theatre *The Enchanted Barber* was played at seven, *Formosa* soon after eight, and the GIRARDS appeared after this. Now what I went to see, and what I hope everyone capable of enjoying a thoroughly original, graceful, and very funny Harlequinade, will go and see, was not *Formosa*, or the GIRARDS, but the performance of the Martinetti Troupe in the after-part of *The Enchanted Barber*.

Anyone merely guided by the bills last week, and going in for the MARTINETTIS, would have been treated to some of *Formosa*, a taste of the GIRARDS, and nothing of what he wanted to see. Fortunately, a well-informed person met me in time and warned me. Would that all our Harlequinades could be remodelled on the Martinetti plan. An intelligent plot runs through it, clearly told in dance and action, graceful and grotesque, by first-rate pantomimists. I should strongly recommend the management to stick to its first arrangement, and put the cart before the horse—that is, *Formosa* (the cart) before the MARTINETTI (the horse), as the horse will draw.

At the Folly may be seen a three-act Farce of the most utter farcical description, avowedly made up from French materials, and flavoured with French sauces. The comic business in the second and third Acts is quite enough to carry it, as an audience is sure to go into fits of laughter on seeing three funny people shut up in three different cupboards, the low comedian escaping out of window, and adopting the window curtains for trousers, and somebody else being shut into a sort of divan, and sat upon. Mr. HILL seems too big for this little house, or too broad; he reminds me strongly of WRIGHT and PAUL BEDFORD (mixed together, two-thirds being PAUL BEDFORD) at the Adelphi, when the essence of farce was being hidden in cupboards, or up a chimney, sitting by accident on a baby, or hiding the infant in a chest of drawers. Those who remember WRIGHT will recognise where the resemblance begins and ends. If pretty MISS VIOLET CAMERON will only make friends with Dramatic Art, then, Nature having already been most kind to her, a brilliant career in the lighter forms of the Drama should be before her.

Les Cloches de Corneville is announced for this theatre. I saw it in Paris, at a theatre about three times, at least, the size of the Folly, for which house it will, therefore, be rather a tight fit. There is a part in it equal to that of the Miser in *La Fille de L'Avare*, magnificently played by ROBSON as *Daddy Hardacre*, at the Olympic. If, with *Les Cloches de Corneville*, the manager of the Folly will give us another ROBSON, it will be indeed a fortunate chance for himself, the artist, and the public.

Morning performances of the most successful pieces, besides Pantomimes, are now being given. The Haymarket, *Engaged*—at the Opéra Comique, *The Sorcerer*—at the Vaudeville, *Our Boys*, and at the Strand, *The Red Rover*, on Saturday next, the 12th of January.

Our Boys nears its thousandth night. Of course it will be run to its thousand-and-one'th representation, so as to rival the *Arabian Nights*. After that a separate establishment should be opened for Messrs. JAMES, THORNE, & Co., to play new pieces in, while the Vaudeville could be conducted by Lieutenant COLE, with moving figures dressed as the characters in *Our Boys*. The TUSSAUD Family might object, but, after all, it would only be one institution more, which visitors from the country would be bound to visit once a year.

At the Prince of Wales's, on the night of the 12th, will be

produced *Diplomacy; or, Miss Dora's Mousetrap* (unless any other change in the title be effected in the interim), written by the two ROWES. Capital collaboration between two ROWES! The hard ROWE and the soft ROWE. Hard ROWE insisting on every line being spoken as written; soft ROWE smoothing it all down, and getting the piece played as both Authors want it. Success to the two ROWES! This is only their *nom de plume*, but the ROWES by any name will always be acceptable. Your Play, Gentlemen, is produced on the night of the 12th; so on that "Twelfth Night" may the play be "what you will" and everything you wish. Receive (this to my Editor), Sir, the expression of the highest consideration from,
YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

DOUBTFUL.



HERE is a hitch in the POPE's scheme for re-Romanising Scotland. Considering that the last Vicar Apostolic in the land

of JOHN KNOX was Cardinal BEATOUN, and that his end was being first hanged, and then pickled and preserved in a vault in the Castle at St. Andrews, it is hardly to be wondered at that Papal Prelates should pause before adventuring on *partes infidelium* whose *infideles* manifest their infidelity in this disagreeable fashion.

We notice an omen too in the names of the present heads of the Scotch Papal Hierarchy such as it is,—Drs. EYE and STRAIN of St. Andrews.

It is obvious that a very little strain in the direction of Rome, with a race so perfervidly Protestant as the Scotch, may awaken a great deal of ire. Perhaps, on the whole, the POPE, before he makes his new Scotch arrangements, would do well to consider whether *le Scot vaut la chandelle* of Holy Church, which His Infallibility is thinking of again setting up in that stubborn and rebellious soil.

A GOOD FRENCH LESSON.

DESCRIBING the success of a new play at the Gymnase, a Paris Correspondent calls attention to a fact which he most properly considers to be worthy of report:—

"It is to be noticed that in the ball-room scene several charming actresses appear and dance who have not a word to utter. The names are printed in the bills, but the personages are mute. How many theatres are there in London where well-known comedians could be induced to appear as guests, in a single scene, in order that the success of a piece should not be imperilled by ill-dressed supers?"

There still are certain matters which are managed not so well in England as in France, and the matter of stage management may be fairly classed as one of them. Attention to small details is frequently a great thing in getting up a piece, and frequently these little points are largely overlooked, if not utterly lost sight of. On the English stage a ball-room scene would be a sorry spectacle, nor

would the presence of "well-known Comedians" materially enliven it. One may, indeed, imagine how Mr. TOOLE might be applauded for dancing a quadrille, and what mirth he might elicit by his comical contortions while drawing on his gloves (which, of course, would be too big for him), or when entangling his legs helplessly with his partner's long silk skirt. But one must cross the Channel to see a ball-room scene put fitly on the stage, where the guests are not grotesque in costume or appearance, and the dancing is of such sort as is seen in modern drawing-rooms, and does not degrade a comedy into a burlesque. Let Mr. HARE, the Manager of the Court Theatre, take the opportunity of *Victims*, in which one Act passes at an æsthetic *soirée*, to set a better example. He has prepared the way to a change for the better in this respect by all he has done already in the way of stage-mounting and arrangement.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE ABOLITION OF CAKES AND ALE.

FIRED doubtless by the example of the raid upon Christmas Cards in the newspapers, and determined to better the instruction, the writers of the following genial letters have sent *Mr. Punch* their "seasonable" communications for publication.

MR. PUNCH,

Lower Tooting.

WERE you not a man, I might possibly respect you. But, as I hate the whole of your sex, I can but regard you with feelings of loathing and contempt. Still, I am more likely, perhaps, to receive justice at your hands than at the hands of any of your *brothers*. I write to protest against the sending of Valentines. The men who send them are impudent puppies, and the women forward minxes. I have no patience with either! I never received but one Valentine myself, and that was of an insulting character—suggesting that I was over forty, when even now I am barely thirty three. I sent it to my Solicitor. That was more than ten years ago, and he has not yet discovered the libeller. If he had, I would have taught the creature the penalty of propagating libellous lies, even under the vulgar disguise of a Valentine.

Yours indignantly,

VIRGINIA VERJUICE.

No. 3 Staircase, Mould's Inn.

SIR,

I HEARTILY approve of the excellent letters in the newspapers on the extravagant folly of Christmas Cards, which has now reached such a disgusting pitch. It is said that these idiotic effusions please the children, but what right, I ask, have the children to be pleased at the expense of their elders? I hate children. They are nuisances and grievances, which every year become more expensive to those who are unlucky enough to be saddled with them, and even more annoying to those who have escaped the infliction.

And now, Sir, I wish to raise my voice against another abuse. I would ask, why should children's birthdays be kept? Why should these little nuisances have toys and treats showered upon them in celebration of events which from any rational point of view can only be described as lamentable?

The practice has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished—nay, Sir, it ought to be discontinued altogether. From causes beyond my own control, I am a frequent visitor at a house where children abound. The cook and the cellar are a set-off against the nursery-plagues. Whenever I am at this house one child or another is sure to be having a birthday, and I am expected to give this child a present under the penalty of being considered a mean old brute. Put the thing down, Sir, put it down! It is an imposition, Sir, a scandal, a levy of blackmail on those whom Providence and Prudence together have saved from this class of inflictions!

Amongst whom I thankfully sign myself,

Yours,

SOWERBY GRUMPUS.

SIR,

The Hole, ten miles from Merton.

I DON'T very often get hold of a paper, because I take good care to live as far as I can from my fellow-creatures. For many years I have been convinced that most things in life are bad, and the remainder worse. The attack upon Christmas Cards is about the most sensible move that has attracted my notice for the last quarter of a century. But why not go further and do away with the other annoyances of the festive (!) season, such as bells, waits, holly, mistletoe, charitable appeals, roast turkeys, plum-pudding, mince-pies, "good wishes," and all the rest of the Christmas tomfoolery? I throw out the suggestion for what it is worth, and sign myself without any disguise,

KERR MUDGRON.

N.B.

"OUR Winter Exhibition" to be "continued in our next." A few more sketches yet remaining to be shown to the public.



IN THE METROPOLITAN RAILWAY.

"I BEG YOUR PARDON, BUT I THINK I HAD THE PLEASURE OF MEETING YOU IN ROME LAST YEAR?"

"NO. I'VE NEVER BEEN NEARER TO ROME THAN ST. ALBAN'S."

"ST. ALBAN'S? WHERE IS THAT?"

"HOLEBORN!"

THE ASS IN THE LION'S SKIN.

CEASE, Neddy! in the name of mercy, cease!

Spare us these blasts of self-complacent braying,
While for the coming of the New Year's Peace
All ears are listening, and all hearts are praying.
Take the tin trumpet from those foolish lips—

Not, as you dream, the month-piece of the nation.
When skies are dark with fear of War's eclipse,
We do not need your music's aggravation.

Long have you wrought the Lion to arouse,
With noise that *he* calls braying, *you* call thunder;
When, to play Lion, donkeys cease to browse,
As far as row goes Lion may knock under.
But when the lordlier brute's ill-fitting skin
You put on, leonine duties forth to blazon,
All but fools know you, nor regard your din—
Braggart and bumptious, bellicose and brazen.

What do *you* know of Leo's kingly way,
You, who misconstrue calm as coward quaking?
There needs more than the will to lift a bray
Into a Lion's roar to fight awaking!
Like *Bottom*, you suppose the Lion's part
All roaring, as your bravery is all bragging,
And fancy the great beast is losing heart,
Because you cannot see his tail still wagging.

Such force as yours is weakness to strong souls.
They hate the tricks of penny-trumpet fluster;
To them the most contemptible of rôles
Is frantic fidget and *Bombastes'* bluster.
We know our roads, be sure we'll keep them free,
Where our right leads our feet are prompt to follow;
But we'll not hang our boots on every tree,
In challenge as gratuitous as hollow.

Leo's tenacious of his right-of-way;

Foes who that right may venture upon blocking,
Must face a deeper note than the big bray
With which the Ass the Lion has been mocking;
But roaring round all roadways far and near,
Like some too-fussy cur that's always yapping,
Is a performance that suggests the fear
That thieves have but to will to take us napping.

The funk which fashions bogeys, and would arm
Our neighbours with assassin's mask and dagger;
The bounce which is the shield of weak alarm,
The self-distrust which cloaks itself in swagger;
The fustian patriotism, spun by length,
The high falutin' style, the cockerel cry,
May suit your aims and ears, but Leo's strength,
Couchant, with stretched arms, lets the jaw go by.

Detraction, bunkum, braggadocio, pour,
Unchecked, unchallenged, from your noisy throat.
"Tis Ass's braying, and not Lion's roar,"
Men say, pass on, and take no further note.
Honour and Interest hand in hand with Peace
Stand now as always; who their clasp shall sever?
Asses in Lion's skins? Pooh, Neddy! cease.—
Whate'er the skin, bray *will* be bray for ever!

Better than the Telephone.

"PSHA!" said GRUMPUS, when he heard of Telephonic machines enabling us to hear a man six hundred miles off, "the valuable invention would be one to enable us *not* to hear loud and vulgar chatter six inches off—in railway carriages and elsewhere—to say nothing of street-cries in a suburban street, or your neighbour's piano in a suburban house. *That* would deserve gratitude, if you like."



THE ASS IN THE LION'S SKIN.

(*VIDE OLD FABLE.*)

FIGARO À LONDRES.

Being a few remarks on the *Supplément au Figaro du Mardi*,
December 25th, 1877.



A SPECIAL Christmas Number of the Parisian *Figaro* was entirely devoted to notes of a visit to England. Without exception they are the best and truest ever made in a social, pleasant, and thoroughly genial spirit, by any French Journalist. But why didn't he come to our office for information? Well, better luck next time; only, instead of looking in on the opposite side of the way, he *might* have given us a turn. We would have laid out for him such a *déjeuner à la fourchette* consisting of plum pudding, roast beef, mince pies, porter-beer, gin, whiskey, a grog and pipes, and indeed all the luxuries of the season. And after this entertainment (and we know he didn't get anything

like it on the other side of the way, because the waiter, a creature of ours, told us) he would not have had to go far for the following gratuitous information:—

England is the most unsentimental country in the world, yet there exists among us a most touching ceremony. Whenever several Englishmen dine together, and the moment for the inevitable "toasts" arrives, they all, from the oldest to the youngest, stand up (an attitude impossible later on in the evening) and drink to the health of the QUEEN. After this, they all burst into tears. A silver dish, and a pocket handkerchief, are handed round,—the first to catch the tears, the second to wipe the eyes.

About H. R. H. the Prince of WALES, we could have told him:—The Prince might, but for the accident of his birth, have been a Frenchman. He is quite a *gentleman good fellow*. Parliament allows him so much a week, for which he has to go to Lord BEACONSFIELD regularly. Lord BEACONSFIELD, though of the Hebrew Caucasian race, does not make anything by the transaction. The PRINCE, who is under six feet, often finds himself so short as to be compelled to borrow. The Hansom Cabmen turn away when they see him coming, and pretend to be called by imaginary fares. He is fond of hiring them, but as their lowest fare is sixpence, and as it is uncertain whether His Royal Highness has that amount in his pocket or not, they renounce the honour of his distinguished company.

The Prince has that Royal gift, a wonderful memory, and if compelled to request a small loan from someone, he never forgets the lender's name or face, whenever they may happen to meet again.

GLADSTONE is member for Ayrminster, and it is *he*, not DISRAELI, who lives at Hewingdown. Lord BEACONSFIELD is brilliant, but he is not Bright. The Two GLADSTONES, *père et fils*, were the originals of the celebrated song "*The Two Obadiahs*," as sung by Mr. SIMS REEVES. Although the last-mentioned Gentleman's name is plural, which fact is in itself singular, yet he is not more than one tenor at a time, except when he delights everybody by singing better than ever, and going beyond himself, or when, in consequence of a sudden attack of bronchitis, he is beside himself with vexation. If he were Mr. SIMS REEVES he would only be half the man he is. Being plural, he ought not to object to being encored. He is not in the Cabinet. Mr. MASKELYNE is in the Cabinet, at the Egyptian Hall, where the KREDIVE's Office for financial business is located.

We would have shown him, too, the working of our system. He need not have gone to the Offices of the *Times* and *Telegraph*. *Ex Puncho disce omnes*. He would have been shown our artists, hard at work, in several separate rooms, each provided with speaking tubes, and various luxuries, and, above all, our own private process for taking speaking likenesses at a distance, through the Telephonic-Photograph (Registered). He would have beheld our Cartoonist in his fairy bower, with perhaps several personages celebrated in the political world, sitting to him for their portraits, or standing to him in various costumes and statuesque attitudes. He would have been taken to our Cartoonist's private menagerie, where he makes all his magnificent studies from animal life, and thence to our Cartoonist's International Refuge, where models, of all nationalities under the sun, reside, receiving so much per annum, each according to his necessities or fancies, from the proprietors of this journal, the

possession of which a ROHSCHILD might envy, but could not command. He would have seen the elegant villa of our Second in command on the borders of the Thames, to whom, if not careering about on Southampton waters, he would have been presented, and from whom he would have received a most hearty welcome. At our office he would have seen the diplomatists from all countries waiting their turn in the hall, some sitting anxiously and uncomfortably on the staircase, until summoned to the editorial sanctum.

In a side office he would have seen Our Representative receiving the secret emissaries from various parts of the world, entrusted with missions of the utmost importance. He would have been allowed to witness one of those mysterious interviews, which are always taking place every quarter of an hour, between Our Representative, who assumes from time to time various disguises, and a cloaked and masked individual, whose loudest tone is a low whisper, and who enters by one secret panel and is sent out through another. Revolvers are on Our Representative's table, and a whistle of peculiar construction hangs at his belt. In various lockers are different disguises, and, according to the visitors whom it is necessary to interview, so he appears either with a long nose, moustache, and spectacles, or a turn-up nose and no spectacles, or a Roman nose, and so forth. The system is entirely his own, and has hitherto been most successful. Should it be imitated, being a man of expedients, he will change it.

The Correspondent of the *Figaro* would also have been taken to a brilliant evening party at the mansion of one of our noblest Dukes, and there he would have seen how, though in the middle of his tenth valse with the most beautiful of all the beauties in the land, the Editor of this Journal, on hearing the clock strike one, would suddenly tear himself away from his fair enslaver, would rush down to the supper-room, swallow a mouthful of iced soup, cold chicken and truffles, salad and a bumper of *Pommery très sec*, and would, then, in anybody's new gibus and best overcoat that might first present themselves, jump into his double brougham, and proceed at a hand-gallop (two firemen in full costume being on the box and two more behind to keep up the illusion and make everything get out of the road) to our office, when he would at once alight, and throwing off his white tie, and pitching his tail-coat, covered with orders, into a corner, he would dash into an old worn smoking coat, light a cigar, and sit till four or five in the morning, working with all his might and main at the laborious editorial task before him. Then, ere the Correspondent of the *Figaro* would have been permitted to retire to rest, he would have seen the Editor answer one hundred and seventy-five letters, and he would see him putting them in as many unstamped envelopes, thus giving to one hundred and seventy-five persons, the proud privilege of receiving the signature of the Editor himself and paying twopence each for it.

Passing over a whole heap of the most useful information, which would have saved him a world of trouble, we would, in all good faith, have instructed him as to the exact political value of such a popular song for instance as Mr. TOOLE's "*He always came Home to Tea*." This would have prevented the "*Gentleman-Correspondent*" from making one mistake, which, we believe, to be the only mistake of any importance whatever. It is this. On the back page of the *Figaro* is given one verse in English, with the music, of that "*War Song*" of the Music Halls, which just now enjoys its share of popularity with "*Nancy Lee*," and "*Jeremiah, Blow the Fire*," and a translation of the whole song into French, of which the *Figaro* says, apologetically, "*Des vers français n'auraient pu arriver à la sauvage énergie de l'original*." The chorus of the song, as sung by most of our London street-boys, instead of "*They all do it*," and "*Woa Emma*," recently shelved, is this—

"We don't want to fight, but by Jingo if we do," &c.

And the translation, which "*n'aurait pu arriver à la sauvage énergie de l'original*," is—

"Nous ne voulons pas la guerre, mais, par Dieu! si nous combattons," &c.

If "*par Dieu!*" is not to an Englishman's thinking rather more savagely energetic than "*by Jingo!*" then words are meaningless. If "*par Dieu!*" is to be accepted as an equivalent, and as, after all, rather a weak equivalent for "*by Jingo!*" then either the Frenchman has a very low idea of the Englishman's religion, or his "*Dieu*" means nothing more ordinarily than our "*Jingo*." But "*Jingo*" is not a savagely energetic exclamation, nor is the true feeling of this country to be gauged by the popularity of a Music-Hall song.

But the whole extra number of *Figaro* for Christmas-Day will amply repay perusal. The Exhibition is at hand, and Mr. Punch will not fail to return the polite visit of his excellent contemporary *Figaro*, formerly Barber of Seville, but now a naturalised Parisian, giving his name to a Journal of the most Parisian type. Ah! Bravo, *Figaro*, Bravo! Bravissimo! *Au plaisir*.

"NO ADMITTANCE EXCEPT IN LIVERY."



"PUNCH has again been stopped in Paris, on account of its Cartoon being considered disrespectful to the Marshal."—*Paris Correspondent's Letter.*

"SATIRE abandon, all who enter here,"
Is that the legend fitting France's portals?
Is 't for the country of VOLTAIRE to fear
Free wit, that "chartered libertine," so dear
To her immortals?

Bœotia *might* try stopping Satire's shaft,
Since for stupidity its rod it pickles.
But French *esprit*, on Attic *nous* a graft,
Should welcome all of SCARRON'S, MOLIÈRE'S craft,
Best used when most it tickles.

The jester's bauble with the Marshal's staff
Clashing, might kindle short but wholesome passion.
But RABELAIS' countrymen must surely laugh,
To hear of Momus' medicinal chaff
Embargoed in this fashion!

Methinks the threshold of wit's chosen home
Has in the Censor Cerberus unfitting.
Punch loves fair France, as friend to her would come,
'Tis Duncedom only need wish Satire dumb,
Or fear her sharp, straight hitting.

Rara Avis.

HERE for once is a candid advertiser—and he is a Scotchman—who proclaims himself with blast from the trumpet of the *Glasgow Herald*:—

PARTNERSHIP.—A General Merchant in the Country, *whose business does not pay, wishes Partnership in a similar concern* where his goods and services would suit, and where there is room for extending. Knows all the branches thoroughly. Is sober and in excellent credit. The above presents a grand opportunity to a Merchant on the eve of his retiral, as Advertiser could eventually effect a purchase. Apply, in confidence, &c.

Probably the "Merchant on the eve of his retiral" might soon learn that in effecting a purchase, the Advertiser had also effected "a sell."

Williams of England and Wales.

Is it indeed true that Wales has never produced a truly great man? The great MERLIN was at any rate an ancient Briton. Wales undoubtedly produced the "great GLENDOWER." The Very Reverend HENRY T. EDWARDS, the Dean of Bangor, has discovered another Welshman who appears to have ranked among the great men of his day:—

"Archbishop WILLIAMS, a genuine Welshman, was the leading statesman of England at the early age of thirty-nine, and must have been well-known throughout Europe."

Wales, then, has produced a WILLIAMS, who was a leading statesman as well as an eminent divine. Welshmen, as well as Englishmen, can boast of their "divine WILLIAMS."



SO DEMORALISING!

Benevolent Old Gent (who does not believe in "Charity Organisation" at Christmas). "GOT NOWHERE TO PUT YOUR HEAD?—THERE, GO AND PUT IT IN A PINT POT!"

SUITABLE NEW YEAR'S RESOLVES.

To make calls.
 To make good resolutions.
 To make an effort to get up earlier in the morning.
 To make both ends meet.
 To make my fortune by that scientific invention, which it will only require a little exertion on my part to perfect.
 To make my own cigarettes.
 To make up a match between that irreproachable, but penniless, PETERBODY and Miss MINTING.
 To make myself thoroughly acquainted with the Eastern Question in all its bearings, the relations between Capital and Labour, the principle and construction of the Telephone, and the immense benefits to mankind flowing from the "liquefaction of oxygen."
 To make it up with my old friend THYNNESKYNNE.
 To make no more puns.
 To make sixpence go as far as a shilling.
 To make desirable acquaintances.
 To make a handsome present to my poor old Aunt BETSY on her birthday.
 To make out a list of my bills, and—pay them.
 To make my great coat last another winter.
 To make a better use of my spare time by studying physiography, or comparative philology, or international law.
 To make out my Income-tax return with the most inflexible conscientiousness.
 To make no more piecrustian promises.
 To make a beginning, and save.
 To make up my mind.
 To make myself universally beloved, esteemed, and respected by my wife and family, my relations, friends, and acquaintances, my tradespeople and dependants, my landlord and landress, my contemporaries, and my creditors.

A Promising Plunger.

MR. LEADOVER, candidate for a commission in the Cavalry, being required by the examiners to paraphrase "animated bust," in GRAY'S *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, gave as the meaning of the words, "a fast twenty minutes;" but added, that he did not justify the expression as good form.

AT LAST!—A Going Concern.—Temple-Bar.

A LAW CASE OF THE FUTURE.

(Before Mr. Justice PARR.)

Smith v. The London and Diddlesex Railway Company.

THIS was an action for damages sustained in a railway accident. The Plaintiff (a very old man) was carried into Court, and accommodated with an easy-chair in the well of the Court.

MR. OLDBUCK appeared for the Plaintiff, and Messrs. WIGG, BLOCK, and BOX (the eminent Q.C.'s), assisted by Messrs. BRIEF, PENN, WIGG Jun., BLOCK Jun., and BOX Jun., for the Railway Companies.

MR. OLDBUCK, in opening the case, said that he had great difficulties with which to contend. This case had been put down for trial some forty years ago, but, owing to the great pressure of legal business, the matter had only now come on for settlement. His client was a young man when the accident happened, but, as the Jury could see, age had brought infirmity in its train. He was sorry to say that, although he produced his client as a witness, he feared he would be able to get very little out of him. Perhaps his learned friends, with their well-known cleverness in cross-examination, might be able to extract more out of him than he could. (*Laughter.*) However, he would put in a statement sworn to by his client some twenty years ago, when he was still in possession of his senses and faculties, in which the accident was minutely described. He would also call medical evidence to prove the damage sustained. He might add that the witnesses collected to support the statement of the Plaintiff were unhappily all dead. There was one living five years ago, but he emigrated to Australia, and, in spite of a large expenditure in advertisements, all efforts to discover him had failed. It was feared, therefore, that he too must have passed over to the majority. (*A laugh.*) He was instructed to say in conclusion that the solicitors of the Plaintiff had experienced great difficulty in conducting the case. The grandfather of the senior partner of the present firm had been originally instructed, and, in the lapse of time, those instructions had assumed the character of a tradition rather than a record. (*Laughter.*) Under these circumstances, he

must claim the indulgence of the Court and the special attention of the Jury.

The Plaintiff was then called, but, owing to his infirmities, none of the learned Counsel were able to make him understand. His examination and cross-examination caused great amusement.

DR. DUMBLEDORE, F.R.S., said that after the accident the Plaintiff was attended by his (the witness's) grandfather. He had himself examined the Plaintiff, and was of opinion that, in spite of his advanced age, he must have suffered greatly in his bodily health in consequence of the accident.

Cross-examined: He derived his knowledge of the case from his grandfather's book. The accident, and the injuries arising from it, were therein fully described.

The case-book of the grandfather of the last witness was then put in.

MR. COCKLETOP (senior partner of the firm of Solicitors instructed by the Plaintiff) was then called, and proved that he witnessed the statement (produced), signed by the Plaintiff twenty years before, to which allusion had been made in the opening.

Cross-examined: When the statement was signed he (witness) was a junior clerk in the firm of which he was now the head.

This was the case for the Plaintiff.

It was urged for the defence that the Plaintiff could have sustained no great injury, as he was still living after a lapse of forty years.

His Lordship here interfered, and suggested the matter might be settled out of Court. The time of the Court was so precious that he really considered it an offence against the public to prolong the proceedings.

The learned Counsel having consulted together, informed his Lordship that the representatives of the Plaintiff had accepted £100, on condition that both sides should pay their own costs. A Juror was then withdrawn.

MR. OLDBUCK intimated that Mr. SMITH was exactly one hundred years old. On learning this, his Lordship offered the Plaintiff his hearty congratulations; with which pleasing incident the proceedings were brought to a conclusion.

DIARY OF A WEATHER WISE-ACHER.



He dedicates it to the Clerk of the Weather, with mingled feelings of *Dyspepsia*, *Incipient Ague*, and *Chronic Rheumatism*.

Monday.—Thermometer 27°. Hard frost, and six inches of snow. See by *Times* that coals had gone up three shillings a ton. Purchased six tons in anticipation of further rise. Into town. Invested in an Ulster, unsightly, but most suitable for this weather. Also furs for my wife.

In answer to my children's request, bought four pair of skates. Do not grudge the money for these, as the young ones are likely to have both fun and exercise out of them. So slippery in the streets that I gave orders for the brougham horse to be roughed. Freezing hard at bed-time.

Tuesday.—Thermometer 57°. Was awakened this morning by a butterfly in my room. Brilliant sunshine. Went round to my cousin, who is just back from India, and bought what was left of his original outfit. Being a relation, he naturally charged double prices, but the Nankeen suits and gauze underclothing were well worth the money, being so deliciously light and cool. Snow melted. Horse gone lame through roughing. Boys exchanged their skates for a cricket-bat; this foresight at so early an age grateful to a parent's feelings. Wife exchanged her furs for muslin dress.

N.B.—This foresight at so—hm!—an age not so grateful. New lamps for old ones does not do quite through life.

Wednesday.—Thermometer 42°. One of the most violent storms of rain I ever remember. By great good fortune I was enabled, through the *Exchange and Mart*, to exchange the horse and brougham for a steam-lantern. Went with this into the City, and purchased a Mackintosh at three times the ordinary price, owing to the heavy rains. Most of my family laid up with coughs. What will to-morrow bring?

Thursday.—Thermometer 63°. Dense fog. Had to light gas all the morning. Burners went out at mid-day. Was told it was too dark for the gas-stokers to work. Sat in darkness through the afternoon. Depressing.

Friday.—Thermometer 10° below freezing point. Water-pipes frozen. Pleasant prospect when thaw comes. Nice night for our children's party. Cabmen strike work. Frost, giving at eight. Succeeded by sleet. Freezing hard again at eleven.

Saturday.—Muggy warm morning. House in a deluge from bursting of water-pipes. Plumbers at work, looking for pipes in partition walls and ceilings. Angry letters from parents whose children caught cold last night trudging home through the sludge and sleet. As if it was my fault!

HOW TO KEEP IT UP;

OR, THE WHOLE ART OF HIGH-PRESSURE PATRIOTISM.

6 A.M.—Get up in time to see the sun rise over LANDSEER'S Lions at Charing Cross. Climb the base of the Column, and inspect the *relievos* in the fog, picking out the incidents, as well as you can, from ALISON'S *History of Europe*. Get down, give three cheers for NELSON on the top, and sing the "Bay of Biscay, O!" encoring yourself, till ordered off by the police.

8 A.M.—Breakfast, if possible, at the Oriental Club. Ask for Mocha coffee, taking care to empty the grounds into your cup, tell the waiter to take the *caviare* out of the room, and read the *Daily Telegraph* out loud to yourself till you are tired.

10 A.M.—Take a Turkish Bath, and hurry off to meet the band at St. James's Palace. Salute the colours continually, and point out the "magnificent physique" of the men to such foreigners as happen to be present, and will listen to your French. Make them follow

the music with you, and finally march as many of them as you can get to go to look at the two Horse Guards in Parliament Street, and finish the morning on Waterloo Bridge.

NOON.—Go to the City and invest all you have in "Turks," taking Wellington's Tomb on your way, and returning by the Abbey, where you can keep up a running fire of anecdote on the merits of each particular hero, and so kindle to enthusiasm the patriotic fervour of the attendant verger and the visitors he is showing round at sixpence each.

2 P.M.—Attend an open-air monster demonstration, convened for the purpose of preserving the British Empire in its integrity. If necessary, after the termination of the proceedings, purchase a new umbrella, and have your hat re-blocked and ironed, while you put yourself in communication with the authorities at Scotland Yard as to the loss of your watch, pocket-handkerchief, purse, and coat-tails.

4 P.M.—Write threatening letters to several dastard members of the Cabinet, leave a couple of cards in Bryanstone Square, while making your way to Kensington Gardens, where you can recite the "*Charge of the Light Brigade*," at the top of your voice to the ducks in the dusk, clearing your throat when necessary with lumps of *Ra-hat-la-koum*.

6 P.M.—Get asked to dinner somewhere where the service is *à la Russe*, and, on sight of the table, create a profound sensation by rising, pale and trembling, and leaving the house indignantly before the soup is served.

8 P.M.—Take part in an earnest alarmist gathering, and, making one of "the unanimous and enthusiastic crowd" of thirty-seven who "throng every available inch of space in the vast hall," second several resolutions in bad English calling on the Government to send the Duke of CAMBRIDGE at the head of five-and-thirty thousand men straight off to Egypt (*via Brindisi*), while the Channel Fleet anchors off St. Petersburg, under sealed orders, as a precautionary measure.

10 P.M.—Walk about outside the Alhambra, ultimately looking in at the East End Music Hall, and, after joining in the chorus of "*We'll draw the sword for nothing, boys*," go home and write to my favourite organ about the "Feeling of the Country."

MIDNIGHT.—Begin an essay on "British Interests," smoking cheap Turkish tobacco and sipping sherbet to help you along. Try to define them for three hours and a half, then give it up, and, putting NAPIER'S *Peninsular War*, *The Arabian Nights*, and PERRI'S *Speeches* under your pillow, go to sleep in a *fez*, facing Constantinople—and escape a nightmare, if you can.

ROTTEN PLANKS IN A PLATFORM.

It seems that the excellent Earl of SHAFTESBURY has attacked the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge "on account," as Prebendary ROW, late Bampton Lecturer, puts it, "of their publication of the work of Mr. MAITLAND on prophecy." Mr. ROW has arrived at the most distinct conviction after its perusal that, if the Committee, on account of the alleged reasons, had been deterred from publishing it, they would have been guilty of betraying the cause which it was their duty to defend. He considers that "the principles which underlie the book are the only ones on which Christianity can be rationally defended," and remarks that, for wise reasons, Mr. MAITLAND "has not insisted on a multitude of things which have been adduced in our popular treatises on prophecy, because they are really worthless in the controversy with modern unbelief." But these things appear to be among the principal planks in Lord SHAFTESBURY'S platform; and Mr. ROW declares that, for defenders of the Faith, "to adopt the platform of the Noble Earl would be simply suicidal."

It has been suggested that his Lordship may not himself have actually read the work which he condemns, but has obtained his knowledge of its contents at second-hand. There is said to be an appeal from POPE misinformed *ad Papam melius informatum*. May not the same appeal lie from Earl to Earl? The Earl of SHAFTESBURY'S platform, viewed in relation to cosmogony, at least, seems to contain pretty nearly the same planks as the POPE'S. Be that as it may, the Noble Earl may be respectfully invited to reconsider information which would appear to have been derived in great measure from the more interesting than intelligent Animal with which he was some time ago presented by the grateful Costermongers.

The New Year at the Vatican.

HIS HOLINESS the POPE, to whom long life—that is, life still longer—will probably receive, early in the New Year, another large contribution of St. Peter's Pence. PETER himself had never anything like it. No wonder PRUS has outrun the years of PETER. Among the causes that conduce to the POPE'S longevity, a potent one must be the triple-hatfuls of money which pilgrims are continually giving him.



THE LAST SELL.

"OH SIR, PLEASE SIR, IS THIS CHANCERY LANE!"

"IT IS."

"AH! I KNEWED IT WAS!"

"THEN WHY DID YOU ASK?"

"'OOS I WANTED TO HAVE COUNSEL'S OPINION!"

MARY ANNER ON A MONSTER.

"When MARY ANN the maid can boast of as many Christmas Cards as her mistress or the young ladies, it (*the fashion of sending them*) will soon go out of favour."—*Letter from "M. P." in the Times.*

DEAR SUSAN JANE,

I HOPE as 'ow you got my Card all right, As yours came safe among a lot quite late on New Year's night. Which BAGGS, our Postman, sez, sez he, "Why, MARY HANN, my dear, Your'n is the biggest batch of all! Ain't you in luck this year?"

Missis were right down jealous, SUE, and as for poor Miss JENNY, As hardly got a paltry six, and none above a penny, The way she sniffed and slammed the door was most pertikler nuts, As praps 'll teach her not to call smart girls "persooming sluts!"

But, SUE, a-readin' of the *Times*, as is my reglar rule, I see, wot ain't so common there, a letter from a fool; Leastways he calls hisself "M. P.," as no doubt means the same, Which wot attracted me, SUE, was his usin' of *my* name.

Of all the supersillyass snobs!—well, there, I won't give way— But, SUE, he's down on Christmas Cards—he 'ad none, I dessay— Along of their delaying wot his Wusship's pleased to style "Legitimit Correspondence." Well, that jest giv me the rile.

Legitimit? Drat his impudence! The Post was meant for all; And who are Nobs and Bizness Men that *they* must 'ave the call?

TASKS FOR THE NEW KING OF ITALY.

To protect British Travellers from the ill-usage of his Police.

To abolish bribery amongst the Officers of his Customs.

To improve the drainage of Venice and the behaviour of the Tiber.

To found a College for the instruction of guides in the English and French languages.

To establish a Tariff of Hotel charges for Naples, Florence, Genoa, Venice, and Milan.

To annex Monaco, and put down M. BLANC's establishment at Monte Carlo.

To impress all the Italian Organ-grinders, and then to send the ship they are aboard of for a six years' voyage of discovery to the North Pole.

To cause *Punch* to be translated into Italian every Wednesday.

To establish a British Agency for the supply of Operasingers in London at Italian prices.

To lend the British Government the services of SIGNOR VERDI for the reorganisation of the Metropolitan Music-Halls.

To make the cheating of foreigners (other than "personally conducted tourists") in Italian shops a criminal offence.

To forbid the use of garlic amongst waiters.

To put down mosquitos.

To make it up with the POPE, and to ask the Holy Father for "hats" for JOHN HENRY NEWMAN (Hon. Fellow of Trinity College, Oxon), and Mr. WHALLEY, M.P. for Peterborough.

To cherish his amiable and beautiful Queen MARGHERITA, and set an example of all the domestic virtues.

And, lastly, to remember how much Italian Unity owes to the encouragement and moral support of the British Nation.

A Baker in the Hot of it.

THE Constantinople Correspondent of the *Pall-Mall Gazette* says, in a recent letter, that BAKER Pasha "has, as usual, been put to rough work." In this case his rough work was the covering of SHAKIR Pasha's retreat from Kamarli. BAKER Pasha, covering SHAKIR Pasha's strategic movement to the rear, was, no doubt, a case of the right man in the right place. But it is only fair to Turkey to say that a Shaker is an exception among her generals. Traitor Pashas she may have had, and Bungler Pashas in plenty; but Shaker and Quaker Pashas have not yet been seen in the SULTAN's uniform. Still, when one does turn up, that BAKER Pasha should have had to cover his retreat, seems hard on that distinguished ex-Colonel of English Hussars.

Which Valentines and Cards and sich, to ladies in our speher, Is boons as no one but a brute 'ud take and go and jeer.

But here's the aggravation, SUE: Sez he, "When MARY ANN Can boast as many Christmas Cards as Missis"—which she *can*—"They 'll soon be woted vulgar, and go down like rinks and 'bees.'" Gr-r-r! Couldn't I jest comb your wool, my cockiest of M.P.'s?

Takin' my name in wain like that to pint his narsty poke! I'd like to warm him with my mop until the handle broke. In course my letters, SUE, to you has made me publick game, Which its the hojus penalty as one must pay for fame!

M.P.'s is not the *only* litter'ry parties now-a-day. I 'ope this 'ere may "meet his hey," as the advertisers say, My prevyus letters, seen in *Punch*, 'ave riled up many a Missis, And MARY ANNER's pen is more 'n a match for sich as *his* is.

No Cards, no Rinks, nor no high jinks, no beans, no Sundays out! No nothink that to Nobs is nuts!—yes, that's their game, no doubt. Acos we "vulgarises" all—leastways, that seems to be The nasty, false, insultin' views of this stuckup M.P.!

He wants a tax on Christmas Cards! Well, SUSAN JANE, we know What trying fancy taxes did for artful BOBBY LOWE.

Which that this "M. P." may likewise be bowled out in the same manner,

Is the fervenk haspiration of

Yours truly,

MARY ANNER.

A NICE ORDER FOR THE LADIES.



Now that the Ladies, thanks to the initiation of Lord BEACONSFIELD and the Royal condescension to his suggestions, are to be permitted to share the decorations that have hitherto been reserved for their Lords and Masters, we may soon expect an increase in the Orders of Lady Knighthood. Always ready to meet the wants of the hour, *Mr. Punch* begs to at once propose a new decoration, to be called the Female Order of Merit. Candidates for election to this new distinction will be expected to give satisfactory answers to the following questions. The forms should be filled in and sent to *Mr. Punch*, at 85, Fleet Street, where they will be examined and (if deemed worthy of the honour) forwarded to the proper quarter.

1. Are you married or single? Give your opinion either of your husband, or the male sex generally.
2. How much a year do you spend upon your dress?
3. Have you ever made a pudding? If you have, what sort of pudding was it, and how did your husband like it?
4. When you are asked to sing, do you comply at once, or do you hesitate, and say you have a cold?



HOW WE LEARN NOW.

Colonel (to Instructor of Musketry). "BUT I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW IF THEY UNDERSTAND ANYTHING ABOUT THE THEORY OF MUSKETRY." (Private O'Grady is called out of the Ranks.) "WHAT ARE THE OBJECTS OF POSITION DRILL?"

Private O'Grady (after deep thought). "SURE IT'S THIM MARKS ON THE BARRICK WALL, SIRR!"

5. When you are asked to play, are you in the habit of refusing, on the score that you have forgotten to bring your music?

6. Can you talk upon any subject other than that of dress? If you can, upon what subjects?

7. Can you take a part in amateur theatricals without losing your temper at rehearsal?

8. Are you quite sure that you have never written a novel?

9. What is your opinion of Ladies who speak slang, and talk about men they scarcely know by sight by their Christian names?

10. Do you think talking scandal justifiable under any circumstances? If you do, state what circumstances, and give your reasons?

11. Out of the following list of names of writers pick the three you like best, stating the grounds for your preference—CHARLES DICKENS, THACKERAY, MACAULAY, "OUIDA," RHODA BROUGHTON, SCOTT, BULWER, MARTIN TUPPER, THOMAS A KEMPIS, BRET HARTE, LORD BYRON, and the Authoress of "*Cherry Ripe*."

12. Do you ever discolour your face or hair with dyes, washes, or cosmetics?

13. Write a short Essay upon any one of the following subjects:—(1) The Eastern Question; (2) The Elements of Cookery; (3) How to keep a Wardrobe in order; or (4) Matrimony considered from Romantic and Financial points of View.

14. Do you believe in Woman's Rights? If you do, be good enough to define them.

15. Do you ever attend trials for Murder at the Old Bailey?

16. When you take up a morning paper what portion of it do you read first?

17. Give your views on dancing, lawn-tennis, Art-needlework, and amateur hospital-nursing.

18. Choose your heroine amongst the following historical characters—Queen ELIZABETH, JOAN OF ARC, JEANNE DE MONFORT, Lady JANE GREY, MARY Queen of Scots, Miss NIGHTINGALE, Miss CARPENTER, and BOADICEA.

19. How many boxes do you take with you when you go for a fortnight's trip on the Continent?

20. How many hours do you take in putting on your bonnet?

Lastly, and, most important of all, do you believe in my Lord BEACONSFIELD as the youngest, handsomest, wisest, wittiest, and best man in all the world?

QUITE TIME TOO.

Few people probably know all that England owes to the *Daily Telegraph*. They may be familiar with the image of Atlas supporting the world on his shoulders, but they have yet to become accustomed to the picture of the *D. T.* holding up the empire, not of England only, but of International Law all over the earth. Happily for the Atlas on whose Herculean back this weight is laid, this burden has to be borne only during the recess. But not till the Collective Wisdom is assembled can the Atlas of the Press find shoulders strong enough to transfer its load to.

"Then," as the great Organ says, with a dignified sense of its onerous but honourable trust,—

"It will be for Parliament and the country to take from our hands the long and arduous task of maintaining the importance of international law, and the duties and interests of this betrayed Empire."

What a grand subject for a Great Historical Fresco—"Parliament and the Country taking the task of maintaining the duties and interests of the betrayed Empire from the hands of the *Daily Telegraph*!"

To All whom it may Concern.

For the British Lion, *Punch* proclaims
His faith in FORSTER, HARCOURT, and JAMES,
And gives his adhesion to what they say
On the burning question of the day:
That is, what he's ready to fight for, and what
He gives notice to all he's decidedly not.

SUBURBAN SAFETY.

(How to secure it—under the existing Police Regulations.)



1. SELECT your villa on the top of a high hill, taking care to cut down all the timber within a quarter of a mile, and up-rooting every garden-shrub that could afford shelter to a man of average height approaching the house stealthily on all-fours.

2. As soon as you are installed, have the kitchen and other back doors nailed up and gratings affixed to all the ground-floor windows. Greater security may be attained by covering the latter with a net-work of electric wire, which may be

advantageously continued in enlarging circles, a foot from the ground, all round the house, and may communicate with a gong on the roof. In the day-time visitors will thus unconsciously announce their own approach, while at night the continued booming above their heads may act as a deterrent to nervous burglars, and give time for a Policeman to be fetched in a cab from the nearest point of the Metropolis where one can be found.

3. Let your furniture be artistic but to the purpose. Drawing-room cabinets, containing valuables, should spring open on being touched, and clutch the intruder with a grapple, while they detonate at least ten minutes, in order that the household may be apprised of the occurrence. Elegant fancy cards with "caution," and other appropriate illuminated mottoes, might warn guests off at evening parties. All the chairs should be "trick chairs," to close on the occupant, while the threshold of every door and window should give way under the foot and shoot the intruder, whoever he may be, head-first into the apartment beneath.

4. Never keep any silver in the house under any pretence whatever. On the rare occasions when you venture on the hazardous undertaking of asking a friend or two to dinner, request them to bring their own forks, spoons, and revolvers with them, and take care to have the table laid in a back bedroom upstairs, handing over the basement, dining-room, drawing-room, and wine-cellar, to the body of police which you will, of course, have got the authorities to send down from Scotland Yard for the purpose of seeing you safely through the festivity.

5. If you have a gold-fish pond on your lawn, and your wife has not lost all her jewellery long ago in various robberies, place what is left of it in an iron box at the bottom of the water, and covering the treasure thus secreted with a couple of torpedoes, watch it from a convenient window with a loaded rifle.

6. In arranging your hours of sleep, endeavour, if possible, to manage them in the day-time, which will leave you your nights free for necessary adventure, and the preservation of such personal property as you can contrive to keep.

7. If, in spite of your precautions, your house is again attacked, and you find yourself, after being badly treated and shot at, robbed for the thirteenth time, write a cheery letter to the *Times*.

8. And last—finding even this fail, as you probably will, to procure redress for your grievance, get a modern-medieval-minded art-friend to paint you a Policeman and his accoutrements upon the fan-light of your front door, with the legend in large text, "*Non tali auxilio, non defensoribus istis!*" By this you may possibly arrest the impulse of the well-educated housebreaker, and may most certainly enforce on yourself the reflection that, whether you rely on such assistance or not, you will, under existing police regulations, undoubtedly not get it.

JOURNALISTIC COMPLAINT.

WHAT most Newspapers suffer from about this time of year—Rumour-tism.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

At the Queen's for Fatherland, and at the Monday Pops for the very highest class music.

SIR,—The other evening, "by the kind permission of our friends in front," as the tags of old farces used to put it, I was present at the performance of *Fatherland*, which is the title given by the English adapter to SARDOU's *Patrie*. As the adapter, with the true modesty of genius, has shrunk from appending his name to what is perhaps his maiden attempt in this department of dramatic literature, I shall respect his delicacy, and assist him to preserve an *incognito*, which, like the magic cap of invisibility, will enable him to remain unperceived, while listening to pleasant remarks on his piece in the lobby (this word almost tempts me to reveal his name—but no! the torture first, and then I won't!) and will allow him to mingle unnoticed with the crowd in the vestibule, and to quit the theatre unmolested.

The glaring fault of *Fatherland* is, that it is *Patrie* with *Dolores* reduced to a mere shadow of the grand part that SARDOU had created. In the original, SARDOU's moral is unexceptionable. *Dolores*, faithless to her husband, whose death at the hands of the executioner is brought about by her, falls a victim to her insane passion, is stabbed by her guilty paramour in fulfilment of a solemn oath which he has sworn to the patriots who have gone before him to the scaffold, on to which he leaps from the window of the house, and delivers himself into the headsman's hands, as *Dolores*, with a despairing cry, falls dead, and the curtain descends.

How does The Nameless One finish his *Fatherland*? Why, *Rysoor*, the husband of *Dolores*, and *Karlo*, her paramour, walk off to execution, *Rysoor* (who will talk on every possible occasion) stopping to bully her, and *Karlo* giving her (apparently) a nasty one with his elbow, while *Dolores* (except for the dig in the ribs from *Karlo*, which nearly floors her) gets off scot-free, to live happily ever after; unless this inconsolable, doubly-bereaved, widow takes it into her head to marry a certain stupid and obtrusive English Nobleman (represented by Mr. BILLINGTON), who may be observed by the audience paying decidedly marked attentions to *Dolores* as the curtain falls. If she marries this foolish person (whose existence in the piece is otherwise inexplicable), she may be considered as sufficiently punished by the otherwise too soft-hearted adapter.

Whether excellent scenery, some picturesque effects, and one powerful dramatic scene between *Dolores* (Miss HODSON), and the *Duke of Alva* (HERMANN VEZIN), will draw the town, remains to be seen. Perhaps if the adapter were to lengthen some of dear prosy old *Rysoor*'s speeches, if he were to let him come on oftener, and let him have, generally, a trifle more to do in the piece, with perhaps a Dutch song in his own native Flemish thrown in, which he might sing in the *Duke of Alva*'s room, coming in disguised on purpose to do it—a proceeding which would be just as much permitted by the irascible Duke as his stopping the body of *Jonas*, the Irish bell-ringer of Brussels, to deliver over it a funeral oration of most dangerous tendencies,—if these little touches could be given to *Rysoor*, then *Fatherland*'s chances of success would be settled. I do think *Rysoor*'s part might be "written up" here and there; and any one who does me the honour to read this, and then goes to see the play, will understand what I mean, after they've seen my friend *Rysoor* once or twice,—say twice.

In all adaptations of *Patrie* a great chance has been missed, and it has always been a wonder to me that Mr. DRON BOUCHAULT never seized on this plot, and made it his own by transplanting the action from the Netherlands to Ireland, either under ELIZABETH or CROMWELL; CROMWELL, who boasted in his own terrible dispatch, after the storming of Drogheda, that "that night they put to death about two thousand men;" who "forbade them to spare any that were in arms," and who exulted that "all their Friars were knocked promiscuously on the head but two,"—CROMWELL, I say, would be a fitting parallel to the merciless Duke of ALVA. *Ireland for Ever!* or the *Bellringer of Drogheda*, might be the name, with Mr. SHIEL BARRY as *Shamus* the bellringer; and if he only played it as well as he does his rôle of *Jonas* at present, the public would be more than satisfied. OWEN ROE O'NEILL might, for the sake of representing a historical character, dear to all true Irishmen, be the *Rysoor* of the piece, and history need only be so far violated as to substitute his death on the scaffold by the headsman's axe, instead of his being poisoned (as he was) in his own camp by an emissary of CROMWELL'S.

It would be a fine play, and it strikes me I had better go at once to the Office at Whitehall, where for more, or less, than five shillings as a registration fee, imaginative persons can protect their original ideas for a year or two. Perhaps this only applies to patents; if it is so, then there ought to be an Office for Registration and Legal Protection of Original Ideas, and all ideas not so registered and protected would, if they ever came into dispute, be pronounced by competent authority to be *Un-original*. Such an office would, I am afraid, make the fortune of those who are so ready to pick up an idea and

go off with it—to the office where he'd register it as his own; the real man appears ten minutes afterwards; Clerk says to him, "Can't register your idea, Sir; too late; Gent just been here, entered it, and paid the fee."

However, as this would lead into a lengthy disquisition, and as the Legislature, even under the leadership of a Distinguished Original Writer, is not likely to pass an Act "for the Better Protection of Ideas, &c.," I shall drop the subject *pro tem.*, only observing that the above is My idea of what ought to be done with M. SARDOU's *Patrie* (perhaps the first syllable suggested the notion of the locality), if it is ever to be popular in England and Ireland.

As to the original work itself, *Patrie* is vastly over-written; the talk, though good, is long and wearisome. But a Parisian public will sit at a play from seven till past twelve, coming out between every Act to refresh itself, and smoke a cigarette. The more the Parisians get for their money, the better they are pleased, and what would keep them agog for five hours would send us away yawning, stretching, and protesting. *Fatherland*; or, *a Nicht' wi' Rysoor*, is played at the Queen's between eight and a little after eleven. Should Mr. VEZIN be compelled by any unforeseen chance to give up *The Duke of Alva*, let me recommend the management to engage Mr. PHELPS for the part, and introduce a strong scene for the *Duke* and *Rysoor*. Let these two eminent tragedians, after a fearful quarrel, and some thundering asides to the audience in the deepest *basso-profondo*, arrive at the very point of fighting, when—enter *Alva's* daughter (intelligently played at the Queen's by Miss MAUD MILTON), and it all comes to nothing, the *Duke* (Mr. PHELPS) observing, with a forced smile, "Not before the Girl," and *Rysoor* (Mr. STIRLING), dissembling at the door, saying (*aside*), "Tyrant! But a day will come!" (*Exit.*) And then a new Act, showing *Dolores* married to the English Nobleman (Mr. BILLINGTON), and the house haunted by the Ghost of *Rysoor*,—with a Dutch song. Final tableau—*Dolores* stabbed by her second husband in the presence of the Ghost of the First; Mr. BILLINGTON kneels to the shade, and says, "You are avenged;" then the Ghost of *Rysoor* has a long speech on things in general, and Mr. BILLINGTON faints as the curtain descends for positively the last time. *Rysoor* would have one more chance for a speech if he were summoned in front of the curtain by a delighted audience. It is many years since I have enjoyed anything so much as *Rysoor's* performance in *Fatherland*—only there really was not enough of him.

But my dear old Puritan *Rysoor* has put the "Monday Pops" clean out of my head, and I have only time to say that Mr. LLOYD sung as GOLDSMITH wrote—like an angel, and that both his songs were vociferously *encored*. The first was by FRED CLAY; the other by ARTHUR SULLIVAN, with such first-rate words by W. S. GILBERT,—that, I don't know which to admire most, the words or the music, though I am inclined to show my preference for the words. Mr. LLOYD must be praised, not for his voice, for which "Let him thank Heaven and make no fuss," but for his distinct articulation, which enabled me, who had no programme or book, to hear, and, therefore, thoroughly enjoy, every syllable. It is not often a first-class tenor gives the public such a chance.

Mmes. KREBS and NERUDA were at the piano and violin, and Signor PIATTI at the violoncello, but with no programme to act as their interpreter, I could not make out what idea their music was intended to convey to the audience. To me it suggested nothing whatever, except a determined attempt on the part of three musicians to burk any fitful sign of life that a poor little tune might try to show during their performance. Five or six times I noticed a melody attempting to make itself heard; but the three musicians were down on it, all at once, like three cats on a mouse, and in less than two seconds had scrambled over it, and had scraped and screwed its small vitality out of it. Poor little tune! I felt for you under such treatment! I don't know whose works were played, and I don't care. It might have been somebody's "Op. 1," or "Symphony in G," or "Study in F," or all these compositions played together topsy-turvy. I knew they were three artistes,—I knew that they were there to play the very best high-class music, in the very best highest-class manner, and I took for granted they were doing it. I hope they were; and, if profitable, I hope they do it very often.

I was struck by the attitude of the audience during the performance of these stupendous masterpieces,—though, whether BEETHOVEN's or MOZART's, I don't believe they were by any manner of means *chefs d'œuvre*, or there would have been in them that "one touch of nature," which was somehow wanting on Monday the 7th. Some wagged their heads and shut their eyes—these were mostly elderly gentlemen accompanied by "belongings"; others shut their eyes, and didn't wag their heads; some slept surreptitiously, waking up in an underhand sort of manner, and examining the programme to see where they were, in a dazed way. Many followed the players with their hands; some imitating the fingering of the violin, others that of the piano; some stared at other people, unconsciously, while keeping time with their opera-hats, or opera-glasses. The place was crowded; the applause enthusiastic; the German element considerable. On coming out, there was Mr. ARTHUR CHAPPELL looking abominably annoyed because the Christy Minstrels were making

such a noise in the lower room at St. James's Hall. A certain number of frequenters of the Monday Pops would, I have no doubt, smile pityingly on anyone owning to a fondness for a Christy Minstrel ditty; indeed, they are, I fancy, the sort of people to subscribe handsomely for a Special Missionary Society to convert all Ethiopian serenaders, beginning with MOORE and BURGESS as the oldest living offenders.

Mr. INYING is to come out as *Louis the Eleventh*. The character will suit him well enough, but why not something new? Till then he rings the changes on *The Bells* and *Charles the First*. I am glad to see that H.R.H. the Prince of WALES showed his excellent dramatic discrimination by visiting the Strand Theatre the other night.

En attendant, let us all be grateful for *Fatherland*: or, *the Sorrows of Rysoor, the Double Basso of the Pays-Bas*. Here's a couplet for the dear old boy—

O tempora! O mores!
O naughty wife! Dolores!

With which, having made a tremendous hit, he ought to go off to execution happily, as the audience would be sure to *encore* him, when he could return, repeat the lines, and bow while his head was still on his shoulders. So here's his health and happiness, and may he have as long a run as *Our Boys*, and that his speeches may never grow less is the sincere wish of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

CROWN BRILLIANTS.



THE announcement of the newly-created Order of the Crown of India has occasioned criticism, accompanied with remarks more or less acute and rational.

Some persons have observed that instead of the Order of the Crown, the new Indian Order should have been called the Order of the Rupee.

But to this it is objected that a rupee is too much beneath a crown for Imperial dignity, being, in fact, only two-shillings, and less than half-a-crown. The objectors urge that nothing would suffice under a crown. Many of them, indeed, go farther, suggesting that the figure should exceed a crown, and amount to a sovereign, because a sovereign is above a crown. Their opponents reply that, when the Sovereign is crowned, the crown, on the contrary, is above the Sovereign. But the advocates of the Sovereign conclusively rejoin that a sovereign being more than a crown, therefore the Order to be expressed at its due valuation should be the Order of the Sovereign. It may be a point for juriconsults to consider, whether subjects who say these things about the Crown and the Sovereign are not offenders who deserve to incur the penalties of high-treason.

What Will Not Those Russians Do?

THE Duke of SUTHERLAND, at the St. James's Turcophil meeting of Thursday, while arguing that the line must be drawn somewhere against Russian aggression, declared that "no means would be left untried by Russia to make India too hot for us."

Many people may say that India is too hot for us at present, and that there is no occasion for the Muscovites to poke up its fires. At the same time, this fiendish design of super-heating India is another added to the long score of Russian offences!

We trust it will be remembered against them when the time comes for the squaring of accounts so confidently looked forward to by Mr. ALGERNON BORTHWICK and his Turcophil friends.



EDWIN AND ANGELINA IN PARIS.

Angelina. "DO YOU LIKE THIS STYLE OF MURAL DECORATION, EDWIN?"

Edwin. "YES, LOVE! IT ENABLES ME TO SEE ON EVERY WALL THE FACE AND FORM I LOVE BEST IN THE WORLD."

Angelina. "OH, EDWIN! DARLING!—YOU MAKE ME BLUSH!"

Edwin. "I DIDN'T MEAN YOURS, LOVE!—I MEANT MINE!"

ON THE DIZZY BRINK.

HALTE là! No further! Who are those would urge
BRITANNIA'S steps towards that dizzy verge?
Wild voices, deafening as the war-drum's din,
Howl "On!"—but tell of no clear goal to win.
And what besides wild voices? Would the hand,
To which is given the guidance of the land,
Lead darkly its reluctant charge to learn,
That once on *that* edge, 'tis too late to turn?
Men doubt, and if their doubtings do him wrong,
Whose wiles are subtle as his will is strong,
Where lies the blame, save with his tortuous sleight
Who dons the mask of mystery with delight,
And, shrinking from plain policy's fair ways,
Invokes the dubious aid of fog and phrase?
Howe'er it be, BRITANNIA'S voice sounds clear,
Moved nor by failing nerve, nor selfish fear,
But the calm prudence, born of judgment sure,
Which Duty's beacon knows from Folly's lure.
"No further! That way shame and failure lie.
Such perils fools may court or dolts defy;
Calm courage keeps its force for higher call
Than blatant summons to a bootless brawl.
No further on *that* road! If dangers meet
BRITANNIA on the pathway where her feet
Follow fair Honour's lead, she will not shrink."
Then what does *she* upon yon giddy brink?
Say, silly shouters, say, too devious guide!
The voices which so lustily have cried
In watchful England's o'er-taxed ears of late,
Something at length their empty noise abate.
E'en he, the Sphinx oracular, must speak
Plain words at last. From weary week to week
The Nation, sore perplexed to make its choice
Between the forward and the backward Voice

Of our "united Cabinet," as clue
To what it means to say or wills to do,
Slow to condemn and willing to condone,
For counsel waits of a less dubious tone.
What will it be? Say, will the curtain rise
Upon a transformation scene's surprise.
Who knows? But, gazing down those depths that yawn
Beneath the edge to which she has been drawn,
BRITANNIA, pending duty's call, must say,
"*Halte là, Sir Sphinx! No further steps that way!*"

INFANT WELSHING.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

You have, doubtless, seen the correspondence in the leading paper over the correct spelling of the name of a certain Welsh village. Is it not grand? And yet it is the fashion in certain quarters to deny that the Welsh possess genius. Did the Saxon ever invent anything equal to that name? I am a bachelor, *état*—never mind what—but a high figure. I am, moreover, rich. I am asked twice a week to stand as sponsor to friends' children. I am god-father to some twenty-seven brats who are encouraged by their mercenary parents to be for ever writing to "dear god-papa," to send him Christmas Cards and February Valentines, to forward him their school-prizes, and to work him slippers and nightcaps. In some seventy cases I have refused, and have made some seven times seventy enemies for life. My troubles are at an end. I will never refuse again, but will always accept, *on the one condition, that my godchild bears a name of my selection, and that name will be that of the Welsh village, Llanfairpwllgungwllgogerhwllysiiliogogo!* I wish you what are called the Compliments of the Season.

Crusty Lodge.

MATTHEW BRAMBLE.

ITALY'S TWO ENEMIES.—The men of, and the men over, the Mountain.

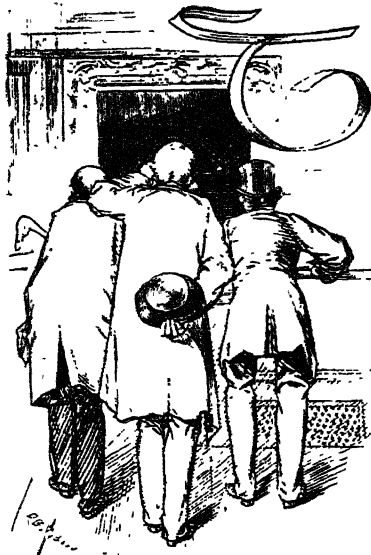


ON THE DIZZY BRINK.

LORD B. "JUST A LITTLE NEARER THE EDGE?"

BRITANNIA. "NOT AN INCH FURTHER. I'M A GOOD DEAL NEARER THAN IS PLEASANT ALREADY!"

THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ACADEMY.



HIS is a Friendly Guide, compiled by someone who doesn't know much about it, for the use of others who know less.

No. 1. *Landscape.* By "OLD CROME." Lent by Mr. C. W. UNTHANK, who shan't be unthanked any longer. Thank you very much, Sir. "CROME! CROME! You dear OLD CROME! Wherever you wandered You've no place like home."

For his English landscapes are the best of all the excellent specimens here exhibited; at least to the taste and fancy of your present guide.

No. 18. *Boulevard des Italiens, Paris, 1814.* OLD CROME. Some considerable time before the days of Grand Hôtels. There, on the right, is where the livery stable is now situated, standing a little way

back from what is now the second strip of pavement. The arrangement of the buildings hasn't altered in the least. No pavement; and if flâneurs and boulevardiers existed then, what a fortune for shoemakers.

No. 47. *On the Wensum, Norwich.* OLD CROME. If it's just the same now, anyone in search of the picturesque should go off to Norwich. But the "Man from the South" got into difficulties, so the tradition goes, when he tried to find his way to Norwich. At this time of the year, too, for it was when "cold plum porridge" was in season. Look at No. 42. There's dear Old CROME himself, painted by JOHN OPIE, R.A. One of his Opie efforts. Except this of OPIE's, Gallery No. 1, is all "Norwich School." They were uncommonly good boys at that Norwich School, under a first-rate master.

No. 82. *Equestrian Portrait of the Duke of Alva,* painted by PETER PAUL RUBENS. Just like PETER PAUL, but not, it is said, like ALVA. Walk up, Mr. HERMANN VEZIN, from the Queen's Theatre, and see him. He has no beard or moustache, rather a round face, and mounted on that easy-going Flemish dray-horse, looks more like the merciful man who was merciful to his beast, than the cruel Governor-General of the Pays Bas.

No. 106. *Woman Feeding Chickens.* By PETER DE HOOGER, as fresh as if it had been in last year's Academy. There was a similar subject, but not a similar painting.

Nos. 107, 110, and 113. A Capella, a Rubens, and a Jan Steen, and others, have been lent by M. LOUIS MIEVILLE. *C'est une "ville" des jolies "mies."* Shouldn't mind picking up some of your crumbs, M. MIEVILLE.

No. 120. Look at this (*The Bedroom by Jan Steen*), and then go straight on to

No. 123. Also by JAN STEEN, and then say if "the *billet doux*" isn't just what you'd have expected her to *doux*, from seeing the forward young person in No. 120.

No. 130. *A Spanish Alcázar.* By DIEGO VELASQUEZ. An elderly lady near me read it "Arcade," and her friend said, then she supposed the Lowther and the Burlington were originally so called in Queen MARY's reign. They knew history, but were near-sighted. Compare this picture with

No. 135. *Portrait of a Man.* By PETER PAUL RUBENS. What a contrast this elderly Fleming, of a social type, to the ascetic Spaniard! hanging out at No. 130. "A Man" he is, but not *unruffled*, for all he is a-sitting so calmly. See, the paper in his hand! he has just received a bachelor invitation to sup out! Watch his eyes! Ha! his shrewish wife approaches! she is at the door. Now then, Sir, be, what PETER PAUL painted you, A MAN.

Oblige me by walking on to

No. 146. *Portrait of a Lady.* By PARIS BORDONE. She might have been the much-dreaded wife of the last-mentioned. Isn't she going to give it him!

No. 138. *The Family of Rubens.* By PETER PAUL himself. But, I say, *proh pudor!* They must have been a nice dissipated lot for an afternoon Tea. I don't wonder at "A Man's" wife being annoyed, if this is the style of party that was fashionable in those days. Oh, PETER PAUL, were you ever *Rubescens* as well as RUBENS?

No. 140. *A Young Man.* By TITIAN. Newgate crop, prayer-

book on table, religious medal round neck, Jack Sheppard look about the face: general idea, "What a good boy am I!"

No. 143. *Algernon Percy.* By Sir ANTHONY VANDYCK. The Earl as an Admiral on shore, while ships are on fire in the distance. Evidently a satire. The idea might be, "I don't want to fight, but by jingo if I do, &c."

No. 145. *Portraits of James Stanley (Lord Strange), his Wife, and little Daughter.* By VANDYCK. The idea of the following dialogue is suggested by the picture:—

Stanley (pointing to water). Let's go out in a boat.

His Wife (indignantly). Not in this best satin dress, JAMES. I'm surprised at you! No consideration!

Little Daughter (aside chuckling). Oh, ain't there going to be a jolly row!

So much for this week. To be finished in our next. Days are short, Art long. Advice to visitors, "Go early," and take this guide with you.

DOCTORS' BILLS IN DETAIL.

MEDICO-CHIRURGICAL MR. PUNCH,
A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* complains of "Medical Charges," as follows:—

"SIR,—I have a bone to pick with my doctor, but I feel some delicacy in speaking to him direct, because he is a very good fellow, and occupies much the same social position as myself. Will you let me ask him, then, through you, why he never condescends to give me any items or dates in his bill, but fleeces me under the simple but comprehensive heading, 'Medical attendance'?"

This is a question which he would not have had to ask in the days when I was a medical student. He would have been fully satisfied with the doctors' bills of those good old days. If he had then been a patient, he would never have been "fleeced" by being charged for "medical attendance" in a lump. His medical man, if a general practitioner, would have sent him in a quantity of medicine, say one or more pills to be taken every night, and a bottle or several bottles of physic, so many draughts or so many doses, three or four times a day. All of these items, with corresponding dates, would have been duly set down in his doctor's bill; which he would contentedly have paid at Christmas. Amongst them the pills and some of the mixtures would have possessed active properties, and perhaps have done him some good. The rest might have tended to work upon his imagination, and quiet his mind. In themselves they would mostly have been little more than coloured water, strongly flavoured with some nauseous ingredient of the *Materia Medica*. Their intrinsic value would have been, perhaps, a few pence, but they would have been charged for at the rate of some five shillings a day. By thus selling superfluous and sham physic under the pretence of treating disease, the doctor did not always cheat his patient. In many cases it was only an indirect way of getting justly paid for professional services. There was no other, except for the physician or "pure" surgeon, who took fees. But the medical man was always tempted to overcharge his patient by overdosing him. He sometimes yielded to the temptation; but he never gave any cause for the subjoined comparison:—

"If my tailor were to send in his account merely 'To Clothes,' I should have no scruple in having it out with him should the amount exceed what I anticipated, but for the reason above I cannot so treat my doctor, and he has, therefore, an unfair advantage over me. If he would give me some details, were they only dates, he would greatly soothe,

"Yours truly, AN OVERWROUGHT PATIENT."

What are the details of medical attendance, which this Gentleman conceives to be capable of being specified like articles of apparel? Had he suggested a lawyer's bill instead of a tailor's as a model for a doctor's, his wishes for details might perhaps be met by specification. "To asking you to put out your tongue, 6s. 8d." "To feeling your pulse, 13s. 4d." "To percussion of chest, 16s." "To auscultation of ditto, £1." "To instructions on diet and care of health, £1. 1s." These, perhaps, are the sort of details which would tranquillise "An Overwrought Patient," whose view of medical charges coincides exactly with that of an old lady whom I once heard likewise object to their generality, saying, she "wished to know what she was paying for." As to the dates which even alone would "greatly soothe him," so many would represent so many visits—how many of them necessary? That should be a question for a patient who doubts the honesty of his doctor.

If you, Mr. Punch, were ever ill, you would expect your doctor to cure you as soon as possible. The sooner he cured you, the more liberally you would reward him. You would not ask him for items and dates. You would not tempt him to keep you on his books as long as possible. You would not, therefore, be like to pay him in inverse proportion to the good he did you. You, Sir, are a wise man, and not a fool. You would never have a bone to pick on the score of bills with your humble servant,

ASCLEPIADES HARVEY.

CHRISTMAS CATS.



THAT Cats can be taught is well known,
But still it some wonder arouses,
To see the three Pussies here shown,
All three, at one time, drawing houses.

There is first the *White Cat* at the Lane,
And then *Puss in Boots* at the Garden;
While the *Surrey* brings *Whittington's Cat*
'Tother two the stage-race to run hard in.

A NEW SOCIETY.

THE announcement of the formation of a "Folk-Lore Society" will be hailed with an outburst of enthusiastic delight by all to whom a superstition is a charm, and an old custom a respected friend.

Knowing the interest sure to be aroused by the inauguration of such a society, we have derived, from sources of the most unimpeachable authority, some particulars of the probable scope and sphere of its operations; and these we now proceed to unfold to our readers without reticence or reserve.

Folk-lore is as universal as the soil and the suffrage, so it has been wisely determined that the Council of the Folk-Lore Society shall be international in its character and cosmopolitan in its composition. We may, therefore, hope to see, side by side with our own learned antiquaries and lucid archæologists, the dusky Maori chief eager to pour forth (by the aid of an intelligent interpreter), all the wealth of legendary lore which has been hived for centuries in the aboriginal homes and homesteads of New Zealand; whilst grave doctors and erudite professors from the ancient land of Scald and Saga, Thor and Odin, Norseman and Rune, will take part in deliberation and share pecuniary liability with Pundits and Brahmins from the shadowy shrines of the primeval East, with scholars and sages from the adolescent Continent of the gigantic West.

The affairs of the Society will be managed by a Council,—half fair and half dark members—consisting of a President, profoundly versed in all the mystery and glamour of witches, warlocks, and fairies, a Vice-President, who has for years made the lore, which so plentifully entwines itself round mince-pies, may-poles, and mistletoe-boughs, his especial study, a Secretary, beyond all comparison the most learned man extant in ciphers, cryptography, and sympathetic inks, a Treasurer, competent to settle the National Debt with crooked sixpences, spade guineas, and fastening pennies, Auditors, Tale-bearers, Story-tellers, &c.

The Society will only meet on lucky-days—a wise man will be on the official staff—and never on Friday; they will turn their chairs round before proceeding to business, and if the number of members present amounts to thirteen, the meeting will instantly stand adjourned. A horse-shoe will be nailed over the door of the Council Chamber, and the charwoman employed to prepare and arrange the room must produce a medical certificate to show that she is

free from warts, wens, specks on the nails, and moles on the left arm and cheek.

Any member of the Society failing at three consecutive meetings to communicate a new superstition, charm, or spell, a fresh proverb upon the weather, or another cure for the tooth-ache, or omitting to bring forward some novelty in the customs and usages which cluster round the four Quarter Days, will forfeit five shillings, to be paid to the Treasurer in new Maundy money.

Sub-Committees will be appointed to investigate facts and collect data dealing with such unsolved questions as the influence of the Magpie upon the destinies of Man; the connection between misfortune and the accidental misplacement of table salt; the luck (according to that learned casuist, ROBERTUS O'MORUS) latent in odd numbers; the bearing of old shoes and new rice on the happiness of married life; the phenomena of dreams, and the various warnings, presentiments, omens, and intimations conveyed by howling dogs, brindled cats, tickings in the wainscot, coffee-grounds, and "strangers" in the family teacup.

Upon certain particular evenings in the year, such as Christmas Eve, New Year's Eve, and Hallowe'en, special midnight meetings will be held for the exclusive narration of ghost stories. On these occasions the gas will be lowered, and the members will gather round a wood fire. Ladies will be invited to these extraordinary meetings, and refreshments, consisting of cakes and ale, pippins and cheese, broiled bones (merry-thoughts), frumenty, hot elder wine, metheglin, and a steaming wassail-bowl, will be served between the stories.

As the Society advances in usefulness and influence, it hopes to be able to direct its efforts towards the maintenance and revival of our old English customs, sports, and pastimes. The Members have it in contemplation to go a Maying in dresses designed by the most eminent artists of the time, and to sally forth and erect a Maypole on Cornhill; to perambulate the country as Morris dancers; to restore all the old traditional splendours of Plough Monday and the Fifth of November; to assist the Parochial Authorities in Beating the Bounds; to dance the brawls; and to re-establish those popular diversions of the times of our earlier EDWARDS and HENRYS—tilting at the quintain and riding at the ring.

HOW MINERS OUGHT TO SWEAR.—"I'll take my Davy."



DOWN ON HIM.

Treasurer of Subscription Pack. "HOLD HARD, SIR! YOU ALWAYS PRESS THE HOUNDS AT A CHECK. WE SHOULD BE BETTER PLEASED IF YOU WOULD PRESS ME WITH A CHEQUE!"

IL RÉ GALANTUOMO.

Victor Emmanuel.

BORN MARCH 14, 1820. DIED, JANUARY 9, 1878.

DEAD, in full-blow of strength, high-tide of blood!
The hunter's muscle, and the soldier's heart,
The frame so flush of life and lustihood,
All stark and still, and drest for King's last part.

The Victor dead, in prime of stalwart strength,
And over Tiber, scarce a stone's-throw down,
The Vanquished, at last span of his life's length,
Still living to bless him who took his crown.

Fate loves her irony. Still, on Earth's scene,
We play in "Contrasts" to our latest breath.
And all must mark Death that should Life have been,
And Life that flickers in chill gust of Death.

Here most, where the two Actors in the play
Are Italy's first King and last King-Pope.
The one so seeming-strong, bluff, gaillard, gay;
The one so seeming-weak, old, sad, past hope.

It is as if we saw two dying beds,
Two graves of even date dug side by side;
King and Pope putting off old hates and dreads,
And changing words of kindness as they died.

'Tis all too soon their epitaphs to write,
That must be interwoven, line with line;
Though the one's black show as the other's white,
And either need the other's foil to shine.

But both loved Italy with life-long love,
Both laid the course for her that they deemed best;
Though Pope marked shoals, where King at full-sail drove,
And this to larboard, that to starboard prest.

So they will stand, both, at the Future's bar,
Not blameless either, each with much to praise;

King, blamed for man's sins that king's graces mar,
Pope, for unpriestly pride in the world's gaze.

A King coarse-fibred—but had finer-spun
Borne the rough strain of all he had to do,
Welding the sherds of Italy in one,
Facing fair work or foul that helped thereto?

'Twas not for nothing that the people gave
The name he bore, unchallenged, clear and clean,
"King Honest-Man"—a title above "brave,"
For brave all sons of Savoy still have been.

But honesty—fast faith to plighted word,
And charter sworn,—is rare among the breed
That still to Christian virtues have preferred
MACHIAVELLI'S craft and pliant creed.

And if he had the faults that hang about
The neck of strength, he had the virtues too,
The quick-lit lusts, wrath that blazed sudden out:
And soon died down, hot hates and friendships true.

And through all change, as he swore kingly oath,
From first to last he set his will aside
And wrought his country's: true to plighted troth,
And Italy that gave herself his bride.

He guided her across the twilight time
Betwixt the death of old and birth of new;
And stayed her steps the darkling hill to climb,
Spite of shrill-shrieking tongues nor faint nor few.

Saw the swift growth, the slow reform of wrong,
The weakness turning strength from day to day;
And when his tide of life, like hers, ran strong,
And seemed at flood, sudden, he passed away!

Leaving his kingly shield without a stain,
And his life's record, if not free from soil,
Blurred with the sins which strength can least restrain,
And weakness finds it easiest to foil.

Carve on his tomb the title he loved best,
Which in the Italy he made means most.
With "*Il Ré Galantuomo*" on his breast,
He may sleep well—not making other boast.



NOT FAIR.

Pat (giving the Squire "Notice"). "WHAT DID WE AGREE WHEN I TUK THE PLACE?—THAT WE SHOULD NEVER BE DRUNK AT THE SAME TOIME!—BUT FAIX YE NIVER GI' ME THE CHANNOCE!!"

FEELING OF THE CITY.

(Amongst Bulls and Bears.)

RUSSIAN 1870. Rising market. "Let 'em fight it out, Sir! What have we to do with it?"

Hungarian 1871. Heavy fall. "We must take care that other countries don't interfere. General war!—horrible!"

Italian 1861. Slight fall. "I should like to know what they have to do with it? Gross impudence!"

French Threes. Steady. "Of course France will be neutral. We ought to annex Egypt at once."

Portuguese Threes. Unsteady. "Too bad! Lord BEACONSFIELD is playing the very mischief with business!"

Turkish Fives. Slight rise. "Plucky fellows, Sir; and, if old PAM were alive, we should have gone in for 'em long before this."

Austrian Silver Rentes. Heavy, with a downward tendency. "Only want a spirited policy to pull us through. Always thought the Triple Alliance bosh!"

Spanish Actives. Very flat. "After all, if there is a general war, what matter its horrors, if our honour demands it?"

Argentine Sixes. No demand. "Mere madness to think of fighting! What is prestige compared with prices?"

Russian Fives. Rising. "The Turks should be forced to conclude peace, Sir. Forced, Sir, forced!"

Turkish Fives. Very flat. "It is simply shameful to think of a Turkish alliance. Russia is our best friend, and always has been."

Egyptian Preference. Falling. "We ought to declare war against Russia immediately. British interests demand this step, Sir. Do it at once, I say; do it at once!"

PROOF POSITIVE.

THEY say the Osmanli have been established on this side the Bosphorus for more than four hundred years. Impossible. Turkey in Europe was never heard of before the Discovery of America.

RECOGNITION BY PROXY.

"On the 31st of March, 1876, JOHN CHIDDY, a quarryman, employed on the Great Western Railway, at Conham, between Bath and Bristol, saw that a large stone had fallen upon the metals along which the Flying Dutchman, then in sight, was rushing at the rate of fifty miles an hour. Without a thought of the risk he ran, CHIDDY rushed to the spot and lifted the stone off the line, and a terrible catastrophe was thus averted; but the poor man lost his life, for the buffer catching him, he was killed in an instant. He left a widow and seven children, and his case being a peculiarly shocking one, some Gentlemen in Bristol took it up. The Company when applied to denied their liability. The passengers whose lives were saved by CHIDDY's heroic conduct subscribed only a few pounds. A public appeal was then made, resulting in the raising of between £400 and £500. With part of this a neat six-roomed cottage has been built near the scene of the accident, and this, with half an acre of garden land, was yesterday formally and publicly presented to the widow."

"ALL's well that ends well." Luckily for brave and self-devoted JOHN CHIDDY's widow and seven children, there was a Public behind the Company whose property, and the passengers whose lives, he sacrificed his life to save. May this tardy recognition of JOHN CHIDDY's self-sacrifice by the subscribers who have secured a roof for his widow and children, atone for the shameful overlooking it by the Great Western Company and the passengers in the train which he died to rescue from destruction.

A Nursery Rhyme.

(Shaped to the Time.)

TAFFY is a Welshman,
A toiler, and no thief;
Shall TAFFY starve at my door,
While I can spare beef?

I will go to TAFFY's house,
And cheer that hungry home,
With oatmeal-porridge, soup, and bread,
To fill out skin and bone.

COMMON FEATURES

Between Lord BEACONSFIELD, Lord LYTTON, and the mild Hindoo.

TASTE for tinsel, and a faith in fireworks.

OBSTRUCTION AND WAR.

THE utterances of "Public Opinion on the War," as reported in the papers, tell, most of them, very strongly on behalf of non-intervention. But *audi alteram partem*. Listen to what an Irish patriot says on the other side of the question:—

"MR. BIGGAR, M.P., speaking at a large Home-Rule meeting in Greenock last night, in connection with the contest for Parliamentary representation of the town, said that when Parliament met he would vote with his Party as to whether England should go to war in defence of Turkey. It seemed to him that the present prospect of England was that she would entirely cease as a Power in the world unless she shortly proved what she could do by entering into a contest with some strong Powers. Other nations would soon begin to think she could not defend herself if she did not fight."

Of course, MR. BIGGAR is a Member of Parliament, if you please, but, first of all, a Home-Ruler. He consults the public good, but in subordination to the policy of his Party. Therefore, he is prepared to vote either for going, or not going, to war with Turkey, as his Party may choose. Personally, however, he would, it seems, wish to see England at war. He thinks that England had better go to war for the maintenance of her position, and on this point, the opinion of so sound a politician, so serviceable a legislator, and withal, such a well-wisher to England as MR. BIGGAR, should have all the weight that is due to it.

No Surrender!

THE Town Council of Faversham have lately been reminded, by the Local Government Board, that they have not appointed a Public Analyst for their Borough, in accordance with the Sale of Food and Drugs Act. The Council held a meeting, at which it was proposed and seconded, and carried by a majority of seven to two, that an Analyst should not be appointed. This little anecdote would hardly be complete without the additional circumstance that the proposer and seconder of the resolution were both—grocers.

VOICES OF THE PAST.

(An Echo of the Future by Anticipation. From a Fanciable Story set to its Whirl.)

CHAPTER XI.—SIR HARRY SNUGGLETON AT HOME.



THE dinner had passed off excellently. The time (midnight, sharp) was not too late, and, thanks to the new Act, the guests were in their places at the proper time. Some of the fair women and brave men reclining round the old Squire's table had come many hundreds of miles that evening, and yet not one of the aerial wire cars had been half a minute late. In spite of all this, a cloud rested upon the host's brow. Good, genial Sir HARRY SNUGGLETON was seriously annoyed. LADY POLLY recognised the fact immediately.

"Down in the mouth, old man?" asked the good wife, tenderly. "That's so," replied the Baronet. "That stupid old TOM PIPES the Tenor has sold me again. Just asked him through the Telephone when he would be game for tuning up a bit, and he replies, 'Got a cold in my noddle; can't sing.' So it's no go."

The old Squire uttered these words with an air of genuine disappointment. His dinners were celebrated far and near for their luxury and refinement. Sir HARRY's cooks had all taken honours in the Culinary Schools at Oxford and Cambridge, and the intellectual accessories of the feasts were always in the best taste.

"Cheer up, old bird!" said LADY POLLY, affectionately. "If PIPES has gone rosy, you can draw upon your own sound-cellar."

This suggestion was greeted with a murmur of well-bred applause. Sir HARRY's phonographic bins were known to be filled with a choice selection of vocal vintages.

"Give it a name!" said the Squire, with a courteous wave of the hand.

"Have you any of GLADSTONE's speeches?" asked a guest. "My eyes! how I should like to hear one!"

"I have just one left—wuss luck; one solitary magnum!" replied the old Squire, with a sigh. "But you shall have it."

The butler was sent for, and the solitary speech was ordered up.

"You will find his patter rather rummy," continued Sir HARRY, turning to his guests. "What we in our days consider the most polished language was in his time regarded as slang."

"Lawks! What a lark!" exclaimed involuntarily a bashful young maiden of sweet seventeen.

"That's right, my gal," whispered her fashionable mother across the table, "a filly that knows what's what should come out a bit strong now and then, or people will think her not only deaf but dumb."

By this time the last bottle of Gladstone in Sir HARRY's sound-cellar had been brought into the dining-room.

"Now, Gents, silence!" said the old Squire, courteously but firmly. The phonographic apparatus was used for ten minutes, but with no result; not a sound was heard.

"How's this?" exclaimed Sir HARRY, turning angrily to his butler. "You must have let the oxygen get to the plates."

"Very sorry, indeed, Sir HARRY," said the servant, bowing deferentially, "but the bloke who had the place before I came was a duffer. The cellar was all mops and brooms."

The man would have said more in respectful deprecation of his master's wrath, when suddenly the silvery sound of a mellifluous yet manly voice, as from a far-off larynx, was heard—

"Yes, Gentlemen, I say that if we act thus, we shall deserve the scorn of our ancestors, and draw down on our heads the curses of posterity!"

Dead silence followed for a few minutes.

"There was a last squeak in the plates, after all," exclaimed the Squire. "Evidently the conclusion of a stirring peroration! Doesn't

the quaint old English—it is the last drop, unhappily—sound stunning?"

After Mr. GLADSTONE's speech, unhappily so brief, came a general request for a sample of a celebrated wit who had kept the table in a roar exactly one hundred years ago. When a pint of him was tapped—for he was best, the Squire declared, in small quantities—the company heard the following words in a faint voice—

"Farewell, my children. I am going to leave you. Take my advice, have nothing to do with literature. If you are successful, you will but rouse the jealousy and envenom the spite of small men, and if you fail—but my strength fails me. Farewell—farewell!"

"What a sell!" exclaimed Sir HENRY. "My sound-merchant must have palmed off a dying speech upon me for a comic anecdote! And he has labelled it 'curious' too. A regular swindle, wasn't it?" The guests assented.

"Sir HARRY," cried an old bore from the end of the table, "you know what awful health I have. I have been telling her Ladyship the ins and outs of my case. She has suggested tapping a few of the best doctors of the nineteenth century."

"Anything you like, dating from seventy-nine, when my grandfather began laying down his sound-cellar," returned the old Squire, cheerily. "In the meantime, Gents, to make up for that dying speech which has left quite a musty taste in my ears, we will have a sample of the full-flavoured after-dinner story from my old grandfather's special bin—I will answer for its being of the out-and-out plummy style of the Regency."

But as the tales of her husband's ancestor were sometimes a little *risqué*, Lady POLLY here gracefully gave the signal of retirement to the members of the fair sex present, and the Gentlemen were left to their private tap. The butler set half-a-dozen bottles on the table. As the cork was drawn, a racy flavour pervaded the room, and this was the story. . . .

(End of the Chapter.)

THE BOLD BUFFER-RIDER.

ONE day last week, on the arrival of a fast train at Welwyn, the porters on the platform were astounded, as the carriages emerged from the tunnel, to see a man on the buffer of the hind brake.

The man, it turned out, was one WILLIAM BATES, who had taken this very original way of shortening a tramp in quest of work. He did not seem to see that there was anything out of the common in his choice of a seat. The Magistrates tried to open his eyes to a sense of his situation by fining him ten shillings.

Surely the Welwyn Bench may be said—like WILLIAM BATES himself—to have been "sitting on a buffer" when they came down so heavily on this poor fellow for risking his life, apparently in blissful unconsciousness that the buffer of an engine is not, like the tail of a cart, or the back-spring of a fly, a perfectly safe and legitimate way of taking a lift. He didn't harm himself, so far as we can see, and surely he didn't harm anybody else; nor can we conceive that many are likely to follow his example.

Hymen, O Hymenæe!

ASKED on the spur of the moment to find rhymes for the names of a certain Lady and Gentleman on the verge of matrimony, our distinguished poet, Mr. R. B.—N—e, at once struck off this quatrain—

"Venus, sea-froth's child,
Playing old gooseberry,
To Miss DE ROTHSCHILD,
Marries Lord ROSEBERRY."

EXANTHEM IN ESSEX.

A SERIOUS prevalence of smallpox is reported in the Essex borders of the Metropolis. Cowpox does not come natural to all Essex calves; and too many of them, perhaps, are of that breed of calves that neglects, or even resists, vaccination.

THANK YOU FOR NOTHING.

"'TWAS the CZAR freed the Fenians!" Home-Rulers declare.
"Tis no pardon—at best but a Russ-epite *en l'air*."

WHY AND WHEREFORE?

THE Home-Rulers moved their Amendment on the Address, but we fail to see the Address of their Amendment.

THE MOST INSTRUCTIVE OF PICTURE BOOKS.—If you want to teach young learners, send them to the Old Masters.



UCH cry for three weeks, and mighty little wool now that the "opening day" (*Thursday, January 17*) of the first premature Parliament for eighteen years has come and gone, leaving England a-gape and a-gossip.

Queen's Weather without the QUEEN. In Palace Yard a small crowd, which soon got tired of waiting for celebrities that stole in by other roads than Westminster Hall. Inside the House of Lords, a ha'porth of bread, in the shape of male Peers, to a delightful quantity of sack, in the shape of Ladies. The usual ugly rush of the Commons at the SPEAKER's heels, to the summons of Black Rod—these unmannerly St.

Stephen's boys really want another guess sort of rod, applied by Head Master instead of Usher, and by sterner hands than Sir WILLIAM KNOLLYS'; the usual muster of Commissioners in cocked hats and red robes, and the usual more or less distinct reading of a Queen's

Speech, signifying—even more decidedly than usual—nothing, and so far eminently comforting to the country, much fretted and fevered of late, and cruelly disturbed in its wholesome rest by irresponsible braying and barking. If Government has done its best to augment this uneasiness by calling Parliament before its time, it has allayed it by its assurances, now the convocation of the Collective Wisdom has opened at once a discharge-pipe and a safety-valve, through Parliamentary organs of speech instead of Press organs of opinion. While the man who turns the handle is unseen, it is no use hounding on the public to the tune of “*Tally-ho the Grinder!*” Who knows who the Grinder may be?

Chemistry has condensed all the Gases, but can Chemistry of Wit and Wisdom combined solidify into such short sense as the Country looks for from *Punch* the gaseous paragraphs of a Queen’s Speech, loose enough to cover a variety of opinions, and give every party its sentence, or, at least, its bit of one, to fasten upon?

Here is this Essence of our Essence—Quintessence of Queen’s Speech—bottled for use at home and abroad, at twopence per bottle, numbered.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

You are summoned to learn how we’ve striven
To put stop to this war and its crimes;
And to give your advice and assistance
In these very critical times.

We tried to stave war off, and couldn’t—
Then neutral we promised to be,
Till our interests (see CHASS, DERBY, NORTHCOLE)
Involved in the struggle should be.

Peace we promised our aid in promoting.
Now the Turk’s flooded it seems the time’s come.
First the Porte tried it on with the Powers,
But the Powers—by the powers, they were dumb!

Then the Turks asked BRITANNIA to help them,
And she passed the word to the Bear:
And we hope that what’s passing betwixt them
May bring peace, in whose credit we’ll share.

Thus far, our toes haven’t been trod on,
And we earnestly hope they won’t be;
But if peace isn’t made, there’s no knowing
How soon we might want *L. S. D.*

Which we’ve no doubt that JOHN BULL will give us,
Of course on sufficient cause shown.
Meanwhile note, we have not blown the trumpet,
And the trumpet don’t want to have blown.

For the rest, p’r’aps, “least said soonest mended.”
Thank God Indian famine is o’er!
May the cloud at the Cape soon blow over.
For home Bills—we’re aware they’re a bore.

County Government, Factory, Land,
And Magistrates’ Summary Powers,
Cattle Plague, too, and Scotch Roads and Bridges,
Schools and Hospitals, may claim some hours.

Then as pleasure to set off ’gainst business,
We’ve one coat to trail through the fair—
Intermediate School-law in Ireland,
Whose Grand Juries, too, ask for your care:

Last, not least, Sirs, in one Monster Measure
We mean to pack snug, if not small,
The whole Law and Procedure relating
To Indictable Crimes, one and all!

There! done in fewer quatrains than the Speech has paragraphs, and not a point shirked, or a word too many!

My Lords and Gentlemen of Her Majesty’s Government, go you and do likewise!

To be sure, we have only *Toby* to consult with,—and he and his master are not of two minds.

After Queen’s Speech Lords’ and Commons’.

(In the Lords.)—Lord WHARNCLIFFE, Turcophilon Turco-philteros, moved the Address. If warning the country off Cliffs be the business of the moment, as *Punch* said last week, his Lordship hardly seems the right man in the right place. Perhaps the Mover and Seconder were meant to utter the two voices of the Doubleheaded Nightingale, which the Cabinet is so obstinately credited with keeping—Lord WHARNCLIFFE to vent the backward voice, with a strong Turkish accent, Lord LOUDON to give breath by the forward voice to the sweet music of Peace and Hope.



A BROAD HINT.

Tender-hearted Old Lady. “POOR LITTLE DEAR! YOU’RE NOT GOING TO DESTROY IT!”

Policeman. “DON’T KNOW, MUM. NICE LITTLE DAUG. I’D A’MOST GIVE IT AWAY TO ANYONE AS ’D GIVE IT A COMFORTABLE ’OME AND A ’EARTHUG!”

Old Lady. “ALMOST GIVE IT—!”

Policeman. “WELL, MY MISSUS, YOU SEE, MUM, IS PIOUS AND PARTIC’LAR, AND I THINK SHE’D LIKE FIVE BOB TO PUT IN THE PLATE ON SUNDAY!”

Earl GRANVILLE, by the echo of the Two voices, tracked through the Speech the diverging roads that lead to Peace and War, and criticised keenly the policy of the Government from the rejection of the Berlin Memorandum. He found the same difficulty, which has been found by so many, in understanding why Parliament has been called together three weeks before the usual time:—

“It is not that the thing is rich or rare,
We wonder why the mischief it is there.”

The Earl of BEACONSFIELD was equal to the occasion.

To simple people it seems as if the policy of the Government, between two stools, had come, as such policies do usually come, to the ground; that the Independence and Integrity of Turkey, the objects of its solicitous guardianship, are at an end; that the country stands isolated, on the dangerous strait between the two diverging policies of a discordant Cabinet, and can hardly stir a step either way without the fear that it may be a false one. But on Lord BEACONSFIELD’S dexterous showing, never was policy more triumphant, position more influential, or Cabinet more united. He challenges proof of division. (Sums in division, my Lord, may come out clear enough without proving.) “One of the greatest charms in life,” says his Lordship (probably with an excusable wink towards Hawarden) “is not making speeches, and not writing letters.” Speeches and letters are not Sphinxian modes of utterance. The Sphinx explains itself by enigmas, and its record is in riddles.

But this was not a time for Sphinx, but for Spread Eagle; and the Hughenden Eagle has seldom spread his wings broader, or soared higher than on Friday, if always away from Lord GRANVILLE’S notes of interrogations and points of attack. The “Gallery rose at him,” as the Pit at KEAN when he played *Shylock*. The red herring has seldom been dragged across the scent with a better grace. It was a very dexterous and high-sounding speech, and the rhetorician deserves all the honours—whatever may be the due of the Statesman or the Minister.

The MACCALTUM MORE evidently means to be the *enfant terrible* of the Peers on this question. He boldly faced the bogey of “British Interests,” and laid it, if not in the Red Sea, in the Suez Canal. The passage of the Dardanelles he

maintains to be a Turkish question, its closing a Turkish interest, which he was not prepared to see pass under the control of Russia. The temporary occupation of Constantinople may be no question of peace or war for us, though the Turkish Pashas are sure to do their best to make it one; its permanent occupation is a matter for European not for English settlement. War might be horrible, and this war had been most horrible, but it may have been the only way out of worse evils, if more widely distributed in space and time. "All he would ask of the Government was that they would use all their influence that such a war should never again occur; and that could only be done by putting an end to the misgovernment which Her Majesty's Government had denounced."

Lord SALISBURY was down on the Duke, hitting hard and heavily as he can do, but not with the effect that he might have done on better fighting ground. Indeed, Lord BEACONSFIELD, while the Marquis spoke, must have breathed the prayer familiar to Ministerial lips, "Save me from my friends!" "Not one word about the independence and integrity of Turkey has ever crossed my noble friend's lips." The Duke had dwelt on the disunion of the Cabinet and the isolation of England. "The Government was not isolated, and had never been isolated." The Marquis did not add "that the Cabinet was not, and never had been, disunited." He declined to discuss the articles of the "so-called Ministerial papers." In the first place, there was no "Ministerial paper," though we had the "phenomenon" of two or three extremely Liberal papers which support the Government on this particular question. (If the *Daily Telegraph* or the *Pall Mall Gazette*, have been "supporting" the Government on this question, the whole Cabinet must have been engaged these many months in a prolonged prayer of "Save me from my friends;" for the harshest things said about the Government's guidance of this "betrayed empire" have been in their columns.) It was pleasant to hear the Marquis's reiterated assertions that the Government had never held out to the Turks hopes of English assistance, or encouragement to prolonged resistance. Lord DERBY had warned them against entertaining any hopes of the kind. The Marquis had repeated these warnings at the Conference, and again, when the Turks "in a moment"—a long moment—"of extraordinary rashness, neutralised and repudiated and stultified the efforts which England and Europe had been making, to pass over this crisis without war." But Turkey is not all Europe. Finally, the Marquis said a manful word for the Czar's "sincere, anxious, and almost tormenting desire for peace." "He and his Government had been driven, by the roused antipathies of race and antagonisms of creed, with a force no individual could stop." "If we wish to take precautions in case our interests are threatened, it is not because we despair of peace. NELSON put the telescope to his blind eye, and there may be, and doubtless are, Nelsons in the Russian Army." The Marquis's closing words were a legitimate challenge. "If Parliament does not trust the present Government, let it provide itself with a Government which it does trust: if it does trust the present Government, let it confide to it the proper means for efficiently performing the duty that confidence had imposed on it."

Bravo! my Lord SALISBURY, no man can say fairer than that.

Their Lordships adjourned at five minutes past nine, having packed into their four hours' sitting a larger amount of good speaking than is often compressed in either House into the same time.

(Commons.)—Did the usual handshaking business between twelve and four. Resumed at four for the first rush of "Notices."

When we read the long list, filling more than a column of the *Times*, of Notices headed "to-morrow," including a whole stud of over-ridden hobbies, we are tempted to adapt SHELLEY,—

"What art thou, ill-used To-morrow,
That old and young 'fads,' strong and weak,
Big and small, fore-doomed to sorrow,
Thy waste-paper basket seek?
Three-fourths of which,—ah, well a-way!—
Might just as well have died To-day."

Address Moved and Seconded by Mr. WILBRAHAM EGBERTON and Mr. TENNANT, Member for Leeds, uncommonly well. The Marquis of HARTINGTON took up the running for H. M. Opposition. He reviewed the conduct of the Government through the preliminaries and progress of the War. "He wanted to know what are the 'unexpected occurrences' which, if hostilities are prolonged, may render it necessary to take measures?" Ah! my Lord, that's tallings—just now beyond the means of you, and me, and the *Post*, or the *Times*, or the *Telegraph*, or the *Daily News* either. "What is the great dread," he asked, which, since the outbreak of this trouble, has been hanging over Europe? Not the horrors of War between Russia and Turkey, not the dread of Redistribution of Turkey in Asia, but the fear that the re-opening of the Eastern Question may lead to the re-opening of other questions all over the Continent. Is this a moment that the influence of England, the most potent in Europe for Peace, should be withdrawn, and the Country should be dragged into participation in the War?"

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER and Leader of the House

disclaimed any such intention; denied the rumours of disunion in the Cabinet; disclaimed the extra-official war-utterances of the Turcophile press; could not see the alarming character of the early opening of Parliament; traced the steps towards peace as far as they have gone; professed the hope of the Government to localise the war, and to bring about a satisfactory and a speedy peace; protested against the "effacement" of England, and emphatically avowed the desire "to promote the cause of freedom, of liberty, and of peace upon the largest and the highest scale."

Mr. GLADSTONE reading Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's speech as meaning that "until we know the Russian demands and conditions we have no proposals to make," and no money to ask for, avowed his mind relieved, but warned his friend in a friendly spirit, "That if the demand were made, a very serious question might arise."

Sufficient for the day is the anxiety thereof—and the general result of the Queen's Speech and Ministerial revelations is very much as Mr. GLADSTONE summed it; a certain sense of relief for the moment, but a grave anxiety for the future, and a conviction that we had better not count too confidently on peace at home or abroad, in the Cabinet or out of it, till we know what the next few days or weeks may bring forth.

Lord ROBERT MONTAGUE administered a smart round of slaps on the face to Government and the Opposition, and then Mr. MITCHELL-HENRY rose in Mr. BUTT's absence—the last fight of the Kilkenny Cats has, we are very sorry to hear, put him, for the moment, *hors de combat*—to move the Home-Rulers' Amendment to the Address, "That it is the duty of Parliament, at the earliest opportunity, to consider in a wise and conciliatory spirit the national demands which the Irish people have repeatedly raised."

The House was too full of the Eastern Question to attend to the Western, and left the Irish Members—Mr. MACARTHY and Mr. O'CLERY and Mr. DOWNING and Major O'GORMAN and Mr. REDMOND—to trail their coats through the fair, without any English Member so much as offering to tread on them, which naturally roused the Major's extreme disgust. Sir MICHAEL HICKS BEACH said he had been waiting till he had heard all his Irish friends had to say, and Mr. CROSS corrected some mis-statements of Mr. REDMOND's about the recent release of the Fenian prisoners, one of whom has, unfortunately, died of heart-complaint, poor fellow! and has already been converted into agitators' capital.

Mr. PLUNKETT rebuked the Irish Impracticables with sense and spirit, and provoked an excited rejoinder from Mr. SULLIVAN, who, having taken upon himself to remind the House that England's difficulty was Ireland's opportunity, brought up the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER with the sentiment in which all the English and Scotch, as well as the wiser Irish in the House and out of it, will agree, that

"There is no disposition in any part of Great Britain to deny to Ireland full and fair consideration of her grievances or of any measure which her representatives might bring forward. But it must be distinctly understood that there is an equal determination on the part of the Members of this House not to consent to the sort of demands which have just been made by the hon. and learned Member, especially under present circumstances."

And then the debate was adjourned at ten minutes to one.

Friday (Lords).—Entered steadily upon their normal night's work of doing next to nothing. Re-appointed last Session's Committee to peep into the pot, and find out why people get drunk, and how Law helps or hinders them.

Lord GRANVILLE complained that the Commons had had two sets of Eastern papers to the Lords' one. Ungrateful man!—and yet he is free to adjourn at twenty minutes past five!

(Commons).—Three-fourths of the Questions, and all the Debate, given up to Ireland and the Irish. Now, my darlin' Patsy, do be reasonable! This sort of thing may be better than Obstructing, and that's about all you can say. Taking Time by the forelock is all very well, but you can't be allowed to have *all* the hair off the old fellow's head.

For some four or five hours the Irish Members had "their say." It is to be hoped they will for the present be content, and leave the House to its "do." Instead of ringing the changes on one assertion—that Ireland is disaffected, discontented, disposed to quarrel with everything and everybody, and above everything and everybody, with the Government and JOHN BULL, let them bring forward tangible grievances, press them on the House with intelligible reasons, and they are sure of a fair hearing, and in the end, a riddance of real grievances. That was about the substance of all that was said on Friday night on both sides the question and the House. But while, instead of this common-sense course, they continue to quarrel with each other and with England, to call names, to bluster, and to threaten, Parliament will not, and cannot, do anything for them. The Irish Amendment was out-voted by 301 to 48. Not pleasant, but a broad hint that Home-Rulers in the House are *not* on the right tack. There never yet was a reasonable man, of whatever nationality, with a good grievance, but found English friends in the British House of Commons.

Another *Times*' column of notices reared to-night!

BETSY'S BAD DREAM.

(As narrated by that excellent if excitable lady, Mrs. B. PRIG, to her sympathetic partner, SAIREY GAMP.)



O H, SAIREY! SAIREY, my dear soul! I've had an awful dream!

"Thank Evins," as the poet says, "things is not wot they seem."

I'd only took the leastest drain, the same right down requiring,—

Which trumpet-blowing, SAIREY GAMP, is most tremendous tiring—

I slept, and there a figger come, wropped hup in Rooshian furs,

A hojus sight as British blood with patriot fury stirs.

To see the party's face, at fust, I wasn't rightly able,

Along o' being muffled up in sich a lot o' sable:

But 'twere a person of my sect, and much about my size,

Though rather red about the nose and fiery in the eyes.

"Muscovite baggage!" I sings out, which my voice I didn't smother. "Baggage," sez she; "then, BETSY P., if I'm one, you're another."

I guv a start, I did; her words they sounded like my own; They might a been my English—their tone my werry tone; Though I'm told the Rooshian langwidge is that crack-jaw, SAIREY

GAMP, It well-nigh twists out parties' teeth and gives their tongues the cramp.

"Well, Mum," I sez, a drorin hup, "who, I'd like to know, may you be?"

Sez she, "A Rooshian Patriot!" Sez I, "You bragian booby! There ain't no patriots, honly ME!" Whereat she grins and chuckles,

Until I thought I must 'a gone right at her, nails or knuckles. Sez she—which it made my flesh creep to hear her voice and style, As seemed the werry spit o' mine—sez she, "You make me smile!"

Why, BETSY P., you've got D.T., along o' constant drams. Which what you call your patriotism's the bragianest of shams."

Sez I, "You taradiddling slut!" Sez she, "No impercence, Mum! You've just about had your innings, and now my turn is come; Which 'Holy Rooshia's Interests' is the motto on my flag, Your Union Jack it ain't a patch upon that glorious rag."

SAIREY, I biled, I was that riled. Then what d'ye think she said? "You've been and bounced to that degree, you're dizzy in the 'ed. Grab all you want, then whine and cant of honesty and right, And sing out, "Down with fists all round!"—except you want to fight.

That's your British Lion, BETSY! But Holy Rooshia—oh! She is a hangel, if you like, as never strikes a blow But for her Interests and Rights—the two's synonermous terms— And them as doesn't see that truth must be as blind as worms."

Sez I, a biling innards, "Well, of all the bragian cheek!!! Ain't hother Nations got no right for theirselves to hup and speak?"

Then sez she, "sech cosmypollytan cant is sentimental trash As may suit your St. James's 'All, but, on our side it won't wash."

SAIREY, I shuddered. Somehow there was somethink in her brag As sounded like an Echo (not that paltry ha'penny rag).

"Rooshia means right," so she went on: "all other rights mean wrong;

And Rooshia's dooty is to be soopremely safe and strong. That's patriotism, Mrs. PRIG, and subjects of our Czar Who ain't prepared to stick to that, or for it go to war,

Is nasty, fackshus, traitrous, sentimental, idiotic, White-livered, sneakin', snivellin', bage, wile, unpatriotic, Un-christian, and un-Rooshian, cosmypollytan—"Hold!" I shouts.

"Tell me, to goodness, who you are—allay these hidjus doubts!" She hups and tosses back her furs, and, when her face were shown, I gave a hawful shriek, and woke; for, SAIREY—'T WAS MY OWN!!!

DEMAND OF D. T.—War at any price.

THE TURNING OF A WORM.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

ALL know the proverb that even a worm will turn, and after so many angry words have been spoken in the matter of the adulteration of silk, I think it is *my* turn. Not that I have read all the letters in the newspapers. I have no time for it, being too busy with my spinning. But my cousin, the bookworm, has kept me informed on the subject; though he says that newspapers are not much to his taste, as the paper is, for the most part, poor straw stuff, with but little nutriment in it. He prefers old books. He says, that a Lyons manufacturer lays the fault on the silkworms, declaring that we spin such wretched silk, that it must be weighted with dye.

We shall next be told, I suppose, that the cotton-plant produces such bad raw material as to necessitate heavy "dressing," with china-clay, and size, or that the disease of the grapes is to blame for adulterated wine, and, in short, that our old enemy Dick Swindler will generally be safe in shifting the onus of his crimes on Dame Nature.

Mr. Punch, I appeal to your sense of justice, and am, Sir, Yours sorrowfully,

BOMBYX MORI.

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS.



THE restoration of public confidence which, in the present complicated aspect of affairs in the East, must have instantly followed on the announcement of a contemporary that "Mr. FREEMAN, Canon LIDDON, Dr. HUMPHREY SANDWICH, and the Hon. AUHERON HERBERT," had undertaken the responsibility of acting together "in favour of the free navigation of the Straits of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus," has induced Mr. Punch, always prompt in paying a due regard to the fitness of things, to suggest that there are one or two other not unimportant international matters which might advantageously be taken in hand at the same time by Committees appointed on a kindred principle, as for instance:—

"The establishment of a *modus vivendi* between the Sovereign Pontiff and the new King of ITALY." Committee for consideration of same: Dr. NEWMAN, Professor TYNDAL, Mr. BIGGAR, and the Editor of the *Sporting Times*.

"The development of Independence in Poland, with or without the consent of Russia, under certain guarantees." To be urged at St. Petersburg as soon as may be deemed expedient by Dr. LYON PLAYFAIR, Messrs. MASKELYNE and COOK, and the Bishop of TRURO.

"The payment of the Spanish Bond Holders on terms to run from and after the first of April next." To see to the securing of that object: Mr. HENRY J. BYRON, Monsignor Capel, the Sheriff of Middlesex, and the Amateur Champion of the Thames.

"The Suppression of Military Service in the German Empire, and the acceptance by Prince BISMARCK of an Honorary Secretaryship at Monaco." To be arranged, and carried out without delay, by Mr. LEWIS CAROLL, the Warden of New College, Mr. HENRY RICHARD, M.P., the Editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, and the Beadle of the Burlington Arcade.

But Mr. Punch forbears to proceed further with his list, suspecting that, if continued on the new principle of "the self-election of the unfittest," it is likely to extend to a length far beyond his disposable space.

With Mr. Punch's Compliments to W. MORRIS.

MY DEAR W. M.,

THE political platform is *not* the Earthly Paradise. Angels who would be at home in the one fear to tread the other. When that is the case, you know who rush in. Yours always,

PUNCH.



MUSIC AT HOME.

IT IS A VERY TRYING THING FOR A SENSITIVE MUSICAL FEMALE TO HAVE TO COACH THREE NEAR-SIGHTED BUT VERY POWERFUL AMATEUR VOCALISTS, OF THE MALE GENDER, IN A TRIO OF HANDEL'S, ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY SEE THE TRIO FOR THE FIRST TIME, HAVE A DIFFICULTY IN READING MUSIC, AND WILL INSIST ON SINGING "FORTISSIMO!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

Reports, hearsay, about Diplomacy—Gives evidence about Plevna at Canterbury Hall—Visits the Gallery of Illustration—And does a première at the Globe.

SIR,—M. VICTORIEN SARDOU'S play *Dora*, in English *Diplomacy* (I never heard till now that *Dora* was French for *Diplomacy*, but that's a detail), was most successfully produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre on Saturday the Twelfth, when Mrs. BANCROFT adjured the public to be seated by eight o'clock, punctually, Greenwich time, no variation of clocks being allowed, and the usual law of ten minutes not being permitted. Partially, in consequence of this expressed wish of Mrs. BANCROFT's, which is the law of the Medes and Persians to your humble servant, and, primarily, because I had neglected to secure a seat some days beforehand, Your Representative, with the usual number of Duchesses, Bishops, Counts, and Marquises, who are generally, from some fault of their own, "out of it" on a *première* at the Prince of Wales's, spent some portion of an anxious evening on the staircase of that elegant little Theatre, listening with eager ears for any sound that might convey any, even the slightest, intimation of how the piece was going. But the tension on the nerves was too strong, and before the first Act was over, five out of six Duchesses had fainted, had been carried out by the Bishops, and laid flat in a row on the pavement, where they speedily recovered, and went off in their carriages; while the Marquises, having no other resource, went home to bed; and Yours Truly, after a vain attempt to attract the attention of either of the Brothers Rowe—Hard Rowe was frowning horribly, and Soft Rowe was weeping in the lobby—went off to see *Plevna*, the Seat of War, at the Canterbury Hall. What more natural than that my interest in *Diplomacy* should lead me to the Eastern Question?

One word before passing on to *Plevna*. I have heard it already said by some who, as a rule, refuse to allow any merit to English acting, that *Diplomacy* is better played here than its original *Dora* was in Paris. I am afraid that I shall never be able to express myself so strongly as this, for the simple reason that I never saw

the original in Paris; but, *en attendant*, I may say how refreshing it is to hear, for once, that they do not invariably manage these things better in France. There is a great deal of nonsense, which becomes the mere cant of a clique, talked about the French stage, as there is about the English, and as, for that matter, there is, and ever will be, about all Art, whether Music, Painting, or the Drama. As to the Drama, there seems to be, at this present moment, a notion that whatever is French is right. But of this another time.

The French Representative of M. VICTORIEN SARDOU is reported to have telegraphed to his chief, "*Au nom de Sardou, la salle entière s'est levée et les applaudissements redoublèrent.*"

Bravo! my brother Representative, you can lay it on with a trowel even in a telegram. Why weren't you present on the first night of *Futherland* at the Queen's? I wonder what you would have telegraphed over to the distinguished author of that clever but cumbersome *Patrie* on that occasion? I do not think that the name of SARDOU would have had the same electrical effect, though perhaps that of *Rysoor* might have roused the audience to enthusiasm. If M. SARDOU'S Representative can gush in a telegram, M. SARDOU can write an unreasonably abusive letter, as we have recently seen in the *Times*.

Now for the Canterbury Hall. The entertainment called *Plevna*, consists of a Panorama of the Seat of War, admirably painted by Mr. W. HANN, from sketches taken by Mr. F. VILLIERS, the Special Correspondent and Artist. It is all good from first to last. The Panorama, beginning with Constantinople, goes on smoothly and quietly enough, until the moonlight scene arrives which is the signal for the first outburst of applause. This is not saying much, as I never yet saw a moonlight effect in a Panorama that was not applauded. The moon, "all alive oh," as it were, invariably seems to astonish and delight an audience. It seems so clever to get the moon there. The sun would be a failure. Stars may be thrown in here and there and assist the general effect; but the moon! no, no one can help applauding the moon. In this instance Mr. VILLIERS, catering for the public, has missed the opportunity of making it a Crescent Moon. Perhaps, however, it changes as the month goes



LEO HIS OWN MASTER.

LORD B. "LET ME GET YOU A TICKET FOR THE GALLERY—AND FOR YOUR FRIEND HERE!"
BRITANNIA. "H'M! I THINK WE'RE BOTH AS WELL OUTSIDE—FOR THE PRESENT."

on. Then we had a sketch of a Pasha's domestic life, a scene in a harem. The Pasha, preceded by two comic cooks (Cook's excursionists, perhaps, in white, took his seat on his divan, and one of the comic cooks aforesaid handed him a pipe, from which the indolent Pasha took two smokeless whiffs; that's the worst of comic servants, they hadn't lighted it), and immediately became absorbed in the elegant ballet which was being danced by, I presume, his wives. When this was over, the excellent patriarch retired, wives, comic cooks, pipe, and all.

On went the Panorama again, and with the arrival of the Turkish troops—boys, every man Jack of them, whose military manoeuvres reflect the greatest possible credit on Drill-Sergeant WHITE—commenced the real enthusiasm of the evening. How the Turks were cheered! How the Russians were hissed! yet not so vehemently as their foes were cheered. And then followed one of the best arranged *tableaux* I have ever seen on any stage, be it where it may, and this is a very strong thing to say. But, take it all round, the opinion will be found to be perfectly justified if the performance is always as good as it was on the night of my visit.

The shells exploded, the cannons fired, the ranks of the Russians were visibly thinned, as soldier after soldier fell mortally wounded, and rolled helplessly over the ridges of the field of cork. One gallant warrior was much exercised by his perverse white moustache. The veteran (fourteen if he was a day) had to hold it on all through the drill; and on the field of battle, in the deadly breach itself, that hero was more afraid of his moustache deserting him in the hour of peril than ever he was of the enemy's guns.

It wound up with the repulse of the Russians at the Gavritza Redoubt, and the triumph of the Turks, and I cheered lustily and applauded heartily, for I saw my dauntless veteran, upright, in the centre of the *tableau*, waving his sword with one hand, while with the other he pressed the vexatious moustache to his upper lip. The Hall was crowded, and the Sliding Roof was occasionally opened as a safety-valve for the enthusiasm. If anybody wants to go to war, let him cross Westminster Bridge, and, for a shilling or two, he may see it to the best possible advantage at Canterbury Hall.

On the afternoon last week when the Queen's Speech was made and Parliament opened, a friend said to me, "Let us conceal our agitation, let us distract ourselves: let us go to St. George's Hall, that is, to the GERMAN REEDS' Gallery of Illustration." We went. I have said that Canterbury Hall was crowded at night, and here was another Hall where it was uncommonly difficult to find seats for two, it was so full. We saw half of Mr. GILBERT A BECKETT's *Once in a Century*, which went capitally. Afterwards came Mr. C. GRAIN's *Musical Almanack*, one of the best and most amusing things he has ever done in this line. The adaptation, into French, of the chorus of a certain popular song is a very happy thought; and the trio and chorus, with the *basso profundo* who will not keep time, are first-rate. The *Doll's House* is, of course, specially for a juvenile audience, and serves its purpose, though it has a hard struggle, as anything except very broad farce must have that comes after *The Musical Almanack*. But what a lot of work this little company gets through! There's a very effective Japanese song and chorus in the *Doll's House*, which is one of the best things in it.

A new Three-Act Comedy, I think it should be qualified by the epithet "farcical," written by Mr. H. J. BYRON, was produced on Thursday night last at the Globe. Mr. TOOLE played the principal part in the piece which is called *A Fool and His Money*. But the title does not, to my mind, convey the idea of the plot. The First Act is immensely funny, and Mr. TOOLE as the *Butler* was, as may be imagined, thoroughly in the vein. My laughter had been, I thought, too much in Act One to stand the test of Act Two. But though a first night is, as a rule, the worst of all nights, partially on account of the nervousness to which every genuine artist is inevitably subject, and partially on account of the very exceptional audience which is brought together for a *première*, yet the Second Act was carried through to a most satisfactory conclusion, and Actors and Author were summoned before the curtain to receive hearty congratulations of the audience, which began to think it had been a little too premature, when, by contrast at all events, the Third Act seemed to lack the "go" of its predecessors. Mr. TOOLE and Miss ELIZA JOHNSTONE, however, soon pulled it up again and set it on its legs, firmly I hope, so that with such a start it may achieve a long run. Mr. RIGHTON played a conventional peppery old father, flourishing the conventional walking-stick, with which he made most of his best points. On first nights there is nothing so fatal as "a stick"—in the words, which was not the case here, for the stick was in excellent hands, and I have seldom seen any stick make so many genuine hits as did Mr. RIGHTON's on this occasion.

Les Parle Français, "as played by Mr. J. L. TOOLE upwards of 2,500 times," finished the evening, and made many sides and heads ache with uncontrollable laughter at the idiotic absurdity of the scenes between *Spriggins*, *Major Rattian* (most useful Mr. WESTLAND), *Monsieur Victor Dubois* (well, if a trifle too noisily, played by Mr. CHARLES COLLETTE. But what has criticism to do in such utter farce?), and *Anna Maria* (Miss ELIZA JOHNSTONE), whose

rebellious speech about "*Erin Go Bragh*" brought down the house.

Apropos of laughing, have you, Sir, seen Mr. ANSON in difficulties with his white tie in *The Turn of the Tide* (or the *Turn of the Tied*," if the piece took its title from this scene between Mr. and Mrs. Danby, at the Olympic? His despair is delicious.

And now, Sir, I am off to Paris to ask my friend the Marshal what is his idea about the Queen's Speech. War would play the mischief with their Exhibition. Why they've even had the sense to defer the inevitable row until the Exhibition has had its day.

I remain—no I don't, I go—but *au plaisir* says

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

LAWS FOR LADY UNDERGRADUATES.

N account of what's coming.



1. LADIES must not appear in the High before two o'clock without their academical bonnets.

2. No Undergraduate will be permitted to give more than six five-o'clock teas in a single term.

3. Ladies will be expected to attend two-thirds of the Lectures of the Professors of Art Needlework, Dancing, and Ancient and Modern Cookery.

4. Worked slippers must not be accepted by the Deans as an excuse for absence from morning chapel.

Giving presents of this character, it is hereby notified, will be considered an act of impropriety. Ladies venturing to send them, after this warning, will be liable to rustication.

5. The subject for the Newdigate Prize Poem will be "The Invention of the Sewing Machine."

6. Ladies who do not go in for honours, on passing a good examination in Darning will be granted an Honorary Fourth.

7. Ladies may take up Beauty as a subject for Mods. (Examiner, PROFESSOR PUNCH.)

8. On account of the crowds of London roughs which have lately been attracted by the Inter-University Lawn Tennis Match when held at the Lilly Grounds, these matches will hereafter come off at a spot to be privately settled in meeting of the Hebdomadal Council, held with closed doors, and communicated to members of the University of both sexes, the week before, through the Proctors.

9. The annual Dark and Light Blue Croquet Match will be held at Lord's, but lunches of too elaborate a character will be considered as breaches of University discipline.

10. Male Judges will award the Prizes at the Toilette Shows in the grounds of the various Colleges, during Commemoration.

11. Not more than six Ladies will be permitted to speak at once in the Schools or at the Union.

12. Ladies will not be permitted to take their Degrees until they shall have settled all out-standing accounts with their dress-makers.

13. A Syndicate of Belgravian Mammas will be formed to fix the times and heads of the Course of Lectures which it is proposed to establish according to a new project of Convocation, on Flirtation and Settlements.

THE COCK OF THE WALK.

Crow lustily, Oh "Cock," o'er thy good hap,
Now the Bar's gone, passers must seek thy Tap.

SENTIMENT OF AN OLD CITIZEN.

TEMPLE Bar removed from Fleet Street seems like Turtle eliminated from the Lord Mayor's Dinner.

DOCTORS' CHARGES.—Their patients.



ADEN.

Perspiring Sub. (the Regiment had just arrived at the Garrison—to Non-Commissioned Officer). "WELL, CORPORAL CASEY, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF ADEN?"

Corporal. "PHEW! SHURE I DON'T WONDER ADAM AN' AVE WAS ONASY IN'T, SORE!!"

THE FAIR SEX AND THE FACULTY.

A MEETING of the Amalgamated Medical Practitioners' Union was held last night in their Protection Hall, to consider the steps requisite to be taken in consequence of the adoption by the University of London Convocation of their Supplementary Charter, admitting Women to Medical Degrees.

Dr. STOP was unanimously voted into the Chair.

The CHAIRMAN said he was a practitioner of the old school. When he commenced practice he had, to be sure, some few women for competitors. But they were all of them unrecognised rivals. In those days nobody ever thought of warranting them by suffering them to take degrees. The University of London had opened the door of the Medical Profession to the female sex, of whom numbers of course would immediately rush into it, whereas it was overstocked already. The question was, what steps could be taken to counteract the effect of that ill-judged proceeding, which must otherwise result in taking

bread out of mouths that were none too full of it. Union was strength; and the Amalgamated Medical Practitioners' Union must put a pressure upon Society. ("Hear, hear!")

Mr. KNIGHT BELL said the Chairman had anticipated a rush of females into the profession. Perhaps he was afraid it would be an "ugly rush." On the contrary, the danger was, that the rush would be a deal too pretty. The female graduates in Medicine would not be old women like those the Chairman had alluded to. They would all be young, and too many of them good-looking and attractive. The family doctor, therefore, would have to contend with them at a great disadvantage, and he said this feelingly. (*Laughter.*) Beauty would carry it over brains. (*Ironical Cheers.*) To prevent that, something ought to be done. (*Applause.*)

Sir W. JENKINS discarded the apprehension that any injury would be done to medical men by female practitioners. He objected to them on public grounds, and for their own sakes. Medical studies would tend to destroy female grace and refinement, and all those charms which rendered ladies ornaments of the domestic circle. (*Hear.*) The faculties of women's minds unfitted them for medical reasoning. Life and death were not to be trusted in their fair but fragile hands. (*Cheers.*) These considerations should determine the Union to offer an organised opposition to the employment of medical women. It had been said, "Why not leave it alone?" None need employ female doctors but those who choose." Such reasoning was specious, but unsound. He wished it were possible for the Profession to combine in a strike against all employers of female medical skill. But this, unhappily, was out of the question. There was, however, one course open to them, and he would earnestly advise them to adopt that. He would accordingly move a Resolution—"That the Amalgamated Medical Practitioners do one and all pledge themselves to decline meeting any female practitioner whomsoever, and under whatsoever circumstances in consultation."

The Resolution having been seconded by Dr. GALLEY POTTER, was put from the Chair and carried with vociferation.

SANDIE AND SUNDAY.

THE members of the Glasgow Working Men's Protestant Association appear to have reached a high point of moral and spiritual insight. The Prince of WALES having chosen Sunday for the day of his arrival at Hamilton, they memorialised his Royal Highness to change it, "in order that," say the memorialists, "a violation of the Lord's Day may be avoided, and that the excellent example of your illustrious father may be followed by you as a patron and supporter of all means to maintain inviolate the Lord's Day, and thus evince that righteousness which exalteth a nation." From their point of view, then, the righteousness which exalteth a nation principally consists in abstinence from travelling on a Sunday. This, truly, is a righteousness exceeding (in its way) that of the Pharisees, for they *did* allow of a Sabbath day's journey.

MUSIC FOR THE MILLION.

WANTED, a Composer to produce Overtures for Peace, which the belligerents will listen to.



IMPROVING THE SHINING HOUR.

Paterfamilias. "IT WAS ON THAT OCCASION THAT CÆSAR SENT THE FAMOUS DESPATCH: 'VENI, VIDI, VICI!'"

Ingenuous Boy. "AH, THAT WOULD GO FOR A SHILLING!"

ANOTHER DUKE GONE WRONG.

"WHEN the Cat's away the Mice will play." Now the Parliamentary Cat has come back, let us hope the Mice won't squeak quite so loud, either from Paper or Platform. This wish is even more in Mice's interest than Men's. We all know the fable of the Frog that tried to blow itself up into a Bull. A Mouse that attempts the same feat, or even sets itself up to speak as and for a Bull—JOHN BULL above all—is just as ridiculous, even though the Mouse boast the highest title and the biggest rent-roll in these islands.

About the silliest squeak yet heard has been that of the great Sutherland Mouse. Among so much silly squeaking it would not be worth notice, even for its extreme silliness, but for the fact that it marks a change of political sides, which has its importance when the Mouse owns a County, and when the squeak is accompanied with a bite, of which the vigour is, luckily, not to be measured by the venom. It was at the public meeting called last week, to hear Mr. ALGERNON BORTHWICK—the M.P., *in propria persona*—lecture on the war; the Duke of SUTHERLAND in the chair.

We pass over the Chairman's comparison of Russia to a boa-constrictor who licks her victims before she swallows them. She certainly has licked Turkey pretty effectually. But when the field of attack was transferred from Russia to England, and from GORTSCHAKOFF to GLADSTONE—when the speaker, talking of the ubiquity and activity of Russian agents—mice have a weakness for tallow, *faute de mieux*—declared that "Russia's chosen agent in this country was the Right Hon. Member for Greenwich," it is

LESSEPS SING SMALL!

DR. STROUSBERG, the great Russ and German railway schemer, contractor and constructor, a Muscov King HUDSON and ALBERT GRANT in one, who lately bust up for more millions than we like to put our pens to, is about to launch on the world and the market a wonderful project for connecting Berlin by canal with the Elbe and the Oder, and so binding the Prussian capital, through the one river-link, with the North Sea, and through the other, with the Baltic. He feels so sure of his project, that he is ready to start it on his own hook, without Government aid or guarantee; calculating on a return of 10 per cent. on the eight millions his magnificent scheme is to cost.

It sounds splendid. Berlin on the Sea, instead of Berlin on the Spree as hitherto, and such a poor little shallow small-German Spree, too!

What a grand subject for a Kaulbachian Fresco! Borussia as a gigantic patient at the German Welt-Brunn swallowing the North Sea and the Baltic, out of two glasses, marked Elbe and Oder. There is only one fear—that the project may turn out a more effectual means of drawing a great many capitals into one S—through one channel, than of linking one capital with two C's through two.

Work in the Workhouse.

CHOPPING Wood has been found at the Homerton Workhouse a profitable branch of Pauper Labour. During the last five years and a half a very considerable profit has been raised upon it without detriment to firewood vendors through competition with their industry outside. Breaking stones, on the contrary, has always been carried on at a loss. *Query*, whether the loss sustained from breaking stones in workhouses is compensated by the saving effected by skinning flints?

Many Happy Returns!

We are delighted to read in *Belgravia*, "The Return of the Native." But we wait anxiously to hear whether it is to reasonable prices.

Our Own Cardinal's Last.

"The Head of the Roman Catholic Communion in London has signalled his zeal by telegraphing from Rome his refusal of permission for the Italians in London to hold a high funeral Mass in honour of their patriot King."—*Times*.

OF High Mass for King VICTOR unlooked-for restrictor,
Lo, MANNING stands *solus*, forbidding the rite;
And from over the mountains, at source of Faith's fountains,
For Fisherman's bark, defies fighting men's bite.

WHEN THE WIND IS IN THE EAST.

I don't buch object to a sdeeze dow a'd thed,
It waked wud up, a'd it clears out the head—
But, whed wud is sdeezi'g frob borli'g to dight,
It's rather bodotolous!—ab I dot right?
I subtibes quite tadey by head will cub off
Id wud of these sdeezees—they're worse thad a cough.
A cough tears your ludgs, but a sdeeze tears you through—
A'd—gooddess!—it's cubbi'g—a—tschoo!—
A—tischoo!



That sdeeze was a bild wud—I thidk subthi'g wedt
Idside of by head—p'raps by braid-pad is redt.
That's dothi'g to what it cad do whed it tries!
It rips through by chest, a'd tears out at by eyes,
By dose a'd by bouth, with a shiveri'g crash,
That shatters by frabe id wud horrible bash!
Ah! *that* is a sdeeze! Whed it cubs it's a crusher—
A'd—oh! it is cubbi'g—ar—r—ruschah!—
Ar—r—r—rusch—ah!

NOTICES OF MOTION.

By some accident, the following have been omitted from the list already published:—

Sir WILFRID LAWSON to move that only water ices be supplied during debates, and that nobody be permitted to speak with any spirit.

Mr. LOWE to move the imposition of a tax on early marriages, with a view of carrying out his pet scheme of a match-tax.

Lord STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL to move for the appointment of a Select Committee to consider the best means of repairing broken china.

Major O'GORMAN, on the First of April, to move for a return of the length of laughter occasioned by his speeches, that an Estimate be made of his value as a mirth-giver.

Mr. FORSYTH, Q.C., to move for leave to introduce a Bill to legalise the use of latch-keys by young Ladies.

Lord ELCHO to move, in the British interests of Art, that the number of R.A.'s be diminished by a score, and that nine-tenths of "the Line" be allotted to outsiders.

Mr. J. LOCKE to move a Resolution that, at the finish of the Session, the thanks of the whole House be voted to all Members who have held their tongues in it.

Mr. PARNELL to move that a Committee be appointed to provide ways and means for helping Irish patriots to impede as far as possible the progress of legislation.

Mr. WHALLEY to move for an inquiry into a report which has reached him that PETER'S Pence have lately been collected in St. Paul's School.

Mr. NEWDEGATE to move for leave to introduce French novels into the library.

Mr. BIGGAR to move that his speeches be reported in extra type, and at full length, in *Hansard*.

Lord JOHN MANNERS to move for an inquiry of the Ladies in the gallery, whether they would not like a grand piano to amuse themselves with during dull debates.

FROM ONE WHO HATES GREECE.

If they had Crete, they'd want Stamboul as well.
Give a Greek inch, he'll take a Dardan-elle.

WHITE ELEPHANTS AND SABLES.

RESPECTED MR. PUNCH,

If so be you was ever to have occasion for the services of a party in my line, I am sure you would wish everything to be done respectable. Suppose you had the misfortune to be bereaved of *Toby*. No doubt but what to consult your feelings would necessitate arrangements for everything that decency requires, regardless of expense. Which, therefore, permit me, respected Sir, to point out a sparrowgrass out of *Allen's India Mail* to the attention of your readers, some of whom may, perhaps, have been led away by the wild suggestions of mean and shabby advocates of Funeral Economy. Let them read the interesting account as follows of Siamese obsequious honours paid to

"A WHITE ELEPHANT.—An important personage has lately died at Siam, in the shape of one of the King's white elephants, and, according to custom, it was buried with the highest funeral honours. One hundred Buddhist priests, we are told, assisted at the ceremony, and the body was accompanied to its last resting-place by a procession of thirty state barges."

That's how they manages these things in Siam. Let their liberality of interring a White Elephant be an example to the stingy lot that wants to demean British manners and customs that low as to introduce the cheese-paring economy of Christian burial. Thirty state barges accompanying the body of an elephant to its last resting-place ought to be a shame to them sordid niggers that would have begrudged half that number of mourning-coaches, and do away with attendants, and all they calls "mockeries," sich as upholstery, crape, feathers, and all that, scarves and atbands, and even gloves inclosive. If they had any feelings at all, they would feel the Siamese White Elephant's funeral a rebuke to all such despicable projects as the pittiful innivation, for instance, of "Earth to Earth" in a cheap and crazy wicker basket.

While my hand is in, I would say only consider, so far from "Earth to Earth," and such meanness with our fellow-species, what an improvement it would be to adopt the practice of some we calls heathens in regard to decent sepulchre of the animal creation. Everybody knows the embalmed cats among the Egyptian antiquities in the British Museum. Why not do likewise with domestic pets, and bear favourite cats and dogs to their last resting-places in

hansom style? Anyhow it would be a relief to mourning survivors. An important personage being said to have died at Siam "in the shape" of the King's White Elephant means, I suppose that the Siamese believes in the transmigration of souls, and that's why they puts themselves to what unbelieving economists considers unnecessary expense attending the case of a Christian even in disposing of bodies. On the contrary, instead of cutting proper respect down to nothink, how much better it is for everybody departed this life to be always as much as possible in regard to funeral honours a White Elephant to his sorrowing relations, which, especially in the present days of sanitary improvement and depression of trade, it might bring some little encouragement to the business of your sincere and earnest admirer,

MUTUS ELMWOOD.

ON THE WAY TO ANNIHILATION.

"Now that the epitaph is written over Temple Bar, it seems an opportune moment once more to call public attention to what may not, perhaps, equal Temple Bar in obstructiveness, but which certainly excels it in the truly pitiable and deplorable condition it presents to the public eye. I refer to Queen Anne's Statue in St. Paul's Churchyard, and as I have occasion to pass it twice almost every day of my life, I have unusual opportunities of observing the remaining portions of what was once a statue, but is now only an unsightly and almost undistinguishable heap of ruins.

"The sceptre held in the hand of the central figure has of course, long since been snapped in half. One of the other figures has both arms broken off, and two others one arm each. Minor features are wanting on all the figures. The faces are cracked, noses, fingers, &c., are only conspicuous by their absence, and, to crown all, the stone steps upon which it stands are broken and decaying, the iron work surrounding it is twisted and bent, and only this morning I observed old pieces of bread, potato, and rubbish lying in all directions both on the statue and around it."—*Correspondent of the Times*, Friday, Jan. 18.

QROTH St. Paul's, "If you ask why I'm black in the face;
It's my way of blushing for Queen ANNE's disgrace."

THE PHONOGRAPH.

BOTTLING Sounds?—Well; are we not only too familiar with barrel-organs?



A NEAT REMINDER.

Affable Old Gent (who has just paid, but inadvertently forgotten the usual douceur). "NOT MUCH BUSINESS DOING JUST NOW, APPARENTLY."

Waiter (severely). "No, SIR. 'SEEMS TO ME THAT ALL THE GENTLEMEN HAVE LEFT TOWN!" [Old Gent recalls himself.]

A DISCIPLINARIAN.

WANTED, a LADY, who is a strict disciplinarian, who will RECEIVE into her house a YOUNG LADY, aged fifteen, backward in her studies and somewhat refractory in temper. Most liberal terms are offered to a Lady who will superintend her studies in English and rudimentary French, and who will enforce her commands by corporal punishment. Address, stating terms, and kind of punishment used, to, &c.—*Daily News*, Jan. 19.

THE above advertisement, to judge by the number of letters *Mr. Punch* has received, enclosing it with comments, has excited no common attention. It is so refreshing, in this soft-hearted age, to find a Spartan spirit nerved to sterner views of discipline and duty. We understand that the advertiser has had several answers, but only one "up to sample." We subjoin it:—

MADAM,

I SHALL have much pleasure in undertaking the congenial task of subduing the refractory nature of the young Lady for whom you desire to secure a wholesome course of discipline. I am assured of my complete ability to break her rebellious temper, and to bring her whole nature into a Christian state of subjection. I am aware there is a remote possibility of your young step-daughter (as I presume she is) succumbing physically under my system, if she be of delicate organisation, or mentally, if her brain be weak; or both, if body and mind alike be of other than hardy fibre. "Spare the rod, and spoil the child." I take these inspired words for my rule of action. My whole system of corporal punishment is singularly perfect, so as to avoid the vexatious interference of the law, or the meddling officiousness of the puling philanthropy which dreams of educating a "rebellious nature" by moral suasion, patient love, and cheerful influences. Our ancestors were wiser. Only by stripes, hunger, thirst, cold, and terror, can weak mental powers be strengthened, and recalcitrant wills subdued.

I have another young orphan girl under my care at present, who is now little better than an idiot, through the mistaken course taken in her early youth by fond and foolish parents. I have, however, succeeded, after much trouble, in subduing her self-willed disposition, repressing her unseemly gaiety, and checking her silly coaxing ways. On the special adaptation of punishments to young persons under my system I will not enter into detail, merely stating

generally that stocks, backboard, wholesome discipline with a cane or leather thong, abstinence from food, long and severe lessons, commencing at five, and continued through the day under close and continual surveillance, of younger pupils by older, of both by assistants, and of all by the Principal, strict prohibition of frivolous amusements, and the cold water *douche* for abnormal refractoriness, are all employed at my establishment. Religious instruction in the most orthodox tenets of Calvinism is systematically combined with these strictly educational appliances.

If your young relative is not wonderfully improved in temper, heart, intellect, and acquirements, in two or three years, hers must, I fear, be regarded as a peculiarly hopeless case. My terms are £150 a year. Highest references as to my respectability, genteel connections, consistent piety, and essential fitness for the position of instructress, guide, and friend of youth. Feeling sure of a favourable response,

I am, Madam, Yours Obediently,
PRISCILLA LOVIBOND.

FROM THE OTHER POINT OF VIEW.

(Dedicated, with due respect, to the Author of "The Russo-phil," in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Jan. 24)

I AM a whole-hog "Turcophil";
Hold history and its teachings nil:
Down-trodden tribes that won't keep still
I'd stifle.

The bars of conscience I o'erstride,
Horror of massacre deride,
Count wrong done on the Turkish side
A trifle.

The gallant Moslem I befriend;
Think Bulgars brutes whom stripes must mend,
And idiots all who dare defend

Such vermin.
Of Turkish Pashas' crimes make light;
And, when I soar to highest flight,
By interest's test 'twixt wrong and right
Determine.

For this I blackguard, bluster, lie,
Nor scruple to repeat a "cry"
Which, though disclaimed, 'mong fools will buy
Believers;

I tongue-baste Muscovs black and blue;
If they fling back my mud—vile crew!—
Who says Thames' garbage meets its due
In Neva's?

Mill-stone, three-inch board, and brick-wall
My vision pierces, one and all;
Of foreign plottings foul I fall,

Deep hidden:
My words as gospel flats receive,
That URQUHART's come again believe,
And wonder how such steam can leave
My lid on!

Heed to my shrieks who dare refuse?
Cosmopolite and Christian crews,
Whose craven souls into their shoes

Is smitten!
"Hammer and tongs," I bray and bawl,
Loudest of daily war-drums all,
Till Jews and Poles to me sing small—
The Briton!

Let pious humbugs prate no more;
Brute force shall rule from sea to shore,
To Britain's coast while I woo o'er

War's Demon.
Who's Greek, Serb, Bulgar, to be free?
While Turks are trumps, on *them* bet we;
Britons must own Slaves should be,
Not Freemen.

Painting in Black and White.

GOVERNMENT by Public Opinion: When the Country moves as I blow the trumpet.

GOVERNMENT by Agitation: When the Country moves as somebody else blows the trumpet.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



noteworthy in the Turco-Russian quarrel than the recklessness with which false news from Turkey has been foisted on English readers, and false news from England on Turkish. The rule of these organs seems to have been modelled on the familiar "Throw plenty of mud, and some of it will stick"—Tell plenty of lies, and some of them will be believed.)

Then to two Irish Bills. The first to authorise the Election of Justices of the Peace in Ireland by Unions. As the impression of the House evidently was that this was not to bring Union, Justice, and Peace into closer connection, but to disguise Disunion, Injustice, and War under the mask of lawful authority, no wonder the Second Reading of the Bill was Negatived by 138 to 38.

Next came Second Reading of the Irish Sunday Closing Bill, carried without a division, after a brief debate in which Mr. O'SULLIVAN, Mr. BROOKS, Mr. SHAW, and the Major, declared that the Bill has been pushed in the teeth of the Irish People. Who shall decide when Home-Rule disagrees?

Bills brought in to amend the Merchant Shipping Act (Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY); to abolish the Action for Breach of Promise (Mr. HERSHELL, Q.C.); and to amend the Law of Libel (Mr. HUTCHINSON); all three laws that respectively want abolition and amendment much more than they are likely to get it.

Tuesday (Lords).—QUEEN's answer to the Address brought down.

The Duke of RICHMOND declines, for self and partners, any attempt to deal with the carriage-blocks at Hyde Park Corner.

How can inconsiderate people impose such superhuman tasks upon a Government?

(Commons.)—The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER read to the House, to an accompaniment of cheers from both sides, the QUEEN's perfectly unobjectionable letter to the CZAR, forwarding the SULTAN's appeal for peace.

As Ministers had sanctioned the letter, they were free to ask the QUEEN's leave to read it to the House of Commons. Not so with the CZAR's answer. That was private and confidential.



EXPENSIVE LUXURY.

SCENE—A Wood, where an unmistakeable "Bagman" has been chopped.

Keeper. "YOU'LL SEND ME MY CARD, AUTHORIZING KEEPER'S FEE ON 'A FIND.'" Huntsman. "NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR THAT!"
Keeper. "NOT GOOD ENOUGH! WHY, HE COST FIFTY SHILLINGS!"

Mr. BOURKE said the Government had no authentic news that the Russians were advancing on Gallipoli, but they had reports that they were marching in that direction.

The Government had nothing more to tell the House about the Russian terms of peace, or the English occupation of Quettah. (Let us hope the Government is not preparing for our troops rather too much occupation in India.)

Lord G. HAMILTON, moving for a Select Committee on the construction of Public Works in India by money raised on loans, spoke a well-got-up speech to prove that Irrigation Works were not a panacea for famine and would not always pay—"which nobody can deny." Thanks to Mr. FAWCETT, Mr. BRIGHT, Sir G. CAMPBELL, and Mr. GRANT DUFF, the terms of the inquiry were enlarged to "such measures as may be adopted to prevent the recurrence or mitigate the intensity of famines in India." Without this, the inquiry, as Mr. GRANT DUFF pointed out, would be *Hamlet* with the part of *Hamlet* omitted.

A propos of Sir A. COTTON, as the High-Priest—and sometimes, perhaps, the over-zealous High-Priest—of Indian Irrigation Works, the Government seems a little too eager to thrust Cotton in our ears. The truth may lie outside the Cotton-fields, somewhere in the wide debateable ground between Sir G. BALFOUR and Sir G. CAMPBELL.

Altogether the debate was noteworthy for the clashing of half-truths all through it. "Armed with half-truths, and mounted on hobbies," might be the description of the forces on both sides this and most great questions of a chronic up-crop in Parliament.

To-day's real Parliamentary business was done out of the House, in Downing Street, where forty supporters of the Government mustered to ask Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE whether British Interests, as defined by Mr. CROSS, were not menaced by the reported Russian approach to Constantinople. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER declared that the Government would stand to its declarations, and might soon find it necessary to ask for money. Since then the necessity has come—in Lord BEACONSFIELD's opinion—and BRITANNIA may now realise the sensational situation prefigured in Mr. PUNCH's recent Cartoon, "On the Dizzy Edge." How does she like it?

Wednesday.—First Morning Performance. Two rapid acts. A Scotch Bill (for providing Public Parks) read a Second time; an English Bill (Metropolitan Elections) carried through Committee. Collapse of one Scotch Bill (Hypothec), and one Irish (Sale of Intoxicating Liquors). House up at ten minutes to one.

Thursday.—Lords and Commons stirred to their depths by news for which we may as well find one mouth, as England will have but one ear to hear it, and, we hope, one mind to make up about it. Lord DERBY and Lord CARNARVON have tendered their resignations. Government means to ask for Six Millions on Monday. Orders have been sent to the Admiral in command of the Mediterranean fleet, on the occurrence of a certain contingency—no doubt a Russian movement on Gallipoli, which seems in every way unlikely—to land blue-jackets and marines in Saros Bay, for temporary defence of the lines of Boulair, and to send six of his roomiest ships to bring up from Malta the needful strength for reinforcing them. In other words, England is brought within one short step of war for the Turk against the Russian. Will England agree to take that step?

Select Committee on Public Business appointed, but the House too much excited to attend to anything but the day's news.

Friday.—The fleet is stopped at Besika Bay. Lord DERBY's resignation is not yet accepted. In the Lords, Lord CARNARVON tells his story in a manly, modest, and straightforward style, showing the long continued disunion in the Cabinet, which Lord BEACONSFIELD has persistently and categorically denied, and the vacillation, and final decision, as to the movements of the fleet, which have ended in Lord CARNARVON's resignation. The pendulum has since swung back, and stopped our ships at the entrance of the Dardanelles. This, for the moment, has averted a step which could have had no conceivable effect but to prolong the agony of Turkey and aggravate her ruin, while it embroiled us with one, or, probably, with both of the belligerents, and violated our pledged neutrality, without the occurrence of any of the conditions on which it was secured.

After Lord CARNARVON had explained his own resignation, in a

speech that did equal honour to him as man and Minister, Lord BEACONSFIELD lamely, and, for him, feebly, tried to take off the effect of his late colleague's revelations by explanations which did not explain, and justifications which did not justify.

The country has been brought to the edge of war for no reason that any rational being can understand. *Punch's* Cartoon of a fortnight ago has proved literally prophetic. Let us hope the danger is past—but is it, while this Ministry remains?

In the Commons, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, in answer to Lord HARTINGTON, attempted the same explanation and justification in which Lord BEACONSFIELD had failed when replying to Lord GRANVILLE, but naturally performed his task more clumsily. He still means to ask for Six Millions on Monday. BRITANNIA may well stand aghast at the peril of war into which she has been brought. Is she comforted by the thought that a blundering order has been followed by an 'gnominious countermand? After the subject that occupied every body's mind was disposed of, came a talk to which nobody listened, about the Salt-tax in India and the Land Act in Ireland.

AU REVOIR!



THE day has come,
the season's
done,
No more's need
Bird or Pheasant tremble.
To put away my
trusty gun
Afflicts me sore
—but I'll dis-
semble!
My heart with
softened feel-
ing glows:
To kill such
pretty things
seems pity.
I share their joys
—I feel their
woes—
I love their
friends, and
hate their
foes;
And dedicate to
them this
ditty.

Go, mate yourselves, poor fluttering things!
And multiply—I love you dearly!
There's not a feather in your wings
That I would harm—for six months, nearly!
So, Pheasant, fly! and Partridge, run!
I leave you with the warmest greeting.
It pleases me to see your fun—
I'll hie me home, and oil my gun,
And drink to our next merry meeting!

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

A Paris—Au Cercle de la Presse—The Breakfast—A Mistake—The African Lion—Une Cause Célèbre—Babiole—Remarks—Summary.

SIR.—No one will be more delighted than yourself at the honour paid to Your Representative by our confrères of the French Press. *Qui facit per alium facit per se*; and let me here say, that I have never so "faced it per sea," as I did on Monday night between Calais and Dover. *Ah! que j'étais malade, et pas "imaginaire"!* Oh, Sir, at that supreme moment, when nearly all were prostrated by the Steam Roller of the Deep—an infernal old man—old enough to know better (he couldn't have been better, for the inhuman monster was quite well), observed, in a sardonic tone, "First-rate passage, Steward! She's going like a bird!" Then he added some heartless observations about the misery of his fellow-voyagers, for which I wish we could have risen against that wicked old wretch *en masse*, and throttled him. We should all have been laid up for murder on the high seas. But what matter? The jury, if only average sailors, would, to a man, have acquitted us, and the Judge have ordered us something to drink out of the poor-box. If ever I wished You, Sir, were representing yourself, it was

As I lay

All the day

In the Bay of Biscay, oh!

which lines you can apply to the circumstances, only remembering that it wasn't the daytime, and that it wasn't the "Bay of Biscay, oh!" It took me two days before I could again allow my fellow-man to look me in the face.

Now to return—to the subject, not the place—for while the stormy winds do blow (*mal de mer* always brings to my mind a lot of nautical songs like "*Ye Gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease!*" and DIBDEN'S "*Sweet Little Cherub!*"), I'd see anyone further first, and then I wouldn't stir from "my ain fireside."

Your Representative, after descending, and ascending in the Lift,—they're always ready to give their friends a lift,—at the *Splendide Hôtel* (where the excellent "*Service*" deserves recognition at my hands), was, in due course, received by the *élite* of the Parisian journalists, and had the distinguished honour of being invited to a breakfast given by *Le Cercle de la Presse* in the Rue le Peletier.

Need I say how enchanted I was to accept? Need I say that, dressed in my Sunday best—*endimanché, en effet*—I presented myself at the hospitable *salon* of one of our most distinguished English Representatives in Paris, celebrated no less for his public services than for his private virtues (or else, of course, I should not have been in his company), and bearing an honoured name, of which the *nom et prénom* suggest a perfect balance between the romance of poetry and the matter-of-fact work of journalistic prose.

In that *salon*—oh memorable day in the history of France and England!—met two great men: one great in himself, the other shining like a Chappuis Reflector. The one was the celebrated traveller, Mr. STANLEY; the other—to put it modestly—wasn't.

That Other, who wasn't, advanced, and extending his hand, exclaimed,

"Mr. STANLEY, I believe?"

To which the *Lion et Chasseur d'Afrique* replied,

"Happy Thought. Yes."

Then they embraced, and there was not a dry eye in the room. But as there were several dry throats, we proceeded at once to banquet in the Rue le Peletier.

At the Club, Your Representative was received with the utmost cordiality and most polished courtesy by M. AUGUSTE VITU, the President, who expressed himself in so charming a manner about Mr. Punch, that my face was suffused with blushes, and I nearly fainted on the spot (had I waited much longer for breakfast I should have done so, for it was past one—but it had taken Mr. STANLEY some time to get there from Africa, and he was a trifle late); and then, after a few *mots* shot off by *spirituel* M. BLAVET, of the *Gaulois*, and a few most flattering words in my ear from the Persian Ambassador,—who remarked, in his own beautiful native language of course, that Punch and Persia both began with the same letter; to which I whispered back, "So does 'Politics';" whereupon he said, "P-Shah!"—we entered the *grande salle du Cercle*.

It was most tastefully decorated with the flags of all nations, Mr. Punch's banner being of course conspicuous, and at the upper end of the room was a small stage and proscenium, where occasionally *proverbes* are played by the first *artistes* in Paris, in the presence of a most exclusive and distinguished audience. The other night, Mlle. JUDIC, I was informed, was at her best here, when one of *Figaro's* brightest contributors wrote a prologue for the occasion.

Your Representative was not only most honourably, but also most pleasantly, seated among Representative Men every one of them, including the Special Representatives of the *Daily Telegraph*, the *New York Herald*, the Persian Empire, M. DE QUINTANA, representing Spain, M. DE TREMINES-LAUZIERRE, of the *Patris*, representing the Muse of Improvisation (for later on in the entertainment he dashed off some *à propos* verses on the back of his menu, which were excellently received, especially by M. BLAVET of the *Gaulois*), M. ADRIEN DE LA VALETTE, chief Editor of the *Assemblée Nationale*, and M. IVAN DE WESTFÈRE of the *Figaro*. The dessert had commenced when a perceptible thrill ran through the assembly, and every eye was turned towards Your Representative. Seeing this, I immediately rose to deliver a speech in my best French, and had just commenced, "*Monsieur Le Président, et Messieurs du Cercle de la Presse*,"—when His Excellency the Persian Ambassador (to whom I never can be too grateful—his own Excellency being only equalled by the excellency of the *déjeuner*) pulled me by the coat-tail (a trifle too forcibly, as it nearly brought me back into the arms of the chief butler), and whispered in his own language,—

"*Sih! taafkaerb ee nevig ee STANLEY, ton ee Voy! I's need, nee depuds esah!*"

Seizing the *Curtis*, I then noticed for the first time: "*Menu de Déjeuner offert à Mr. STANLEY par le Cercle de la Presse*," and it wasn't in my honour, after all!

I pretended to have been looking for my pocket-handkerchief, and sat down. Then the speeches commenced. All about Mr. STANLEY, and every one of them sharp, short, and to the purpose. M. HENRI DE PORT-JEST (I thought it was *Punch*-jest at first, but I was "out of it") delivered a good speech in excellent English, and Mr. STANLEY made as big a hit, as he has ever made in his life, when tracing all

that his marvellous energy has achieved to "the journalistic instinct." It told immensely, as did also the speeches of my Representative confrères, M. CAMPBELL CLARKE for the *Telegraph*, and M. RYAN for the *New York Herald*; and we drank sweet Champagne to everybody's health, until we descended for our coffee and cigars.

Here, in the room where M. DUMARESCU made a croquis of Mr. STANLEY, I delivered myself of a small part of the peroration of that speech which I should have made, had the *déjeuner* been *offert à moi au lieu de M. STANLEY*, and bidding farewell to the brilliant company—specially thanking M. VITU and M. BLAVET for their courtesy and hospitality—Your Representative withdrew, with a full heart and a tighter-buttoned waistcoat than usual, to find that three hours had been consumed in this agreeable society.

So much for BUCKINGHAM—no, I mean STANLEY; but both characters are in the same play.

I saw *Une Cause Célèbre* at the Porte St. Martin: a drama which played from 7.45 P.M. till midnight, to a densely-crowded house. The audience sobbed, and sniffed, and blew their noses fiercely to stifle their emotion. It is a first-rate melodrama by MM. D'ENNERBY and CORMON, who thoroughly understand their audience. The scenery was something better than usual. The piece, as is well known, is a great success.

But, for the twentieth time I repeat it, what horridly uncomfortable dirty Theatres they are in Paris! What wretched stalls! I went to the Bouffes-Parisiens to hear *Babiole*, and oh, the utter discomfort of the stalls! Compare this house with our bright and elegant little Prince of Wales's, Royalty, and Strand Theatres! However, every part of the house was full, and the dance and the song and chorus of "*Une petite ferme ou jardiner*," are enough to draw all Paris into the Bouffes, and send everyone away humming the music.

As to the plot of *Babiole*, it is made up of the oldest and most hackneyed materials, strung together, however, in an amusing fashion. It is admirably played, the artists being thoroughly in earnest. DAUBRAY, as the *Baili* (he is always either a *Baili* or a Marquis), was as amusing as ever; Mlle. PAOLA MARIE charming as *Babiole*; and MARIE ALBERT thoroughly coquette as *Madeleine*, the Miller's wife. The scenery here, too, was much better than usual; but such a scene as the first piece—a little *lever du rideau*, called *Les Mules de Suzette*—was played in, would have been a disgrace to the smallest provincial theatre in the most untheatrical town in England.

But, oh, if some theatrical reformer would start up in Paris, to make the alteration of the *auditoria* a Government affair, and the comfort of the audience a matter of the first consideration! They do not manage such matters as these, in the front of the house, better in France. But as to the stage, well, they do play an *Opéra-Bouffe* as we don't; not that we can't, but, in producing their *bouffes* pieces in London, we never attain the perfection of the *ensemble*, which is their strong point. As an instance of a French actor adapting himself to the spirit of English burlesque, we have a capital performance by M. MARIUS, at the Strand, in *The Red Rover*, but I am bound to say I saw nothing, at the Bouffes, to equal the sort of Robertsonian-Comedy touch, which is given by Miss RACHEL SANGER and Miss LOTTIE VERN to their admirably acted love-scene in the afore-mentioned burlesque. Even M. MARIUS and his companions, energetic as they are, do not go in for the tremendous exertions of MM. DAUBRAY and SCIPION, Mlle. PAOLA MARIE and MARIE ALBERT, in their enthusiastically encoored dance, which reminded me of the time when Messrs. WYNDHAM, DANVERS and Miss OLIVER were "encored five times nightly" in *Suzanne aux Yeux Noirs*. Ah! the merry, happy days when I was young! And so no more at present from

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—Talking of successes, Mr. TOOLE has already scored in *A Fool and his Money*, Mr. NEVILLE & Co. in *The Turn of the Tide*, *Our Boys* is nearing its 1000th representation, *The Pink Dominoes* is getting towards its 300th, and *Family Ties* reached its 100th night Friday last. Since writing the above, I have seen *Diplomacy*, and most heartily congratulate the Messrs. ROWE (without whose excellent work M. SARDOU's piece would have been useless here), as well as all at the Prince of Wales's, on their artistic performance, of which more anon. It is admirable all round. The playing of the three men, MESSRS. CLAYTON, KENDAL, and RANCREFT, in the Second Act, cannot, I am sure, as an *ensemble* be equalled, certainly not excelled, anywhere, either at home or abroad. And so say all of us.

The Sandwich my Lord B. would have made for Britannia.

THE British Fleet on one side of Constantinople, the Russian Army on the other, and a thin slice of Turkey between them.

A PLAGUE OF FROGS.



FROM Oxford, we have a Naturalist, under the initials "S. P. T." complaining in the *Times* that the frogs eat his strawberries. This is a strange complaint to appear now that Parliament is sitting. It may be quite well founded for all that; although frogs are generally supposed to frequent strawberry-beds in order to devour not the strawberries, but the small slugs and other insects that infest them.

Anyone, however, who duly examines a frog's mouth, will, with half an eye for final causes, discern how admirably it is designed to suck strawberries.

Still, the havoc committed by frogs in the strawberry-beds of "S. P. T." is nothing to the ravages which, if he resided near an old farm-house, he would find owls perpetrate amongst his potatoes. The common Barn-Owl (*Strix flammea*) is a most deadly enemy to those tubers—ash-leaved kidneys in particular; much worse than the Colorado Beetle. With its crooked beak, which seems expressly formed for the purpose, it hooks them from underground, and then with its sharp claws scratches their eyes out.

In most parts of the country the gamekeepers, under orders from the landed poultryers, have exterminated all the *Falconidae*. Otherwise, "S. P. T." would find kites, buzzards, and hawks do grievous injury to his fruit. The female Sparrowhawk, for example, which is much larger than the male, and proportionately voracious, is very fond of plums, especially greengages, with which she is apt to play old gooseberry. The Raven, though one of the *Corvidæ*, is nearly as bad.

The Oxford "S. P. T." may not be domiciled in the neighbourhood of a warren. If he were, and kept poultry, he would miss a great many chickens. Rabbits would come in the night, and carry them away. The rabbit (*Lepus cuniculus*) is equally with the rat (*Mus decumanus*), a member of the *Rodentia* family, and has a peculiar predilection for gnawing chickens' bones.

Although frogs, no doubt, are responsible for having eaten too many of "S. P. T.'s" strawberries, yet, perhaps, if he watches and investigates the matter, he will discover that by far the greater portion of those he thinks the frogs eat, are devoured by bats. The bat (*Vesperugo murinus*) is a creature of crepuscular habits, and, therefore, when stealing under the strawberry-leaves by twilight, not easily detected. Of the two, the bat has a mouth even better suited to eating strawberries than the frog, and then, being furnished with wings, it possesses peculiar facilities, when it has eaten as much fruit as it can, for flying away with the rest. The nightjar, or goatsucker (*Caprimulgus Europæus*), has obtained its alias from having been imagined to suck goats. That, to be sure, is a vulgar error, but there can be no doubt whatever that it, as well as the bat, which it resembles in its nocturnal ways and manners, exceeds any frog in its depredations on the "Keen's Seedlings."

A SOCIETY OUT OF ITS DEPTH.

OUR excellent friends of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and their energetic Secretary, Mr. COLAM, might be better employed than they were at Slough Petty Sessions, the other day, in pulling up the Swanherds of the Dyers' and Vintners' Companies, and the City of London, for swan-hopping—or as it should be printed, swan-upping—that is, nicking the beaks of Thames Swans with their owners' "marks." The Society might just as well summon the confraternity of farriers for paring horses' hoofs, or the first affectionate little dear who is caught cutting her canary's claws. We would recommend the Society, instead of presenting, to practise, swan-hopping,—and to hop the swans, in the next list of cases submitted for their interference. There is too much real work for them to allow of their indulging in this sort of child's play.

A DOCTOR'S COUNTER-IRREFRANT.—The prescribing Chemist.



MOST CIVIL!

Polite Little Girl (who, with her Nurse, Brother, and Sisters, has been shown over a small Cocoa-Nut Matting Factory). "THANK YOU SO VERY MUCH FOR YOUR KINDNESS!"

Thirsty Workman. "QUITE WELCOME, MISS! WE SHOULD LIKE TO DRINK YOUR 'EALTHS, MISS!"

Polite Little Girl. "O, THANK YOU! THAT IS VERY KIND OF YOU! WE SHALL BE DELIGHTED! GOOD AFTERNOON!"

"THE MYSTERIOUS CABINET TRICK."

(Respectfully Dedicated to Messrs. MASKELYNE and COOKE, by a Right Honourable Rival.)

"The decisions of the Cabinet were absolutely unanimous. They had has it been my misfortune to be at never swerved from the policy to serious variance with other members which they had agreed with one mind."—BEACONSFIELD.

"Three times, within a few weeks, I have had it been my misfortune to be at serious variance with other members of the Cabinet on matters of the highest importance."—CARNARVON.

A MINUTE since mine seemed a rather tight fix,
To a public not up to my Cabinet tricks;
But I always aspired to the MASKELYNE rôle,
Since in Piccadilly he first charmed my soul.
'Tis the Cabinet trick that comes over JOHN BULL,
With some high-sounding patter to queer his numb-skull.
These applied to *la haute politique*, tongue and pen,
Are the right stock-in-trade of a moulder of men;
But the Cabinet trick needs Confederates' aid,
And of pals too sharp-witted I'm always afraid,
Or too conscientious—for that's even worse,
Though, luckily, not quite so common a curse—
And if, by ill-luck, one *should* come in my way,
There's no rule but get rid of the chap—play or pay.
Single-handed, I'm safe to defy every test,
But joint-stock in juggling may bother the best,
So, now, to begin.—There's my public outside
Imagines me sitting with both my arms tied!
Only fancy this child such a very green goose
As to have himself tied so as not to work loose!
My peace arm from its armet I've only to pull,
To kick up such a row in the ears of JOHN BULL!
But I'm forced to be careful in getting unbound,
Or I might bring the Cabinet, crash, to the ground.

Peace arm's loose! So here goes—now for M.P. tum-tum,
D. T. penny-trumpet, and P. M. G. drum!

[A tremendous charivari of all the above-named instruments.

What a shindy! Could eyes pierce the Cabinet wall,
How they'd wonder to see that I manage it all!
Then there's the turned-coat trick, and then "levitation"
Of me and my Cabinet with me—Sensation!
Till the Public are tired of my puppets and me,
But, while willing to pay, they shall see what they'll see!

A MITREFUL OF MONEY.

ANOTHER "Eastern Question" has cropped up besides that which concerns the Great Powers. A suffragan Bishop is said to be wanted for East London, where there is a large and poor population confirmed only in vicious and abandoned courses. "That suffragan," we are told, "would be well content with £3000 a year"—as he well might. Furthermore, a contemporary observes, "Bishop JACKSON may well be expected to find £2000, and if so, the laity of London may be trusted to find the rest." Perhaps the laity may be trusted, as well as expected, to find the odd thousand amongst them at any rate. The requisite subscription would not be so very much a head. But how can the Bishop be reasonably expected to find two thousand pounds for himself? A Bishop in these days, whilst he must look out for squalls, can have no hope of a windfall.

AN UNWHOLESOME RULE FOR AN UNWHOLESOME PLACE.

"The Managers of the London Stock Exchange have rescinded the rule which allows smoking in the House after three o'clock."

Put out their pipes? An ill-timed innovation!
The place stands sore in need of fumigation!



“THE MYSTERIOUS CABINET TRICK.”

(Beats MASKELYNE AND COOKE hollow !)

CHRISTMAS COOKERY.

By an Old-fashioned Clown.

then flop down on the stage, and pretend that by so doing you have squashed the fish, which will doubtless cause your audience the liveliest amusement.

A Recipe for Jerked Beef.—In order to prepare this most delicious delicacy, you must first proceed to "bone" a bit of Beef. This you may do by simply stealing it from the shop of Mr. SUETT

(ride playbill), or gently taking it from the tray of the first butcher's boy that passes. When the Policeman comes in sight, which (in a Pantomime at any rate) he is pretty sure to do, you must jerk your Beef behind you towards your friend the Pantaloon, crying loudly as you do so, "Bobby, look at my jerked Beef!"

How to Jug a Hare.—First catch your Hare. This you may best do by seeing one suspended by his hind legs at a poulterer's, and then creeping on all-fours very softly towards the shop, until, on standing up, you can just take him off the nail. Next, get a big jug from the china-shop next door, and pop your Hare inside it, and tell the audience in a whisper that you're partial to jugged Hare.

How to make a Raised Game Pie.—Enter into close conversation with a Pieman, and so distract his attention that you are silly able to steal one of his pies. Then take to your heels, and, when he runs after you bawling out "Stop thief!" all you have to do is just to throw the Pie up high enough for Pantaloon to catch it. By this process your Pie will become a raised one.

MOTTO FOR DR. ERASMUS WILSON.—"Rem acu tetigi."

VOX POPULI.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

Don't you make any mistake. You are on the wrong side, Sir. Remember what the chap says in the play, "Let me make the people's songs, and you may take the law-making into your own hands." I don't know who said it, or when, or where. Still, there's the idea for you, Sir. Well, I make the people's songs. You don't believe me! Well, just you go to the Music Halls, and you will hear a lot of my productions. I will give you a few specimens, as a proof of my quality.

I have just finished "*Bang, Bang, Bang! Oh, ain't it a Jolly Lark!*" and I think it will go immensely, especially if the audience accompany the music by smashing their glasses on the tables before them. Here's the chorus:—

"Bang, bang, bang! oh, ain't it a jolly lark!
A-cutting the throats
Of the Russian bloaks,
And a-wading through blood in the dark!"

I have written it for "The Monstre Comique," and, if he only gives it with a wink and a breakdown, the audience will roar like mad! You take my word for it, Sir,—roar like mad!

Then here's another, which is nearly ready. It will be sung by an "Artiste" dressed in the full dress blue and gold of a Cabinet Minister, made up after the head of a certain popular party. Here's a bit of it:—

"(Spoken.)—So when I do the lardy-dardy in my slap-up crib in Downing Street, I always take a treaty in one hand and a bottle of fizz in the other. Then I tear up the treaty, and put the bottle to my mouth, so. If any of my pals ask me why I don't let 'em into my little secrets, I point to my toggery, and say, confidentially,—

"It's all stuff and nonsense, and pooh, pooh, pooh!
BILLY GLADSTONE is a fool,
And BOB LOWE is his tool,
But I will pull you through!"

If that doesn't bring the house down, I will eat "The Monstre Comique's" hat, collar, and cuffs!

Besides the above, I have got some others equally excellent, called "*On the Right Side of the Ledger, Boys*," "*Murder 'em Quick, and get it Over*" (a roaring comic song, to be sung in the costume of a Bashi-Bazouk), "*Hoist the British Flag at the Fumish and the Rag*" (patriotic, in the uniform of a subaltern on half-pay), and "*Let's have a Fight, and make the Money Fly!*" You should

see how my songs go with the cads and counter-jumpers, and there's a jolly lot of that sort, as you may yet learn. Change your policy, Sir, and thank

Lower Grub Street, E.C.

CATNACH JONES.

GAMEKEEPERS AND POACHERS!

MR. PUNCH,

HER Majesty's Speech contained an omission—as Major O'GORMAN might say—of a subject whose urgency had not been suggested to her Ministers. I mean the grievous defect in the law recently disclosed, to our vast astonishment, by the monstrous miscarriage of justice in the great Rabbit Case—"The QUEEN v. PAUL READ." Mr. READ shoots eighteen rabbits, the property of his master, Mr. SMITH, and sells them as his own. He is tried for embezzling his master's property, convicted, and given four months and hard labour, which he does not get, for the case is reserved on the question whether, legally, the rabbits were the property of his master or not. The Judges, with the Lord Chief Justice at the head of them, ruled that they were not. They held that READ had made them his own property by shooting and taking them into his possession as wild animals. In the course of argument before their Lordships, naturally enough—

"On the part of the prosecution it was stated that it would be a startling consequence if a gamekeeper could help himself *ad libitum* to his master's game.

"The Lord Chief Justice.—A most fearful consequence truly! Still, in spite of the sanctity of game, we must uphold and apply the principles of the criminal law."

A criminal law, indeed, Mr. Punch—a law so partial to criminal gamekeepers! Every gamekeeper is a chartered poacher, and can poach to any extent with impunity. Keepers may be kept to keep off poachers,—*sed quis custodiet ipsos Custodes?*—literally, "who shall keep the keepers?" This question, of vital importance, as it is, to the best interests of the country, cannot fail to command the immediate attention of a Conservative Government, really worthy of its name, and deserving the confidence and support of—

Your ever constant and admiring reader,

AN ESQUIRE OF LAND.

P.S.—A poaching gamekeeper should be liable to penal servitude.

BRITISH INTERESTS.—In anything but Turkish Coupons.



THE SAXON OPPRESSOR.

Saxon Tourist. "I SUPPOSE THE ENGLISH BUY ALL THE PIGS THAT YOU WISH TO SELL?"
Irish Peasant. "THEY DO. BAD LUCK TO 'EM, THE TOIRANTS!"

TO A SELF-ADMIRING STATESMAN.

NARCISSUS, as the classic legends say,
 Spying his own reflection in a stream,
 In impotent self-worship pined away,
 And passed, like some fond dream.

Poor Echo's cold despiser was a goose,
 So say all bards who his career have sung;
 But for his folly there was this excuse—
 The youth was very young!

But you, my BRIGHT, are *not* a boy, and when,
 O'er the Past's stream perpetually poring,
 You land your mirrored likeness, to most men
 The theme is slightly boring.

Granted that few can scan their pregnant past
 With less of self-convicting shame than you;
 Still, an impartial glance upon it cast
 Might find some flaws, if few.

"I told you so!" may suit the shrewish tongue
 Of sour Xanthippe given to needless nagging;
 But in your mouth, though eloquently flung,
 The burthen sounds like bragging.

Besides, the stream flows on, the scene has changed;
 The parallels you draw, JOHN, lack precision;
 You scarcely see how far the world has ranged,
 For all your subtle vision.

There is an ancient, if a homely, saying,
 Which tells us "Circumstances alter cases."
 Think of it, while complacently surveying
 That sturdiest of faces.

Present and Past, though drifting to one goal,
 May be less like than Thames to fair Ilyssus.
 Why waste your force and fervour in the rôle
 Of elderly Narcissus?

REAL BRITISH INTERESTS.

To bear in mind that if "Peace at any price" is imbecility at its weakest, "War at any price" is imbecility at its wickedest.

To take it for granted that Russia can hardly be at one and the same time the most short-sighted of idiots and the most far-sighted of plotters, a penniless bankrupt and the possessor of a 'Fortunatus' purse, the most formidable of giants and the most contemptible of pigmies.

To learn, from the history of the Crimean War, what happens when H.M.S. *Britannia* is allowed to drift, instead of being steered.

To read up the *Life of Lord Beaconsfield*, and learn its lessons.

To teach Home-Rulers that England's difficulty is not Ireland's opportunity, however Ireland's importunity may be England's difficulty.

To discount Stock Exchange patriotism.

To be deaf to the beery bray of the Music Halls.

Not to take the Ass in the Lion's Skin for the Lion.

To avoid the bark that has no bite behind it.

To realise the cost of a war—direct and indirect—in men and money, misery and demoralisation.

To read up the panics of the last century, and measure their foundations by the light of history.

To bear in mind that if the counsels of the loudest clamourers for British honour and British *prestige* had been followed the last half-century would have seen us at war with France, Germany, and the United States.

To remember that for a wise people the sword should be the last, instead of the first, tool to be taken for cutting a knot.

To look the fact in the face, that those who most "want to fight" are those who have the least to lose by it, and who will have to bear the least of its brunt and its burdens.

To be fair and fearless, just and dignified.

In one word—to follow the counsels of that best of advisers,
Mr. Punch.

FROM AFRICA.



In one week from weird Afric's land
Two visitors have reached our strand,
Each welcome, each a wonder;
Linking, in combination strange,
Two eras which on Time's long range
Lie distantly asunder.

Five thousand years, the *Savans* say,
Have crept or flown since that far day
When sandy Heliopolis
First saw that rosy spire arise,
Which now, to pierce the West's wan skies,
Has reached our dim Metropolis.

To no new City of the Sun,
But a big Babel, dark and dun,
Tum's monolith has travelled.
From Nile to Thames! Thought of the things
That stone has seen gives Fancy wings,
And jog-trot brains leaves gravelled.

When JOSEPH ruled, when MOSES wrought
His miracles, when CÆSAR fought,
And CLEOPATRA revelled,
It stood, and now is here to greet
Stout STANLEY's home-returning feet,
And young grey hairs dishevelled.

From the mysterious Continent
Trophies he brings of years well spent,
In raising growth of laurel;
With all who'd grudge those well-won bays,
For fevered nights and desperate days,
Punch hereby proclaims quarrel.

The clinging Serpent of old Nile
Upon so true a man might smile;
And Afric's later daughters
Long hence may make his praise their theme,
Who tracked the mighty Congo's stream
Down to the Western waters.

That Continent of Riddles dim,
Yields its long-guarded keys to him,
Her wooer brave and manly.
High up among her heirs of Fame
Just History will write the name
Of staunch "Reporter" STANLEY.

Were it the fashion in our days
To Conq'rors Obelisks to raise,
No Thothmes known to story,
So well deserved sky-piercing stone,
As PARK laid in his grave unknown,
BRUCE, BURTON, GRANT, SPEKE, LIVINGSTONE,
And STANLEY's crowning glory!



TRIUMPH OF ART.

"AND NOW, MA'AM, I HOPE THAT'LL PLAZE YE; SHURE THERE'S NIVER A SOUL AS WOULD THINK IT WAS YOUR OWN HAIR!"

STRIKING HOME.

(A Social Sketch for whom it most concerns.)

SCENE—A Vista of public and other buildings in course of erection, in the centre of which a Genial Contractor is discovered finishing a simple sum in short addition. Watching him with interest, right and left, several British Delegates. In the background a crowd of enlightened Continental, Asiatic, and other Foreigners, accompanied by Enterprising Agents.

Genial Contractor (putting down his slate with an amiable smile). It comes out as I stated, my worthy fellows. Allowing myself the handsome profit of a quarter per cent., and incurring all risks, I can, I find, just afford to pay the Masons one shilling and tenpence halfpenny the hour. The sum is not large, I grant you, and will barely admit of your living in the style of Government Clerks—still it will be regularly forthcoming, as you are aware. What says our Delegate?

First B. D. Well, Sir, it's just what we supposed would happen when we saw you try it on with figures. But as we can't take a farthing less than thirteen and ninepence, and a three-hours' day—which doesn't give us £500 a-year, you see—we won't detain you any longer. Perhaps you would like to speak with some of our foreign brethren, of whom we perceive a number in the neighbourhood. They might be able to assist you.

Genial Contractor. Thank you very much for the suggestion. Contractors are but Contractors—and, at any rate, we will see what this Enterprising Agent has to say on the subject.

Enterprising Agent (stepping forward). You require, I believe, seven hundred first-class Stone-masons prepared to set to work immediately at a twelve-hours' day? (*The Genial Contractor smiles assent.*) Just so. We can supply you with the very thing you require from Hong-Kong. (*Introducing a gang of Celestials, 'yellow-skinned, long-tailed, and with pig-eyes set obliquely.'*) You will find them patient, industrious, and sober—at the rate of threepence an hour.

Genial Contractor. Indeed! Then I will cheerfully engage them all for not less than five years, if, by so doing, I am not wounding the susceptibilities of our excellent but scrupulous Operatives.

First B. D. Not in the least, Sir, I assure you. All our agitation for the last few years has been directed but to this end.

Genial Contractor (warmly). After that assurance, I don't see why, since the Carpenters and Joiners cannot conscientiously accept the highest rate of remuneration I am able to offer them, the Enterprising Agent should not assist me here also?

Second B. D. Don't hesitate, Sir, for a moment. Don't think of us. On the contrary, we shall consider that a glorious day has indeed dawned when there isn't a single British-made door or window-frame in the three kingdoms.

Genial Contractor (shaking him by the hand, with emotion). Excuse a simple Contractor's feelings—but I have long suspected your heroic purpose. It is at once touching and magnificent. (*To Enterprising Agent.*) You have provided for this?

Enterprising Agent (introducing five hundred intellectual Japanese Carpenters). Amply. Here you have all you require, at one-ninth the cost. Five thousand of them will follow next week, and their wives and families the week after. The whole trade will pass into their hands.

Third B. D. But surely, in the midst of so much good fortune, we—the Plumbers and Glaziers—are not to be disappointed? We cannot keep up our Club subscriptions on what our employers offer us. Are not we too to have the satisfaction of seeing our humble but useful occupation transferred to other hands?

Enterprising Agent (bringing forward a crowd of cultivated cannibals). For good! Here is an admirable race, whose only weak point is their hereditary proclivity,—but that, no doubt, a kindly Police will look to! They are, however, game to work three hours for a penny.

Genial Contractor (overcome). This is too much! Excuse this emotion. I shall at last be able to pay my butcher's bill, and enjoy my glass of dinner sherry on Sundays. (*Shaking the three Generous British Delegates warmly by the hand.*) Thank you, thank you a thousand times. A festive life opens before me.

First B. D. (hushily). Not another word, Sir. If our little plan to ease your difficulty in our respective trades has happily succeeded—

Second B. D. So happily that we are now about to start for Timbuctoo, Fiji, and other more primitive, and we hope, remunerative shores—

Third B. D. It is because, while striking generally on every possible occasion, we have at last managed—

Genial Contractor (taking their hands). To strike home!

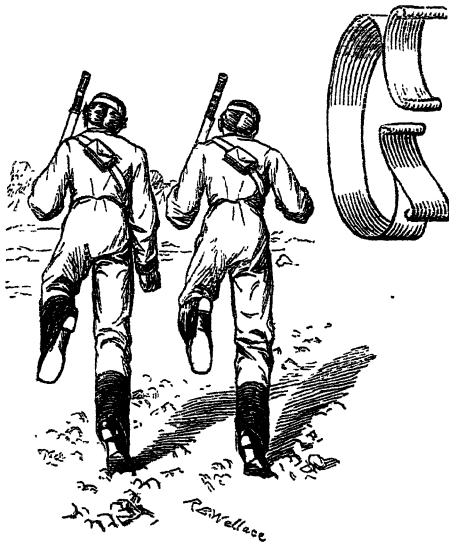
[General war-dance. British Workmen and Enlightened Foreigners set to (on) each other as the Curtain falls.]

Gross Want of Architectural Appreciation.

SOME ass writes to the papers to suggest that chains should be hung from the mouths of the lions' heads along the Embankment, so that people who tumble into the water may have something to lay hold of. The idiot! What is to become of the effect of the river front of the Embankment? As if a few dozen lives in the course of the year were worth setting against that! What are life-preservers in comparison with eyesores?

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LEADERS IN THE PRESS AND IN PARLIAMENT.—One does the tall talk; the other the singing small.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?



REAT excitement in military circles.

Mr. Punch has reasons to believe that in anticipation of the grant of £6,000,000 for putting the Empire in a thorough state of defence—

A contract has been accepted for giving a new coat of paint to the two Sentry-boxes mounted over the War Office kitchen area.

An additional yard of gold lace will immediately be added to the uniforms of the Beefeaters.

The Music-Stands, used by the Bands of the

Guards in the Court-yard of St. James's Palace, will be thoroughly repaired.

The Mortars, used for firing off salutes in St. James's Park will be rifled, and a store of blank ammunition will be formed at the Horse Guards.

Three new chargers will be added to all the Line Cavalry regiments.

Colonels of Militia will be furnished with revolvers.

The kit of a recruit in future will include a clay pipe and a tobacco-pouch. These additions are intended to stimulate recruiting in the mining districts.

A new uniform Button will be introduced in the Highland regiments.

The Royal Welsh Fusiliers will be presented with another Goat.

The 1st Royal Scots will be furnished with a set of Bagpipes, on the condition that the Piper never plays on them within three miles of the two-mile radius.

The spike on the new Regulation Helmets will be lengthened one-eighth of an inch.

The Household Cavalry will receive steel gauntlets, to be worn with their cuirasses, so useful in a modern charge.

Flower-beds will be laid out round some of the non-commissioned officers' huts at Aldershot.

A small retaining fee will be paid to the Penny Steamboat Company, so that the fleet of that association may be available in case of need for transporting troops from Gravesend to Gallipoli.

Captains of the Royal Navy will be furnished (free of charge) with plumes to be worn in their cocked hats on the QUEEN's Birthday.

A new Flag will be supplied to Greenwich Hospital.

The Coastguard Stations on the East of England will be white-washed.

A new steam-launch, for the use of the Lords of the Admiralty, will be moored at Maidenhead.

The Militia will be supplied with gloves, and the Volunteers with comforters.

The remainder of the Vote, not expended as above, or in any other way that may be deemed best by the Government, will be returned into the Exchequer by the 1st of April.

ONLY TOO PROBABLE.

We are assured that the Cabinet is "at one within itself." Not a doubt of it—the "one" is Lord BEACONSFIELD.

A TALK BY THIRLMERE.

"The Corporation of Manchester has decided to apply to Parliament, in the Session of 1878, for power to convert one of the most beautiful of the English Lakes into a Reservoir."—Opening Paragraph of the Statement of the Thirlmere Defence Association.

SCENE—Thirlmere by night, in the neighbourhood of the "Rock of Names," inscribed with the Initials of SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, ROBERT SOUTHEY, and WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.*

Present—The Lady of the Lake, Three Shades, and PUNCH.

Lady of the Lake (addressing PUNCH). To you we make appeal!

Your potent voice
Prevails among the living.

Punch. I rejoice
To lift it in so sweet a lady's cause.

First Shade. No note more wins Elysium's applause,
Not lavishly bestowed in these cold days,
When Plutus from Apollo bears the bays.

Punch. Not always, mighty Shade. But this indeed
Appears a case in which the God of Greed
Would rob the Sun-God.

Second Shade. May Kehama's Curse
Light on their sordid souls!

Third Shade. Though much averse
To commination, be the Engineers
Accursed that profane our holy Meres!

First Shade. More ruthless than my Mariner, who slew
The blameless bird, must be the callous crew
Who'd unthroned Beauty in her holiest shrine,
And break her charm ethereal as benign.

Lady of the Lake. And not content to drink, the fount they'd spoil.
The dusty throats of the swart sons of toil
Were welcome to the largesse of my lake.

Third Shade. But there's a finer thirst which men may slake
In these clear waters; if you dry the founts
Which quench it, plump Municipal accounts,
And all the craft of a mechanic day,
Are impotent its cravings to allay.

First Shade. Beauty may not be weighed with beam and scale;
Nor can you mete its worth, nor tell by tale;
Nor with the measuring road its compass gauge.
The sunbeam of a long forgotten age,

* This rock will be submerged, if the Manchester Embanking Scheme be carried out.

More fleeting than the leaves on which it played,
Lives when the Mammoth is to dust decayed.
From its black-diamond dungeon loosed at last,
It keeps Trade's myriad furnaces in blast.

Second Shade. That e'en an Engineer should understand!

Third Shade. Beauty, God's blessed dower to our dear land,
Is each man's charge; patriot or poet, seer
Or son of trade, artist or engineer,
All should maintain it as a treasured meed,
Not to be drawn on save at utmost need.

Punch. Which here is not made out, or I'd hold back
The fervour of my *bâton's* sounding thwack.

We love our Lakes. They form a glorious wealth
Which Corporations, Local Boards of Health,
Cannot confer, and shall not snatch away.

We treasure, too, great Triad—*Punch* may say

Even in presence of your honoured shades—

The ways which once you trod. These glens and glades

Are sacred, in a sense which none need fear

Freely to own to e'en an Engineer.

This stone (pointing to the "Rock of Names") which they'd

submerge we value more

Than all the boulders which upon the shore

Improved by an embankment they would drop,

"Artistically scattered," as a sop

To outraged taste. Artistically? Trash!

We trust no earthwork of creative Cash

Nature to mend, no Engineer would thank

For banking Thirlmere to a monster tank.

A hideous foreshore, graced with Cockney grots,

Straight roads, squared slopes! These are not boons but

blots.

Nay, canny Cottonopolis, your plan,

Though by your Bishop blest, *Punch* grieves to ban.

Your water-wants you must supply elsewhere,

And for your greed of cash, that's not our care.

Nor will we spoil our lakes to sluice your City,

Or please a Vandal Water-works Committee.

Lady of the Lake. Thanks! We may safely leave our case to you.

First Shade. Adieu, right-hearted Sage!

Second Shade.

Adieu!

Third Shade.

Adieu!

[They vanish, leaving PUNCH alone, and resolute to plead the cause of Thirlmere v. Manchester.]

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



UNDERSTAND THAT THE QUEEN WAS GRACIOUSLY PLEASED TO EXPRESS HER WISH TO CONFER THE VACANT GARTER ON THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD; BUT THE OFFER WAS WITH HER MAJESTY'S PERMISSION, DECLINED.

THE TIMES, JAN 30. 1878

AN anxious week for all right-hearted and clear-headed Englishmen. Government has turned a Vote of Credit which it is impossible to refuse into a Vote of Confidence which it is impossible to feel.

Monday (Lords, January 28th).—After some maundering over the treaties of 1856 from Lord STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL, followed by a Resolution, Lord DERBY, on Lord GRANVILLE'S invitation, explained, that having tendered his resignation on the Fleet being ordered into the Dardanelles, he had recalled it, on the recall of the ships. It was not a time for any man to run from his post as long as he could stick to it. As to the noble Lord's insistence on the treaties of 1856, he did not see how we could have interfered to give effect to those treaties, except by going to war. He deprecated an abstract Resolution. (Ah, my Lord, if the "abstract" and the "rash" were the only forms of resolution you deprecated!)

After a peppery speech from Lord DOHCHESTER, the previous question was carried without a division. (Was there ever—one feels inclined to ask—any question previous to this interminable Eastern one?)

(Commons.)—The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER (OLIVER TWIST asking for more) put in a demand for Six Millions, but declined to say how the money was to be spent. It wasn't even

certain it would be spent at all. If it wasn't, the surplus would be handed back to the Exchequer, by the 31st of March. (Why not the 1st of April? Better day, better deed.) As to the war, bases of peace were said to have been agreed to, but nobody knew anything of them officially; no armistice had been signed, and the Russians were still advancing. (In fact, "Shuffle off" represented the Russians in Turkey as SHOUVALOFF in England.) Unofficially we were told that Bulgaria, Bosnia, Herzegovina, and the other Christian provinces of Turkey, were to be made autonomous under Christian Governors. (*Opposition cheers.*) Roumania, Servia (*Government groans*), and Montenegro to be independent. (*Renewed cheers from the Opposition.*) Then, there was to be an indemnity in money or territory, and finally, an understanding about the Straits (and a misunderstanding, too, it seems. Mr. LAYARD had telegraphed that the Straits question was to be settled between a Congress and Russia. On the receipt of this satisfactory assurance the Fleet was recalled. But then came a correction of the telegram. The settlement was to be between the "SULTAN and Russia." That was another pair of shoes. But it did not seem that the countermand of the Fleet, founded on the blunder, had been countermanded on its correction.) He did not call these "moderate terms." The key-stone of South Eastern Europe was to be torn from its place.



AN UNTIMELY EXPOSE.

He would cut for her the first Primrose of the Year, in memory of their early loves!

She. "HECTOR! HECTOR! DON'T STOOP! HERE ARE THE DE LARKINKSES COMING UP THE GARDEN!"

[It was the nearest match we had in Tweeds!]

(*Opposition, sotto voce*: Why not, when the keystone is too rotten to hold together longer either the archway of the Porte, or all that has been built up about it?) The Fleet had not been ordered to Constantinople by way of war-menace or demonstration, but merely to keep the water-way open, and to protect the Christians in Stamboul. There would have to be a Conference to settle points of general European interest. England must go into that Conference with the strength of a united nation at her back—and these Six Millions in her pockets—just to show the country's confidence in the Government. (Very neatly put, Sir STAFFORD. This way of asking is familiar to the Police Courts. They call it there "the Confidence Trick." See our Cartoon.)

Mr. BRIGHT did not think shotguns and loaded revolvers the best equipment for peace negotiation. Mr. GLADSTONE had come down to discuss a military vote, not a vote of confidence, and declined doing so at twenty-four hours' notice. After a little desultory crowing and sparring from Lord R. MONTAGU, Sir R. PEEL, Mr. C. DENISON, and Sir W. HARCOURT, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, on Lord HARTINGTON's appeal, agreed to adjourn the debate till Thursday.

(House broke up much perplexed, right and left—"Why don't he tell us what the money's for?" "Can't refuse the vote, you know, without upsetting the Government." "Wish we could trust all of 'em as well as we can DERBY." "They're surely never going to be mad enough to thrust their fingers into the mess now?" "The Turks will be cock-a-hoop again." "They want to find out how the British eat jumps. That's what the Armistice is sticking for," &c., &c., &c. General upshot: out-and-out supporters of the Government ready to vote anything; sensible ditto, annoyed at having to vote Six Millions for they don't know what a Cabinet that doesn't know its own mind two days together, and the head of which the party don't trust. Opposition vexed at having to oppose a vote which they believe to be unnecessary, and feel to be impolitic, but which yet they would deem it their duty not to resist if good grounds for it can be shown, and which they know is safe to be carried whether good grounds for it are shown or not.)

Tuesday (Lords).—Lord EMLY inquisitive about Greece, the settlement of Bashi-Bazouks and Circassians in Macedonia and Thessaly, and consequent outrages on the Hellenic Christians, and alleged pressure put on Greece to prevent her from taking part in the war against Turkey.

Lord DERBY admitted that Circassians had been settled in Macedonia, where, no doubt, they had behaved "as is their nature to." We had remonstrated with the Porte, and the Porte had treated our remonstrances as it usually does—i.e., with complete indifference. At the same time, when the Turks had their hands full of their own troubles, they could hardly be expected to pay much attention to outlying atrocities. Besides, these atrocities had most likely been exaggerated, as atrocities were apt to be. As to pressure, we had merely advised the Greeks to keep out of the mess, or it might be worse for them. (Altogether, Greece and Greek complaints, and sympathisers with them, had a very cooling Derby-douche administered to them. Why can't they lie quiet, like the wanton cels in the frying-pan? They ought to be used to it by this time.)

(*Commons.*)—A very miscellaneous off-night, spent over a queer hotchpotch; Convicts at Spike Island; Crete; the late Sergeant MACARTHY; the Eastern Question (put, this time, by Dr. KENEALY, who wanted to learn, but didn't, whether the Government knew anything, and what, about an offensive and defensive alliance and arrangements for the partition of the Ottoman Empire among the three Emperors); use of the British Flag by the intrepid African traveller, Mr. STANLEY—(Punch salutes him); Small-pox in the Isle of Man; the Armistice (Mr. CHAPLIN anxious for news of it, the Government as much in the dark as everybody else); the Election of Verderers in the New Forest; the Caffre Outbreak; the Lancashire and Yorkshire Water Supply v. Thirlmere; the Dunkeld-bridge Tolls, (which Mr. O'DONNELL has taken up to show that his great mind can include Scottish wrongs as well as Irish grievances, and which led to a neat little rally between the Member for Dungan and the sturdy junior Member for Glasgow); and, finally, Mr. ANDERSON's much-wanted Bill for putting down the intolerable nuisance of the so-called Suburban "Race Meetings," which are, in

reality, musters of unmitigated blackguards, low legs, drunken roughs, and all their kindred spawn of Metropolitan vice, profligacy, and evil living and doing.

The Bill was resisted by Mr. R. POWER—less power to his elbow!—Mr. J. LOWTHER, and Mr. CHAPLIN, in the much-abused name of “sport.” They claimed, for the Jockey Club, the exclusive right of dealing with the nuisance by their rules—under which, N.B., the evil has grown-up unchecked.

Sir H. SELWYN IBBETSON, for the Government, admitted that these meetings tended immensely to degrade racing, while they do an almost incalculable amount of injury in the neighbourhood of the Metropolis. He was rejoiced to find that the racing “authorities” had at last woke up (*query*) to the fact that they could and should put a stop to these disreputable and demoralising gatherings, and was willing, of course, as became a Conservative Under-Secretary, to wait and see if they took action. If they didn’t, a Bill would be necessary.

Sir H. JAMES thought a Bill was necessary now, as he doubted if the Jockey Club had either the power or the will to do anything. Those who took a legitimate interest in horse-racing did not support such meetings, which degraded, instead of amusing, the populace, and were mere sinks for the foulest dregs of the London slums.

Second Reading was carried, rather to the surprise of the sporting Members, by 84 to 82. Would the majority had been ten times as many!

The House was Counted Out on the Bill introduced by Mr. HUTCHINSON (but, in fact the Bill of six hundred provincial newspaper proprietors of all shades of opinion), for amending the Law of Libel, by protecting *bona fide* reports of public meetings from action or criminal prosecution. Mr. NEWDEGATE opposed the Bill. It would make speakers liable on reports of their speeches. And how had he been reported!

Here the Count was moved, and the forty not being found, *cecidit questio*. How could the House be expected to attend to such a trifling matter, after the exciting discussion on the Dunkeld Tolls and the Kingsbury “Gate Meetings”?

Wednesday.—Second Reading of Mr. ASHLEY’S Bill for allowing prisoners to be examined in their own defence. The present rule stops innocent mouths, and helps guilt to a cover, but it has always been the rule. Reason good, with most lawyers, for not altering it. Legal opinion, we are glad to find, was divided; the weight of wigs—Mr. RUSSELL GURNEY, Sir HENRY JAMES, Mr. FORSYTH, Sir G. BOWYER, and Mr. MITCHELL HENRY, with Dr. KENYALTY—without his wig—for; Mr. SERJEANT SIMON, and Messrs. RODWELL, HERSHELL, PAGET, and WHEELHOUSE, against.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL, after half an hour’s elaborate see-sawing between *pro* and *con.*, suggested a Select Committee, to which Mr. ASHLEY was willing to agree, but a division being forced, Second Reading was carried, evidently against the mover’s hope, by 185 to 76, so powerfully did the lay-sense sense of the House back its best legal judgment. But the Bill is to be referred to a Select Committee; let us hope for improvement, not emasculation. If the Session gives us this one instalment of legal reform, it will have justified its early convocation.

Thursday.—A night which may prove memorable in the history of England, if not of Europe. Ushered in by a rather exciting scene in the Lords’, the Duke of ARGYLL protagonist, in which, *à propos* of the Earl of PEMBROKE’S question whether in the forthcoming negotiations for peace the British Government would insist on protection of the lives and property of Mussulmans in European Turkey, the Duke reminded their Lordships, of what seems a good deal in danger of being forgotten, the general character of Moslem rule, and the treatment of Christians by their Moslem rulers for the last twenty years. He found ample materials for his indictment in the last-issued Blue Book of Consular Reports.

Lord STANLEY OF ALDERLEY wondered we had not sent SCHOUVALOFF his passport. The Duke of BUCCLEUCH thought, as between Turkish and Bulgarian “atrocities,” it was six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. Earl FORTESCUE believed Turkish administration had been improved, Turkish misdeeds exaggerated. Lord RIPON regretted that the Bear had been left to do work the Lion should have joined him in; and Lord DEBBY, in replying on the whole case, was delivered of a whole series of his most indisputable copyheads, and administered one of his usual douches all round on strong statements in praise and blame, and high-raised hopes either way. “As between Turks and Russians a good deal might be said on both sides.” “When you try to set things right by war, you risk causing greater evils than you cure.” “Distress produces pressure, and pressure discontent, and discontent rebellion, and rebellion atrocity.” “If we had a power of interference, it was limited, and inconvenient to carry out.” “The noble Duke asks us to secure good government for Christians. We are bound to do our best to secure good government for Christian and Moslem alike.” All common-places indisputable, most tolerable and not to be endured.

(*Commons*).—After a preliminary canter over questions impatiently

heard and briefly disposed of, Mr. W. E. FORSTER, on motion for going into Committee of Supply, rose to move—

“That this House, having been informed in Her Majesty’s gracious Speech that the conditions on which Her Majesty’s neutrality is founded had not been infringed by either belligerent engaged in the war in the East of Europe, and having since received no information sufficient to justify a departure from the policy of neutrality and peace, sees no reason for adding to the burdens of the people by voting unnecessary supplies.”

The Opposition was as ready as the Government to do their duty to their constituents and their country. But he felt it his duty to protest against voting this money till he knew how and why it is to be spent. Where were the “unexpected occurrences” which were to justify “preparation of precautions”? Are the terms of peace unsatisfactory? Not to the Opposition. As to the demands for autonomy and independence, they are such as ought to be granted, if the horrors and sacrifices of war are to bear fruit. As to the Straits, the Russians have just declared they are to be dealt with by the Powers collectively, and may be left out of the bases of peace altogether. If the Armistice is delayed may not that be the fault of the Turks as much as the Russians? You say the vote is wanted to give England weight in the negotiations. The one man to whom such an idea could have occurred is he who believed that the encroachments of Russia in Asia could be stopped by an empty title. As for confidence in the Government, on what is it to be based—their recent vacillations? and in whom is it to be placed—Lord DEBBY or Lord BEACONSFIELD? True, Lord DEBBY had come back, but Lord CARNARVON had not, and his presence in the Cabinet was our best guarantee against *coups de théâtre*, and acts of recklessness. To order the Fleet into the Dardanelles, we contend, was a violation of neutrality, and might well have led to war. You have ordered it back again, yet you still press for the Six Millions. Permanent Russian occupation of Constantinople has been solemnly disclaimed, and is admitted to be a European interest. Temporary occupation is a right of conquest, and not a *casus belli*.

“Then there is the interest of the good government and the better government of the people of Turkey—the interest of the freedom of the Christian subjects of the Porte from the cruel bond and the senseless tyranny which until it ceases makes that European peace impossible which, as Lord DEBBY rightly stated, is the chief interest of England. (Hear!) Let them declare in favour of this interest, and they will need no sham vote of confidence, but they will have the enthusiastic support of a united people, and there will be an end of party differences.”

Mr. CROSS, in reply, was more cross than usual. He denied that there is “a war-party.” He denied that this was a “sham-estimate.” He denied that this was a vote of confidence. The Government have never swerved from the dispatch of the sixth of May. They have given no encouragement to Turkey. If they had meant to help Turkey, they must have been fools to wait till she is on her back. (“Hear, hear!” from the Opposition.) “We sent the Fleet to protect English subjects in Constantinople, and we recalled it because Mr. LAYARD told us the terms of peace were accepted.” (How do you reconcile that with Sir STAFFORD’S explanation, Mr. CROSS?) “Nothing has been since heard of their acceptance; the delegates are dumb; and the Russians are advancing. The Treaty of Paris gives us a *locus standi* in settling the terms of peace, not as between Russia and the Turks, but as between the signatories of the Treaty. In that settlement the voice of England must be heard as a united nation. We do not want to go to war. Our object is to secure as speedily as possible, a complete, a satisfactory, and a lasting peace.” (Mr. CROSS’S speech was a cross, divided between peace and war, party per pale.)

Sir WILFRID LAWSON meant to oppose the Vote to the last. The man who, in a quarrel, shook his fist in your face was a bully. The man who shook his purse in your face was a snob. The Vote was a war-vote, and nothing else, and should not be taken without a dissolution. The country was for peace by an overwhelming majority.

Mr. HARDCASTLE thought that loaded guns and shotguns were better things to go into a Conference with than broad-brimmed hats and umbrellas.

Mr. LAING maintained that all the points covered by the dispatch of the sixth of May were out of danger. The continuance of Turkish rule at Constantinople had become impossible.

“The decay of Turkey rendered her powerless to suppress chronic revolt; her institutions and religion rendered reform impossible; and the English conscience was awakened to the sin and disgrace of supporting her. Stronger than any consideration of policy or interest was the deep conviction of what was right. That mainly compelled us to abolish the slave trade, and in this case deterred us from upholding the degrading barbarism of a Power which had devastated provinces that flourished under Roman and Byzantine rule as much as if they had experienced a great geological change. They had been withered by the burning blast or the icy breath of Turkish mis-rule, until their condition justified the boast that the grass ceased to grow where the Turkish horse trod. Yet for the Power and the rule which had produced these results it was proposed to obtain ‘the most favourable terms,’ which meant the least favourable for the oppressed subjects. As a strong and independent Government, it had collapsed beyond revival by the blind rejection

of our advice; and could it be our intention to bolster up the remains of this wretched empire?"

Set up Greece at Constantinople as an enlarged and guaranteed Power, and establish strong autonomous States round her. After first ordering the Fleet to Constantinople, and so forcing Lord CARNARVON and Lord DERBY to resign, and then recalling it, to get Lord DERBY back again, the Government had not the confidence of the country. If they doubted this, let them appeal to it.

Sir JOHN HAY was all for the Vote.

Mr. E. NOEL was strong against it. He wanted some security that this money would not be used to rivet the Turkish yoke on the neck of her oppressed subjects.

Mr. BERESFORD HOPE severely rebuked everybody, and appealed from agitators to statesmen. He trusted the debate would give the Government such a majority that it might go to the Conference in a Court Dress.

Mr. BRIGHT maintained, in the teeth of the HOME SECRETARY, that there were two voices in the Cabinet, but still the Government were to be admired for having brought the country thus far without war, in spite of some of their noisy supporters in Parliament and the Press. But why should England be preparing to throw her sword into the scale when the warring nations are returning theirs to their scabbards? The parties to a war should be the parties to the peace which ends it. This war is to liberate oppressed Turkish subjects. Said Mr. BRIGHT:—

"Sir, no man in this country laments more than I do, or has grieved more than I have, over the lamentable calamities and bloodshed of this war. I know not that they are greater than those that have happened in other wars; but now we have from day to day, through the wonderful omnipresence of the Press, almost every transaction performed, as it were, before our eyes. But whatever be those calamities, however great this suffering, however much this bloodshed, however the cry of agony has gone up to Heaven during these last months from those ensanguined fields, let us not reject, if it is offered to us,

whatever compensation can possibly be given to the people who have endured these sufferings. ('Hear, hear!') I should say that the more terrible has been the cost of the war, the more our hearts have been stirred up by listening to those details, the more we should rejoice if by the power and statesmanship of Russia, by the consent of the Powers of Europe, a larger and larger area of European territory be included in that great salvation from Turkish rule. The Government of this country ought to declare—and the time is not far distant, I believe, when they will declare it—it is now pretty much the mind of the people of England—that we have no interest in any longer taking any step whatever to maintain the Ottoman rule in Europe, and that we have no interest in maintaining a perpetual enmity with Russia. (Cheers.) There are two policies before us—an old policy which, if we leave it to our children, will be a legacy of future wars; a new policy which I contend for and which I preach, and by the adoption of which we shall leave to our country, not a legacy of war, but a legacy of peace and of a growing and lasting friendship with one of the greatest empires in the world. (Loud cheers.)"

After this, it was not easy for Lord SANDON, or Mr. HERSCHELL, or Mr. GREENE, to get the ear of the House, and the night ended by Mr. TREVELYAN's moving the adjournment of the debate.

Friday.—We must compress to-night's Essence into the smallest bulk. Hammer and tongs—Turcophobe and Turcophil—were wielded another night through by Messrs. TREVELYAN, LOWE (who condensed his counsel to Government into the pithy three words, "Muzzle your Prime Minister"); Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN (who anticipated Mr. Punch in his distich:—

"The British Fleet, with twenty thousand men,
Steamed up the Dardanelles, and then steamed down again.")

Mr. CARTWRIGHT, Mr. P. J. SMYTH (who spoke in a style at once eloquent, impressive, and generous, which he might well say he felt to be "little to the taste of the House"—more shame for it), and Mr. GOSCHEN (in a strong and closely-linked argument) for the Opposition; and Sir R. PERL, Sir J. KENNAWAY, Mr. BALFOUR, Mr. BENTINCK, Mr. BOURKE, and Sir M. HICKS-BEACH, for the Government. Mr. GLADSTONE was left in possession of the floor.

RIGHTS OR WRONGS?

(The Diary of a Female of the Future.)



MONDAY.—Just as I had settled my household work for the day I was called away to serve on a Jury, and had to remain in the Law Courts until the evening.

Tuesday.—Some riots having taken place in our neighbourhood, was forced to act as a Special Constable. Paraded the streets all day long in a state of constant alarm.

Wednesday.—Received a letter from my friend SUSIE, who has heard that the Militia are to be called out. Visited her, and discovered that women, as citizens, are now liable to military service.

Thursday.—Had to attend an inquest as a Coroner's Jurymen. A very unpleasant duty indeed, as it was held upon

a person who had committed a most horrible suicide.

Friday.—Having failed to obey the orders of a County Court Judge, was locked up in prison for contempt. I owe this scrape to the extravagance of my husband—a man who will buy hats and coats, and who will not work for our living.

Saturday.—In deep tribulation. The Governor of the gaol is a female, and, as a matter of course, favours the male prisoners. Asked for a book, and was furnished with a work upon Roman Law. Cried myself to sleep over a passage which told me that no one could obtain the privileges of a citizen without accepting a citizen's duties and responsibilities. Oh, why did I give up the privileges of a real woman for the miseries of a mock man!

A DELICATE ATTENTION.

LATEST from Constantinople.—In order that the Turks in Europe may put in practice, without delay, the "bag and baggage policy," they are to be immediately supplied with "Gladstone Bags."

George Cruikshank.

BORN 1792.

DIED FEBRUARY 1, 1878.

ENGLAND is the poorer by what she can ill-spare—a man of genius. Good, kind, genial, honest, and enthusiastic GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, whose frame appeared to have lost so little of its wiry strength and activity, whose brain seemed as full of fire and vitality at four-score as at forty, has passed away quietly and painlessly after a few days' struggle. He never worked for *Punch*, but he always worked with him, putting his unresting brain, his skill—in some forms of Art unrivalled—and his ever productive fancy, at the service of humanity and progress, good works, and good will to man. His object, like our own, was always to drive home truth and urge on improvement by the powerful forces of fun and humour, clothed in forms sometimes fanciful, sometimes grotesque, but never sullied by a foul thought, and ever dignified by a wholesome purpose.

His four-score and six years of life have been years of unintermitting labour, that was yet, always, labour of love. There never was a purer, simpler, more straightforward, or altogether more blameless man. His nature had something child-like in its transparency. You saw through him completely. There was neither wish nor effort to disguise his self-complacency, his high appreciation of himself, his delight in the appreciation of others, any more than there was to make himself out better, or cleverer, or more unselfish than his neighbours.

In him England has lost one who was, in every sense, as true a man as he was a rare and original genius, and a pioneer in the arts of illustration. It is gratifying to see the tributes of hearty recognition his death has called forth. It is a duty on *Punch's* part, as a soldier in the same army in which GEORGE CRUIKSHANK held such high rank so long, to add his wreath to the number already laid upon this brave old captain's grave.

RED AND BLUE.—The Marines look so blue over the new "Promotion and Retirement Scheme," that it has been proposed to christen them Ultra-Marines.

TASTES DIFFER.—Some military authorities in France object to the "*Marseillaise*" as a national song. Perhaps they would have liked the "*Maréchalaise*" better.

THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ACADEMY.

Guide, by a Young Master who knows very little about it, intended for those who know less. Resumed from where it left off last.

No. 83. *Portrait of Emma Harte, Lady Hamilton.* By GEORGE ROMNEY. "Who," says the Catalogue, "became well known from

her friendship with Lord NELSON." "Friendship" is perhaps a mild term, but being a "ship" of some sort, intelligible in the case of Admiral Lord NELSON. In the distance is represented the sea: Lady HAMILTON is in meditative mood: she appears to be saying to herself, "In my mind's eye, HORATIO." This is a more pleasing picture than the same pretty subject treated in

No. 92. *Also Portrait of Emma Harte, Lady Hamilton.* By GEORGE ROMNEY—where the Artist seems to convey that Lady HAMILTON painted as well as he did, to judge by the colour of her lips and cheeks. "O hé EMMA!" Poor Lord NELSON! you had indeed an eye, literally an eye, for the beautiful: and, with all your duty, honourably and gallantly done to your country, we know where your Harte was.

No. 102. *Portrait of A MAN.* By REMBRANDT. Now, was the sitter for this a professional model, or was it some one who thought that his name would be handed down to posterity by REMBRANDT VAN RHYN? If the latter, who is he? ... A wonderful picture! Approach quite close; its touch is as broad as scene-painting: retire to the seat in the centre of the room, and from that distance it appears a highly-finished portrait.

No. 108. *Dorothea, Lady Lethbridge.* By GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. She seems to have just remarked to somebody, "Don't annoy me, any of you, for I can say something cruelly cutting when I choose."

No. 110. *Portrait of a Flemish Gentleman.* By PETER PAUL RUBENS. In his life-time this man, in spite of his high civic station, had a great deal of the "ruff" about him! What a fortune his washerwoman must have made out of him! She could never have been badly off for soap, or starch.

No. 132. *Cymon and Iphigenia.* By Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.

Lent by the QUEEN from Buckingham Palace. It is described as "The idiot clown, CYMON, suddenly inspired into love at the sight of IPHIGENIA," &c. It should have been "Simple CYMON in view of the Fair." But what a wicked little Cupid that is admitting the original Peeping Tom to a glimpse of Venus, à la GODIVA, reposing after her ride. The QUEEN has some nice pictures. Did the LORD CHAMBERLAIN choose any of them?



FOG FRIDAY, 18TH JAN.

Ethel. "WHAT SHALL WE DO, DEAR? IT'S QUITE TOO DARK TO SEE COLOURS AT MADAME ALDEGONDE'S."

Mabel (bright idea). "SUPPOSE WE DO THE OLD MASTERS?"

himself "Bowl," it would have been more appropriate.

No. 158. *Portraits of the Marchesa de Brignollé and Child.* By Sir ANTHONY VANDYCK. The title of this work should be "Hydrophobia." Observe the dog in a fit. The Marchesa is too frightened to move from her seat, and grasps the child's hand, at the same time murmuring something about "It won't hurt you, dear; don't be afraid."

No. 133. The subject of this picture, by TINTORETTO, could never be guessed without a Catalogue. It appears to be somebody, in classic times, telling a good story by moonlight. It isn't; but for particulars refer to description in Catalogue.

No. 142. *Lady kneeling at an Altar.* PAOLO VERONESE. Characteristic subject for Paolo-over-on-knees to paint. But why the dog in the corner?

No. 149. *Portrait of A YOUTH.* By ANGELO BRONZINO. An effeminate but strictly proper young man, who appears to be saying, "Dear me! I really must turn my back on that extraordinarily indelicate person on the balcony. Where are the police?" Fancy any modern portrait-painter enlivening his subject in this eccentric manner. BRONZINO could do it in Italy, but where is Brass'eno to do it here?

No. 150. *Portrait of Mrs. Villebois.* By THOS. GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. One of Baron ABOMÉLIQUE'S wives, from the Blue Chamber. But what satin! Magnificent! And to think that this is but a canvas-backed duck after all!

No. 154. *Portrait of A MAN.* By FERDINAND BOL. "A man" indeed! A maudlin sottish idiot, that ought to be purchased by a Temperance Society, and exhibited as a portrait of a "Frightful Example." BOL did not choose a pleasant subject. If, for the nonce, he had signed



“THE CONFIDENCE TRICK”!

ST-FF-RD N-RTHC-TE (*log.*). “YOU HAND US OVER YOUR SIX MILLIONS—WE PUT IT UP SAFE FOR YOU, AND LET YOU HAVE IT AGAIN, OF COURSE—JUST TO SHOW YOUR *CONFIDENCE* IN US, DON'TYER-KNOW!!!”



OBLIGING!

Mistress. "MARY, HAS THAT PARCEL OF STATIONERY ARRIVED YET FROM THE STORES?"

Parlour-Maid. "No, Ma'am. BUT I CAN LEND YOU A FEW SHEETS OF MY OWN NOTE-PAPER, IF YOU DON'T MIND USING MY MONNYGRAM!"

FIZZ AT EVENING PARTIES.

THE Bishop of MANCHESTER writes to the *Liverpool Daily Post*, explaining the assertion ascribed to him in a report of a recent Temperance Meeting, that, at balls where iced champagne is served at the buffet throughout the evening, "many a young Lady, no doubt, in the course of the night, finished her bottle." What he meant to say was only that, through accepting every invitation of her partner to liquor up, and so taking glass after glass of champagne of which iced helped to conceal the strength—"she might almost finish a bottle in the course of the night, without being aware of the strength of the treacherous intoxicant." He fears that even this "statement savours somewhat of exaggeration, from which the advocacy of the cause of temperance has already suffered too much;" but to have expressed himself as the *Liverpool Daily Post's* report made him out, "would have been to cast a slur on the habits and character of our young Ladies, of which," says the gallant Bishop, "I should be sorry to be guilty."

No doubt; but in the case of a young Lady, with lots of partners, who, throughout an evening that begins at nine or ten at night, and ends at four in the morning, has been waltzing with short intervals, in a vitiated and heated atmosphere, to say that she "finished her bottle," would not, perhaps, be putting it at all too strong. Nor, perhaps, in the circumstances, would a bottle be a drop too much. That is to say, a bottle of champagne. A bottle of "fizz," merely calling itself champagne, is quite a different thing. It is to be feared that at the great majority of evening parties, the loudest young Lady, so far from finishing a bottle of champagne, has very rarely the chance of even beginning one.

SMELFUNGUS says there is one reason for a liberal supply of champagne or some other "intoxicant" at balls—"Nemo salutat sobrius." There would be no dancers at all, if there were not the means of screwing heads the right way.

"FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS."

(*The Faker's Apology.*)

"During the present hard times the sellers of birds in the London streets are sadly put to it to make a few shillings. . . . They make up common birds with bright crests and tails, and colour them, so that they appear new and most extraordinary creatures. The process of dressing the bird is called 'faking.' . . . These 'faked' birds are so artfully made up that they might occasionally deceive even connoisseurs in ornithology. . . . The bird once at home, and thoroughly settled down, begins to take his bath, and then, of course, the artificial colour and feathers vanish. In a few hours this valuable South American singing-bird is transformed into a common greenfinch, worth three shillings a dozen."—*Daily News.*

WELL, yessir, 'tis a hartful way;
But times is 'ard, and gettin' 'arder.
And honesty don't seem the lay
To fill a poor cove's larder.

"Best policy?" Ah, yes, I'm fly.
Parsons that bait from pulpits dangles.
But ain't there bigger swells as try
A policy of spangles?

A finch faked out in feathers fine
May draw a bob or two from green 'uns.
But Nobs has fakes as sharp as mine,
And I should say more mean 'uns.

Them chattering daws so smart and fair,
As plumes theirselves in "patriot" feathers,
Ain't the right sort to wash and wear,
And stand all sorts o' weathers.

Beakey's a showy bird, no doubt,
And one don't rank *him* 'mongst the silly 'uns;
But when I fakes a greenfinch out,
My figger ain't Six Millions.

If I fakes crests, why he fakes crowns;
If neither ain't quite worth the money,
To pay him quids and grudge me browns,
Strikes me as rayther funny.

Faked birds from South Ameriky,
Ain't wus than doublets cut in Ingly;
So to puff 'im and run down me
I holds unfair and stingy.

THE KHEDIVE'S LAST DODGE.

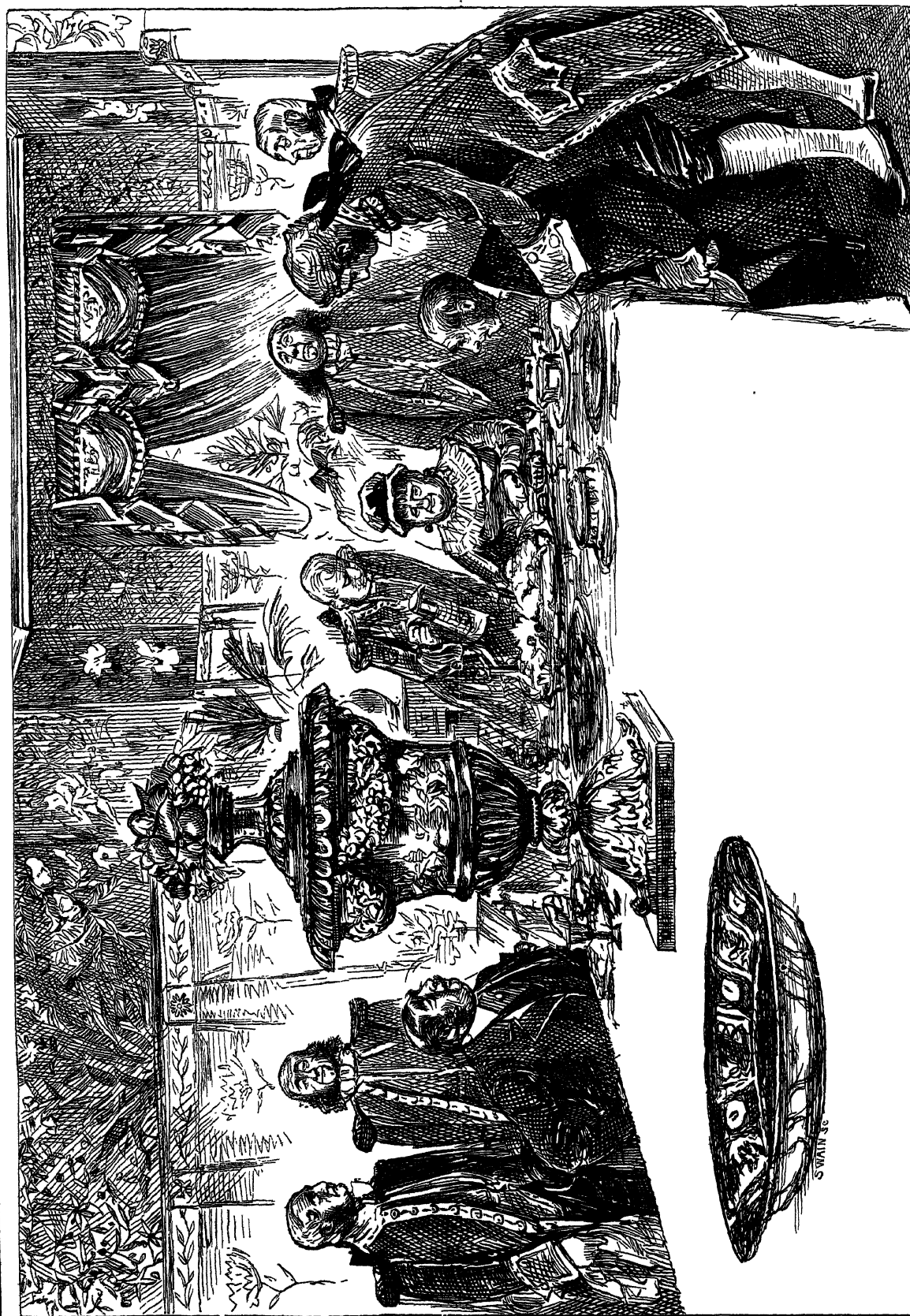
THAT coolest and craftiest of artful dodgers, the KHEDIVE, has just been trying on "a plant," which, for audacity and cuteness combined, tops anything even he has yet attempted. It being as good as proved that he has been robbing his own till, and so defrauding his creditors, an inquiry by the Frank Controller-General and Commissioners of the Public Debt into the exact state of the revenue, expenditure, and liabilities of Egypt, was thought to be imminent.

To block this, the KHEDIVE has issued a decree appointing a sham Commission of his own to inquire into the revenues of Egypt, but not including the Controller and Commissioners of Public Debt in the Commission, nor the liabilities and expenditure of the Egyptian Treasury in the subject matter of inquiry.

In other words he is parading a mock investigation by his own creatures for his own roguish ends, as a means of staving off a genuine and full examination of his books by independent and competent accountants for the benefit of creditors. If monarchs could have their deserts, what would be the due of the KHEDIVE?

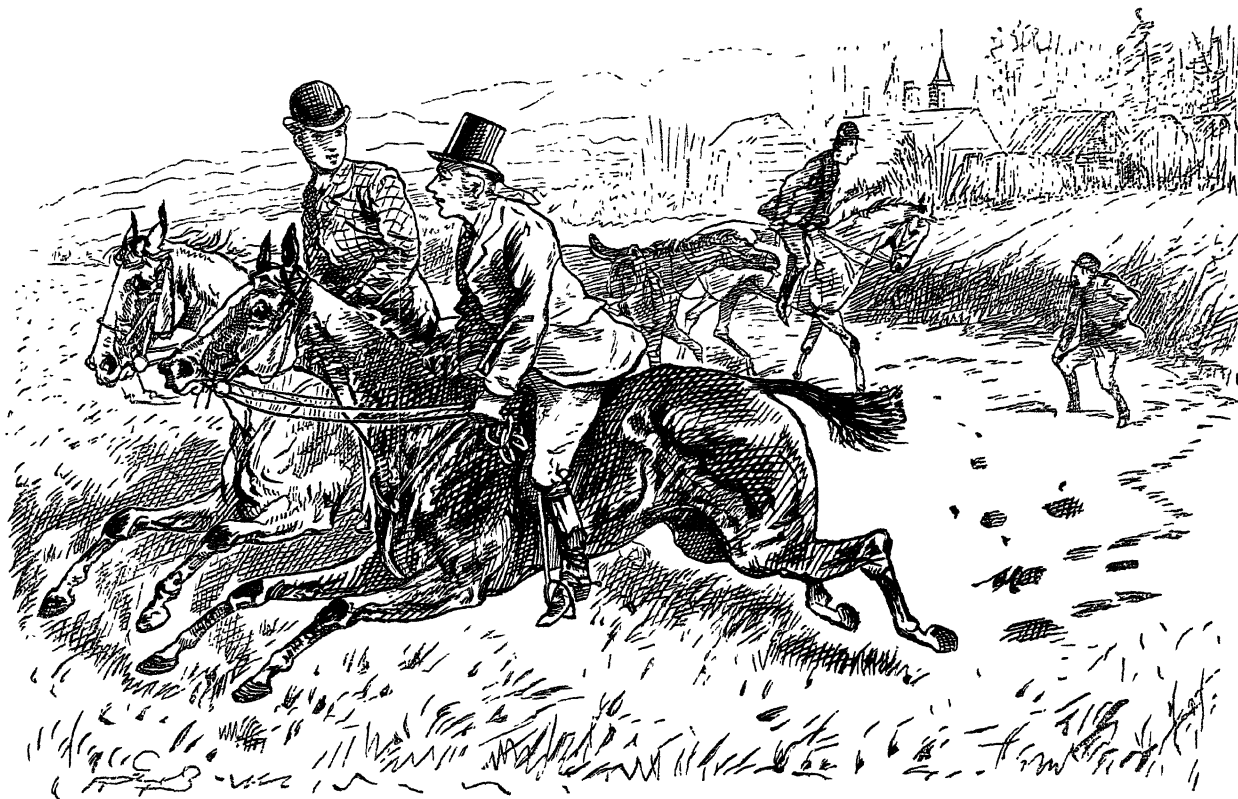
The poor SUITAN is being heavily punished for the sins of his forefathers. And here is this leech of old Nile allowed to fatten and cheat, and tyrannise with impunity, and when at last his creditors have managed, as they think, to get something like a hold over him, his whole energy and tricky cleverness are turned to find means of wriggling out of it. Luckily Egypt is once more the land of GOSCHEN; and that intelligent, cool, and Right Honourable Englishman is now acting as the Moses to guide this vicious old Pharaoh's creditors to the promised land of Payment in Full. Let us hope, for the creditors' sake, that he will be successful, and that this falsest and foulest of all the Pharaohs may yet be swamped in the Red Sea of his own rogueries.

THE SAME THING IN OTHER WORDS.—The best terms for Turkey—the worst for her Christian subjects.



HUMILITY IN SPLENDOR.

The Rev. Lazarus Jones (who has been honoured by an invitation to lunch with that great man, Sir Gorgius Midos, just returned from America). "I suppose you are glad to get back to your comfortable house again, Sir Gorgius?"
 Sir Gorgius Midos (who perhaps does not like his palatial residence to be called a "comfortable house"). "Yes, Jones! Be it ever so humble, Jones, there's no place like 'ome!'"



DRAWING A LINE.

Young Slapper (to Hunting Doctor). "FELLOW SINGING OUT FOR YOU YONDER. WON'T YOU STOP?"
Doctor. "NEVER STOP WHEN THEY CAN HOWLER!"

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

MR. PUNCH busy over a Map of Europe; to him enter an excited *Old Lady* in pattens and a poke-bonnet, armed with an enormous umbrella.

Old Lady (in extreme agitation). *Mister Punch!* O *Mister Punch*, Sir! do wake up!!!

Mr. Punch (calmly). My worthy dame, I assure you I'm not napping. What's the matter?

Old Lady. Ho! the game Is a gettin' that permiskus, and that muddled up and 'ot, That I don't know where I'm standin', and am scarce awere wot's wot.

Mr. Punch. So I should imagine, Madam. May I ask who you may be?

Old Lady. Who? Why, 'evins, wot a question! Goodness gracious, can't you see?

I'm BRITANNYER!

Mr. Punch. Are you really? Then, indeed, I must confess That I did not recognise you. You have lately changed your dress.

Old Lady. Mister P., them orful Rooshians, and their fackshus 'elpers 'ere.

Is a going on that dreadful that it makes me downright queer. All in wain I hups and jaws 'em, wainly shakes my 'brella at 'em. Not a mossel do they mind me, won't so much as listen, drat 'em! *Mister P.* wot is the matter? Am I gettin' old and weak? Has my gingham lost its terror, that they shows such bragian cheek? Just let me be hup and doin', leatherin' into all the lot, Or they 'll think my pride is 'umbled and my power has gone to pot.

Mr. Punch (soothingly). Patience, Ma'am! Your wits are wandering, and your nerves are surely shaken.

But as to your identity, I fancy, somehow, you're mistaken. You, BRITANNIA? Pray abandon that absurd hallucination.

Your real name is PARTINGTON. This fuss and botheration Is not BRITANNIA's form—her nerves are good, her health is hearty.

Old Lady. How dare you say I ain't myself, but quite another party? *Mr. Punch.* A weak old woman, fussing round a mob of fighting boys,

Still bawling threats of the Police if they don't hold their noise; Warning them off her doorstep, whither they've no wish to come—

That BRITANNIA? Poor old Lady, you're the victim of a hum.

Do you think, my worthy soul, a market-woman with her ass, For BRITANNIA and her Lion with the world are like to pass? Or that your obese old gingham, or your most belligerent mop Has the power of the trident, wars and rows to check or stop? My worthy Mrs. PARTINGTON, I fear you're off your head; Take a little friendly counsel, Ma'am, get home and go to bed. A good night's rest, and a cup of hot—but, *not* gunpowder—tea, Will calm your nerves—BRITANNIA's part leave to the real B.

HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF IT.

SHOULD the British Plenipotentiary, at the forthcoming Congress, find himself embarrassed to get through Six Millions of money without impressing his colleagues with a due sense of the majesty, power, determination, and resources of the mighty Empire he represents, let him—

Walk about in a Court Suit, with real diamond buttons, preceded by a couple of brass bands;

Scatter handfuls of gold from his bedroom-window, from time to time, as he is dressing in the morning;

Give a public dinner every day, and never let the invitations be under a hundred;

Button-hole all the foreign notabilities he meets in turn, and say, "Look here, old fellow, between you and me, you haven't got half a million in notes in your waistcoat pocket, and I have;"

Never sit down to dinner without an elaborate display of fireworks, the chief set-piece of which should represent the British Cabinet shaking a well-filled purse in the eyes of Europe.

At the deliberations of the Congress frequently pull out his portemonnaie and interrupt the proceedings by some such remarks as "You can do a deal with Six Millions, eh?" "United Europe had better look out for herself when we come to a figure like that."

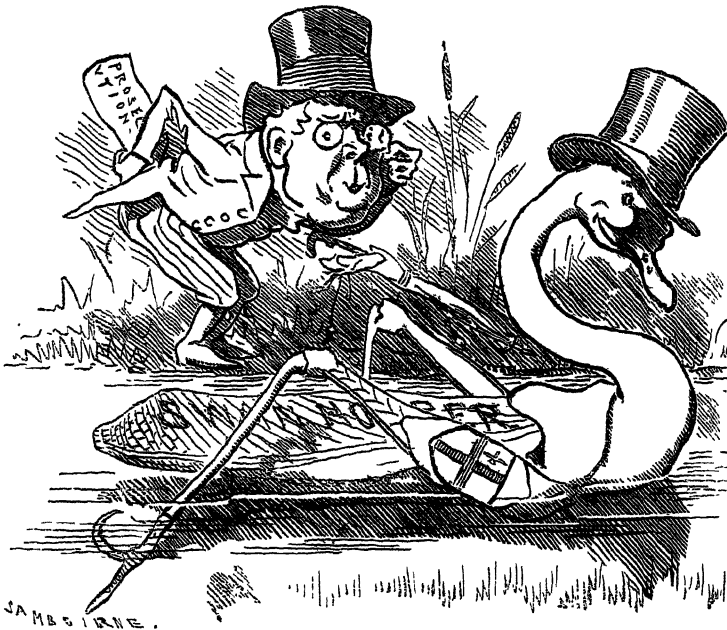
"You should see what the D. T. says about it." "We don't want to fight, but—&c." And others of a kindred character;

Call on all the Ambassadors unofficially with offers to lend them a trifle—say a couple of thou—at a moderate rate.

And, lastly, if by the 1st of April he find that he has anything left, let him invest it in Turkish Bonds, and come home with the pleasing satisfaction that his Six Millions have been judiciously expended in maintaining the dignity of a mighty Empire.

SWANS AND GEESE.

A few friendly words with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, à propos of their latest prosecution.



More power to those who give such ghouls their gruel!—
But levelling lance at Lilliputian bogies,
Is not the work for paladins, but fogies.
Philanthropy found straining at a gnat,
Foils its own higher purpose! *Verbum sat!*

ONE people's Geese are
always Swans." So
runs

A proverb levelled at
the fussy ones.
And some well-mean-
ing bodies in the
nation

Might take the saying
for home-applica-
tion.

How chivalrous a mis-
sion may be marred
By spurring the best
hobby—horse too
hard!

If the knight-errant,
too high in his
stirrups,

Like an o'er pompous
sparrow struts and
chirrup,

And tilts at pigmies,
whilst the giants
'scape him,

The donkey's, not the
lion's, skin should
drape him.

Giants abound, and
Ogres grim and
cruel,—

OCCUPANDA EST ÆGYPTUS!

(Recommended to those Politicians who abuse Russia, and insist on our seizing Egypt.)

THIS spirited Eastern Policy must have been suggested by a page from the MS. Journal of a Cornish Squire, in the last century. It is as follows:—

"Sunday.—To church. Storm of wind and rain; heavy breakers on reef outside. Parson was preaching beautiful sermon on duty of praying for safety of those now in danger at sea, when a man came in, shouting, 'Wreck! Wreck!' There was a rush to the door, every one anxious to get his share of the good luck, when our worthy parson called out 'Stop a moment, my brethren!' The solemn tones of our spiritual leader arrested us all, and we waited, rather shame-stricken, for what he might have to say against the sin of wrecking. We saw his hands moving inside his gown; then it was thrown off, and, with a leap from the pulpit, he rushed foremost through his congregation, crying, 'Now for a fair start, boys!'"

LOQUACITY AND LEGISLATION.

INTER arma silent leges. That may be; but Legislators can talk a plaguy deal in war-time.

HOBSON'S CHOICE: NEWEST CAMBRIDGE VERSION.—The Senior Wrangler, good luck to him!

AN ORIGINAL EARL.

PUNCH lately spoke of a certain speech of a certain Duke's as the silliest thing that had yet been said on the Duke's side of the present all-absorbing question. We beg leave to shift the cap from the head of that distinguished Duke to that of an Earl who henceforth deserves to be still more distinguished in the same order.

His Lordship in supporting an Amendment expressing confidence in the Government, carried at a "Neutrality Meeting" at Rotherham, thus stated the reason of his fierce indignation against the Russians:—

"There is, and there was two years ago, a certain Captain BURNABY, a man of great intelligence and power, a man whose time was not spent in idleness, but whose time was filled by useful and interesting occupation. Captain BURNABY is a great traveller, and, what is more, he is such a great linguist that he can speak most of the European languages, many of them as well as the natives. Captain BURNABY wished to travel, and see other parts of the world besides his own. (*A Voice.—And to advertise Cockle's Pills.*) Great laughter.) He obtained the permission of the authorities under whom he was placed, and he set out on his famous ride to Khiva. He was told, 'You will not be allowed to get into Khiva;' but Captain BURNABY was not a man to be turned back, and he said, 'I will go to Khiva,' and he went on his celebrated ride. When he got to his journey's end he was told that he must not return by the way he came. The Russian authorities knew too well that Captain BURNABY was going to tell us something that they did not wish us to know. Well, Captain BURNABY set his face to return to England, and he came back, and I will tell you why: because Russia at that moment put her foot on the neck of Captain BURNABY and of England too. (*'Bosh!' and 'It's true!' and loud and long-continued cheering, hooting, and disorder.*) England's neck was most distinctly under the foot of Russia; and it is because of that I have come here to protest, and to say that your interests and mine too have been attacked. (*Loud and long-continued applause.*)"

The present agitation has brought many wonderful "British Interests" to light, but we are disposed to think "Captain BURNABY's neck" the oddest "British Interest" yet out. Considering how rashly the gallant Captain has ventured it in his various Rides, it is about the "riskiest" interest, we should say, that insurers ever undertook. But it has been reserved for Lord FITZWILLIAM to discover in Captain BURNABY's much-risked neck a reason for shaking his fist in Russia's face, if not for going to war with her right off, which we will answer for it has not before occurred to any other human being.

Our own distinguished Correspondent, whose Ride to Khiva across

these pages made such a sensation last year, is, he admits, for the first time, jealous of the Captain, whose Ride he has outdone. He puts it to Lord FITZWILLIAM. What has he done that his shameful treatment by the Russian authorities, as recorded in these pages, and since in the Reprint of his Ride (price one shilling), should not be insisted upon among our *casus belli* against Russia?

The Captain wasn't nearly as ill-treated as Our Correspondent; didn't go through half as many exciting adventures, and above all, as Our Correspondent points out, the Captain only rode to Khiva, whereas Our Correspondent rode there and back!

We decidedly recommend Our Correspondent to Earl FITZWILLIAM for his next "British Interest," when he has again to move a "confidence" motion at a Neutrality Meeting.

If So, Why So?

THE Warrant Officers of Her Majesty's Navy modestly make known a grievance which seems, on the face of it, to demand redress. While all the other officers in the Navy, when appointed by the Admiralty to ships other than the First Reserve or those for foreign service, are placed on *full pay*, more than half the Warrant Officers are compelled to serve in the same ships on reduced pay, the reduction in some cases amounting to as much as £27 7s. 6d. per annum. The late First Lord of the Admiralty admitted that inequalities did exist, and declared he would see if they could be removed; but this act of justice has been delayed by his death. Fortunately, his successor is a man of business, as well as a just and kindly gentleman. The Warrant Officers may rest assured that so unwarrantable a distinction will not be suffered to survive, after it has once been brought to his notice. Let them prove to Mr. SMITH that they are as unfairly used as they allege, and he is just the man to strike while the iron is hot, in the right way and to good effect.

A Very Sufficient Reason.

Lord B. to his Gracious Sovereign, declining her flattering offer of the Garter.—

THE wish I should wear the Garter please your MAJESTY abandon. How can a man wear a Garter, who hasn't a leg to stand on?

A GREAT CHANCELLOR'S GREATNESS.—A great Nation does not merely hold its own. Besides that, it holds what it has cribbed from others.



NOT QUITE THE SAME THING.

Small Child (whose favourite Aunt is "engaged"). "GRANDMA, WHERE IS AUNTIE MAY?"

Grandmamma. "SHE IS SITTING IN THE LIBRARY WITH CAPTAIN HERBERT, MY DEAR."

Small Child (after a moment's thought). "GRANDMA, COULDN'T YOU GO AND SIT IN THE LIBRARY WITH CAPTAIN HERBERT, AND AUNTIE MAY COME AND PLAY WITH ME?"

A CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHT.

ACCORDING to newspaper reports, the celebrated African explorer, Mr. H. STANLEY, is a total abstainer. If so, there is one *bond fide* traveller who would never claim the *b.f.'s* Sunday privilege. Teetotallers, indeed, may quote Mr. STANLEY's example to show that such a traveller can do without such a privilege on any day of the week. But that depends on the requirements of a man's particular constitution; and the denial of needful refreshment to anybody whomsoever, whether on a Sunday or a working day, is doubly unconstitutional.

À propos of the Six Millions.

(*A Hint from BEAUMARCHAIS.*)

"*Figaro (instructing Count ALMAVIVA as to gaining admittance to the house of Dr. BARTHOLO).* Vous, mon Seigneur, l'habit de soldat, le billet de logement, et de l'or dans vos poches!"

Le Comte. Pour qui de l'or?

Figaro (vivement). De l'or, mon Dieu, de l'or! C'est le nerf de l'intrigue.

Le Comte. Ne te fâche pas, FIGARO. J'en prendrai beaucoup."

Barbier de Seville, Act i. Sc. 6.

Britannia to the Bellows-Blowers.

(*À propos of Votes of Confidence.*)

My blatant D. T., and my fierce P. M. G.,

And you, small fry, who swim after these,

The trust that I vote trust in you don't denote,

But in your Antipodes.

THE LATE EARTHQUAKE. — No great shakes.

Pope Pius the Ninth.

BORN MAY 13, 1792. DIED FEBRUARY 7, 1878.

WITH war-clouds gathering over sea and sky,
War's thunder rattling loud, or rolling low,
Shall Europe turn to watch an old man die,
And dress her face in masquerade of woe?

How much he had outlived! His younger self—
Long since we saw the patriot King-Pope die,
To be entombed with GIBELLINE and GUELF,
Beside the Love that took his name for cry.

As he outlived that brief term in Love's school,
So he outlived the People's wrath and scorn,
Flight, exile, war; on waves he thought to rule,
Toy of strong currents, hither, thither, borne.

He outlived, too, his weakest, proudest hour,
Which saw the Church around St. Peter's chair
Bowed, by its Bishops, to the awful power
That Heaven's Vicegerent claims o'er souls to bear.

But not outlived that mockery of God
And man alike, which takes a sinner's hand
To wield Right's rule and Truth's divining-rod,
And write itself "Infallible" in sand.

Outlived the crown forged from the Fisher's ring,
The throne wrought by old wrong from Peter's seat;
Strangest of all, outlived the stalwart king,
Who the "Infallible" had dared defeat.

Happy that one thing he did *not* outlive,
The charitable soul, the kindly heart,
That rigid dogma's slaves could scarce forgive,
Fearing lest he might play them Balaam's part,

And bless whom he should curse; and so they drew

Their bonds about him closer, day by day

Living or dying, till no will he knew

But theirs, and as they pointed, marked the way.

Nor yet out-lived the wit that cheered dark days,
Stout heart that stayed him on an up-hill path,
Free hand that still with blessing sowed his ways,
Meekness that humbled pride, and bridled wrath.

A blameless, genial, gentle, good old man!
Not such the hand to Chaos to give form;
Nor, as from cloud to cloud the lightnings ran,
"To ride the whirlwind and direct the storm."

Of God's Vicegerent to assert the claim;
With his "*Non-possumus*" arrest the tide;
Free-thought forbid, free press, free speaking blame,
Bind Progress by Church limits to abide.

Task beyond power of man, or Church, or creed;
Task few more blameless hands have e'er resigned
Than Pro Nono's. Let who will succeed,
Few better, many worse, the world will find.

A Sum in Proportion.

Nor one of the orators who opposed the Vote of Credit brought forward our old friend, "the thin end of the wedge." Yet he would have been strictly in place. Given £6,000,000 as the thin end of the wedge, required the money-equivalent of the thick end?

A CHANGE OF KEYS.

HEINRICH HEINE has said that the keys of this world are at Constantinople, those of the next at Rome. It is a curious coincidence that on Thursday, February 7th, 1878, both keys changed hands.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



It's well that ends well. If the "scare" of Thursday has done no other good, it has made an end of Mr. FORSTER's Amendment, and so released the Opposition from a painful predicament. Every Englishman, Conservative or Liberal, Russophil or Turcophil—or neither, as nine out of ten Englishmen are—every man with a head on his shoulders, and a heart in his body, must rejoice that Parliament has been spared a division on the Vote of Credit.

Not but what "division" on the present crisis, and its consequences, there is, and must be. In fact, there is just as much foundation for saying that on the Eastern Question and the issues growing out of it, we have a united public opinion, as that we have a united Cabinet. To believe those who say so, a man's ears must be plugged with gun-cotton, and his eyes blinded with the blinkers of party feeling.

Only on one point all patriotic and sensible Englishmen are of one mind—the wish, if it be in any way possible, not to allow division of opinion in the Cabinet, in Parliament, or the country, to cripple the action of Government at this crisis. Even those who distrust the Cabinet, as they cannot displace it, are bound to give it what it asks to put our fighting-gear

into fighting trim. It may,—we all pray it may,—never be necessary to draw the sword. But if sword have, unhappily, to be drawn, it will be well for England, for Europe, for the world, that it should be sharp and fit for use—blade and handle. It is to the Executive that the sword is trusted: the Executive is answerable for not drawing it save on compulsion. While Lord DERBY is at the Foreign Office, the country feels assurance that the sword will not be lightly or needlessly drawn.

Having said this, *Punch* may say, "*Liberavi animam meam*;" and so may the Opposition. They have set forth, in four long nights' debate, their reasons for distrusting or disagreeing with the Government. They have enforced the fullest explanation of their policy Government can give. They may think of the Vote as Mr. GLADSTONE, or Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, or Mr. FORSTER, as Mr. PETER RYLANDS, or Sir WILFRID LAWSON, or Mr. GRANT DUFF thinks of it. But there an end. They cannot refuse the Government's demand, while it continues the Government. Being asked for, and the reasons for asking explained, the money must be given.

Therefore *Punch* rejoices that Mr. FORSTER's Amendment is withdrawn.

Monday and Tuesday.—He regrets that the debates of both nights were, like Cook's excursions, "personally-conducted." Mr. CROSS



SOLIDS.

Young Lady Assistant (at the close of the "School Treat"). "SHALL I GIVE YOU SOME MORE TEA, MY DEAR, BEFORE YOU GO? OR WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE NOW?"
Sturdy Infant. "VITTLES!"

set a bad example the first night, and Mr. HARDY, Mr. HALL, and Mr. CHAPLIN "bettered the instruction." Essence of Parliament should not be flavoured with Tincture of Rough. It may be all very natural that Guildhall or Exeter Hall, or any other out-door, meetings, should be turned into bear-gardens, enlivened with "*Rule Britannia*,"—or, worse, with the last Music-Hall-mob-tickling war-bray. The House of Commons ought to know better. This premised, it is hardly necessary to go into particulars of the week's angry and excited debates. And now that the collision between the Government's demand of Six Millions, and the Opposition's Amendment is over, *Punch* begs to move his Amendment, the substitution of coolness for heat, argument for recrimination, and for uncommon touchiness, common effort for a common end—the shaping of a sound policy in the present, and the building up in the future of more peaceful, prosperous, and well-governed Communities—Bulgarian, Slav, and Hellenic,—on the ground now cumbered with the wreck and ruin of what was Turkey-in-Europe.

If the Eastern Question has not been well threshed in these debates, it is not for want of Members threshing each other.

May *Punch* quote DR. WATTS, in a version adapted for Parliamentary use?—

"My Members, you should never let;
 Your angry passions rise;
 You were not to St. Stephen's seat;
 To bless each other's eyes."

When Mr. GLADSTONE next tenders the olive-branch, it is to be hoped Mr. HARDY won't bring down that emblem of peace, like a shillelagh, heavily on Mr. GLADSTONE's head. If Mr. TREVELYAN have, like Mr. *Punch*, charged Lord BEACONSFIELD with having brought BRITANNIA to the dizzy edge of War, don't let the fiery War Secretary launch the "lie" at his head even in a Parliamentary wrapper, but say he has drawn a rash conclusion from unsound premises.

With this, *Punch* is glad to dismiss this week's work in Parliament, because—like Lord FORTESCUE, the Member for Newcastle, and the Member for Hull, whom he begs to re-christen Norwood Junction—he is an Englishman first, and a Liberal after.

After the scenes and speeches of Monday and Tuesday, no wonder the House was flat on Wednesday, though not flat enough to give any encouragement to Mr. BUTT's Irish Land Tenure Bill, which in that gentleman's absence from continued indisposition, was introduced by Mr. MACARTHY DOWNING. This was, in Irish, a Bill for amending Irish land tenure; in English, a Bill for converting Irish tenants into landlords, and Irish landlords into rent-chargers. The Home-Rulers will, no doubt, say that such a change is superfluous, seeing that Irish landlords are nothing but rent-chargers already, and that the measure is meant, on the contrary, to relieve landlords of their rents in favour of their tenants. No wonder the Bill was thrown out by 286 to 86.

Thursday's excitement in and out of Parliament will long be remembered. The news that the Russians, in violation of the Czar's undertaking, and of the Armistice already signed, had occupied, or were in the act of occupying, Constantinople, had produced a scare on the Stock-Exchange and a feverish excitement throughout London. A mob of medical students, said to be three thousand strong, had paraded the streets, singing "*Rule, Britannia!*" and had tried to pour their warlike enthusiasm at the feet of Lord BEACONSFIELD. All was passion among the public, and tension in Parliament. The spark, it must be said, fell on combustible fuel—blown to a white heat by the war-bellows of the *Telegraph* and the *Pall Mall*; and none the cooler for the angry collisions and denunciations of the debate on the Vote of Credit. And when Lord DERBY in the House of Lords, and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER in the Commons, could only read Mr. LAFARD's despatch of the 5th, brought round by way of Bombay, announcing that, in spite of the Armistice, the Russians were pushing on towards Constantinople; that the Turkish troops had been compelled to evacuate Silivria, a port on the Sea of Marmora, notwithstanding the protest of the Turkish Commander, which the Russian General refused to receive (declaring that, according to his orders, it was necessary that he should occupy Tchataldja, a part of the Turkish lines of defence, that day;) that the Porte was in great alarm, and could not understand the Russian proceedings; that representations had again been made to the Grand Duke NICHOLAS; that the Servians had taken a place called Vranja, and were advancing on Uskup,

though Prince MILAN on the 4th had given orders for the suspension of hostilities; that though five days had elapsed since the signature of the bases of peace and the convention of an armistice, the protocol had not yet reached the Porte, which remained in ignorance of the real terms, while another telegram, dated the 6th, and received that night, stated that the Russian Government had insisted, as one of the conditions of the armistice, that the Tchekmedje lines should be abandoned, leaving Constantinople wholly undefended, no wonder that it was with a hushed and strained attention Lords and Commons listened to this startling string of statements, seemingly in direct contravention of the Russian undertaking not to approach, menace, or occupy Constantinople; that the Opposition felt that the conditions of the case were changed, and that Mr. FORSTER asked leave of the House to withdraw his Amendment. And though some relief to the painful tension was given later, by the communication of Prince GORTSCHAKOFF's answer to a telegram of the Russian Ambassador, declaring that the order to stop hostilities had been given to the Russian Commanders along the whole line in Europe and in Asia, and that there was not a word of truth in the rumours which had reached Count SCHOUVALOFF, the relief was only partial, as no one could say what the "rumours" were which Prince GORTSCHAKOFF so emphatically contradicted.

Then rose a long, and more or less disagreeable discussion; first, whether Mr. LAYARD was misleading or Prince GORTSCHAKOFF humbugging us, and then, whether the debate should be adjourned, or continued on the question of the SPEAKER's leaving the chair. This enabled Members, who had come primed with Vote of Credit speeches to fire them off, and that happily got over without any mischievous consequences, the question was put—and Lord HARTINGTON and the majority of the Opposition having withdrawn—carried for the Government by 295 to 96 "Intransigents."

Friday (Lords).—Punch off-caps to Lord DERBY, in acknowledgment of the excellent taste and tone of his statement, of the reasons for which the Government has ordered a detachment of the Fleet to Constantinople, not as a threat, but to secure order and guard English and other interests of life and property. The Powers have been informed; and we hold the SULTAN's firman, sanctioning the passage of our men-of-war. This is not shaking BRITANNIA's fist in Russia's face, but calmly confronting her with arms ready, though not brandished.

(Commons).—House in Committee on Vote of Credit. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE gave the same explanation to the Commons as Lord DERBY to the Lords, but in less perfect style. The Government meant, and hoped, to keep the peace, and had sent our ships as peace-keepers.

Lord HARTINGTON, like BILLY TAYLOR, "werry much applauded them for what they'd done." In answer to his request for some light on the Government's intention before the House was asked to vote its confidence in them, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE sketched a programme of the attitude of England on the Eastern Difficulty, and her probable action in Conference, which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT might have fathered, and to which, Mr. GLADSTONE, in effect, said ditto.

We are not going into Conference to undo the work of the war, and turn its horrible waste to nought, to patch up rotten walls, to insist on outworn treaties, to leave the Christian races of Turkey out in the cold, to hand them back to the Turks, or to leave them free to cut each other's throats, but to secure a durable peace for the future, and good government by the means that approve themselves to justice and the sound policy of well-informed common-sense. All this will be difficult, but it *has* to be done, and our representatives will do their best to help it.

Mr. GLADSTONE gave wise warning against standing in with Austria. She has always been on the wrong side, because she has never known how to conciliate her rights and interests with the interests and rights of others.

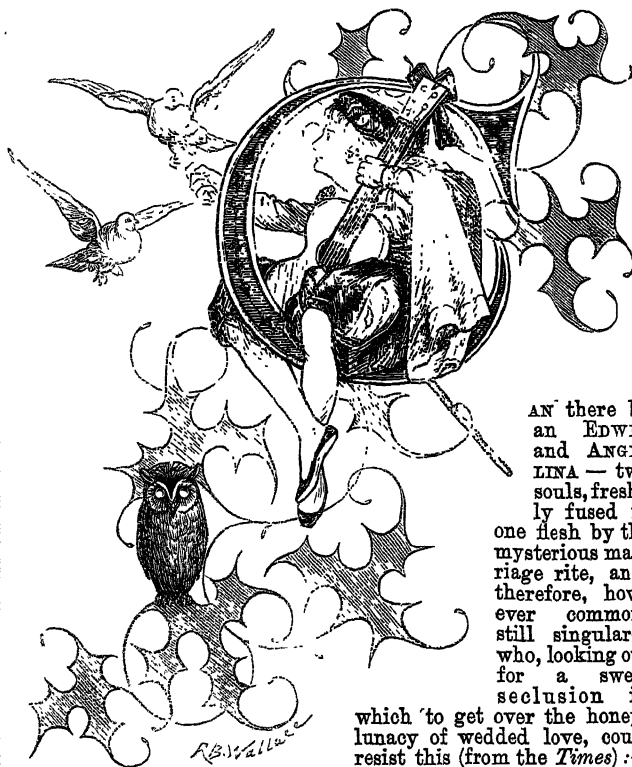
At last came the Division, many Liberals abstaining, and the Six Millions were voted by 328 to 124. So ends well, and with good hope of peace, and light shed on the future, a week that began in doubt, division, and darkness, and in its course, passed through a *mauvais quart d'heure* of something like dismay.

Well-Calculated.

No! my Lord B. is *not* the English type—
Plausible, facile, strong of greed and gripe—
That answers to the French *Badinguet*:
To take the Garter, 'mong large-acred Peers
And Royal Ciphers, might have roused our jeers,
But to refuse it, in all England's ears,
"Ma foi, Milord, c'est très distingué!"

ADDENDUM to Mr. LOWE's advice, "Muzzle your Prime Minister,"
—"and your dogs of war."

QUITE TOO AWFULLY TEMPTING.



AN there be
an EDWIN
and ANGELINA—two
souls, freshly fused in
one flesh by the
mysterious marriage rite, and,
therefore, however common,
still singular—who, looking out
for a sweet seclusion in

which 'to get over the honey-lunacy of wedded love, could resist this (from the *Times*):—

HONEYMOON RETREAT.—COTTAGE VICARAGE RESIDENCE, in Dorset, to be LET, Furnished, for Three Months, April, May, June, very reasonable, lovely country, hill and dale, lanes of ferns carpeted with flowers, extensive views at every gate. Drawing, dining, study, painted walls, four bed-rooms. Respectable servant. Verandah, lawn, garden, ample supply of kale, leeks, onions, carrots, turnips, beet, parsnips, spring flowers. A pet donkey, as gentle and wise as a big dog, donkey carriage and cart: fowls and ducks in full lay; last, not least, a pet cat. $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles from station, London and South-Western Railway.

ON THE WAY TO PEACE.

UPON the way to Peace? A worthy quest,
But what equipment for that road were best?
Not force that of its ships and cannon brags,
Its sharpened swords, or swollen money-bags.
To play the bully's or the huckster's part
May tempt the pot-house scribe or witting smart,
But England's nobler hearts would rather hold
A vantage-ground past reach of steel or gold;
Wisdom well-weighed and forward-looking thought
Will win a nobler fight than these e'er fought.
Unselfish self-control which scorns to brag,
Strong to defend as slow to flaunt our flag,
Right sympathy, that without trumpet blown,
In guarding other's interests, guards its own;
Just sense of rights and duties, forethought sage,
Which weighs the forces of the coming age
In the fair scales of reason; courage clear,
Which owns the curb of right but not of fear;
Such the best weapons of the brave and wise,
To which mere arms are but auxiliaries.
These let BRITANNIA into Congress take,
And though the storms of selfish passion shake
Compacts to Chaos, ancient bonds to dust,
They will not shock her while she's true and just.
The Turk is down. Above his body stands
The foe triumphant, to whose doubtful hands
Timid unwisdom too long left the work
Which only such unwisdom hoped to shirk.
The task confronts us. Tattered treaties now,
Watchwords unmeaning, or the big bow-wow
Of diplomatic posers, are but chaff
Before the wind of change which sweeps the draff
Of dead and dying things from the world's way.
Not to patch parchments torn in war's red fray,



ON THE WAY TO PEACE.

Nor to shore shattered ramparts, is the task,
That Europe's best strength and best skill will ask;
But to shape solid barriers of peace
And freedom. Let the war of party cease
Before this work; and if quite other war
Than this, more perilous, yet nobler far—
The war for Right—arise, let but the call
Come clear from Honour's lips, and Britons all
Will answer, as one man, to the appeal
Of Duty, Christian faith, and patriot zeal.
But Bully's bluster is not JOHN BULL's voice,
And Hate's blind clamour is not England's choice.
The protests, zealous for our land's fair fame,
Which slanderers brand with faction's odious name,
Through the well-guided realm will sink and cease,
E'en though War meet us on the way to Peace!

HUNTING AND BAITING.



IT appears that there is one law in England for

"BADGER BAITING.—At the Birkenhead Police Court on Monday, PETER FLYNN, beerseller, Egerton Street, was summoned for having baited and cruelly ill-treated a badger, and for having used a room for the purpose of baiting a badger. The evidence showed that in a room in defendant's house there was an iron-barred rat-pit, and in a corner of the same room was a cage consisting of two parts, a wooden box and an iron enclosure—which permitted a view of the badger there confined. There was a lid at the top, presumably for the admission of a dog. It was shown that in this room there was both rat-killing and badger-baiting. With respect to the latter sport, one witness said the badger and dog were tossing over together, as if wrestling. A fine of £5 was imposed."

The law calls badger-baiting cruelty to animals, and punishes it accordingly. There would seem to be another law for stag-baiting. On the day after that whereon the foregoing paragraph appeared, the following announcement, nevertheless, was also made in the *Times* :—

"HER MAJESTY'S STAGHOUNDS.—The Earl of HARDWICKE requests us to state that on Friday the South-Western Railway will run a special train to Bracknell at 10'45, for the accommodation of noblemen and gentlemen hunting with the Royal Buckhounds."

But how, then, can badger-baiting be illegal? Not only does stag-baiting go unpunished, nor does anybody attempt to prosecute the parties concerned in it, but it is actually superintended and expressly sanctioned, and has its practice facilitated and furthered by a high State Officer under the Crown. If Lord HARDWICKE, as Master of the Royal Buckhounds, may lawfully preside over and promote stag-baiting, ought not Mr. FLYNN's conviction for badger-baiting to be quashed, and his fine remitted? And do not the poor pastimes of the *plebs* want countenance; and would it not be a graceful Act of Parliament that legalised the appointment of a Master of the Bull Terriers?

By a "Dissipated Undergraduate."

FOR hooting and howling at GLADSTONE, in vain,
A knot of Young Oxforwards by ROGERS were rated:
But GLADSTONE himself, with Lord B. on the brain,
If not "dissi," may fairly be called "Dizzy"—pated!

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.—Learning how to walk in French boots with six-inch heels.

SPORT AND SLAUGHTER.

What the Farmers say.—In course, Gentlemen will have their shooting. Still, it do seem a waste to use acres and acres of good grass for pheasant hatching. But that's the Squire's business. Farmers wouldn't mind *that*, if he didn't destroy all the owls and hawks, stoats and weasels. Now that the rats and mice have it all their own way, the whole country's overrun with 'em. Then there's the mischief the ground-game plays with the green crops.

What the Boys say.—I believe you, it is hard work a-watching the preserves all day long, with no wittles to speak on, and ne'er a roof to keep the rain off! And they do say we ought to go to school. But I likes beatin' better. That is jolly.

What the Gamekeepers say.—It certainly don't seem *quite* the thing to shoot down birds by the ton. It's rather rough upon us, too, as have fed the poor things till they're as tame as our own cocks and 'ens. Sport ain't what it used to be. If they go on at this rate with their bat-toos, the next thing will be to knock over the birds in cages! Then think o' the poachers it makes, and the 'saise work they breeds.

What the Beaters say.—Three shillings a day ain't a penny too much for working through the covers all day, tearin' a chap's clothes, and wearin' out shoe-leather—no, not even when you gets your bread-and-cheese and beer into the bargain. And as for the helps as get nothing at all, why, how can the Bench of Magistrates blame them for priggish?

What a Parson.—"with an Eye for Nature," writes to the *Times*.—"What makes me write is a very strong feeling which I cannot help having on the score of the inconceivable amount of cruelty which it involves, through the countless thousands of iron traps set all over the country every night in the year for the mere preservation of the pheasants for the slaughter. No words can describe what I have myself seen. Numbers of traps are set on the tops of poles to catch our useful owls and harmless kestrels, there to be left hanging head downwards, by their broken legs, for hours or days."

What the Squire says.—I must admit, between ourselves, that it isn't exactly the sort of sport that suits me. It wasn't my father's form, and my grandfather would have been shocked at it. It costs a great deal, and none of my people like it. I always blush when I send my subscription to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. But how can I help it? It's the fashion, my guests expect it, one *must* do as other people do.

What the Squire's Guest says.—It certainly saves trouble, you know; but, after a while, it grows a trifle monotonous. By-and-by, I suppose, we shall do our shooting by deputy. As it is, the Keepers do most of the work, except pulling the triggers. Much better leave it all to them, I should say. Never *could* enjoy an easy-chair in the open air.

What the English Gentleman all of the Modern Time says.—Is it my fault, Mr. Punch?

And what Mr. Punch sternly replies.—Yes it is, Sir! You can put a stop to it if you like—why don't you?

A Shakspearian Commentary.

WHEN CROSS grows fierce, and HARDY fiercer far,
Denying Dizzy leanings towards war,
Punch might say—though of doubt he hints no touch—
"Methinks the gentlemen protest too much."
There's a French proverb which describes a *ruse*
Common in politics, "*Qui s'excuse s'accuse.*"

What will they Do with them?

THIRTY-TWO new field-officers are to be appointed Majors of Marines, with an allowance of 1s. 10d. per day for forage! Forage? Oh, of course. These Majors must belong to the Horse Marines. As passenger ships are sometimes credited with billiard-tables, we may one day see Her Majesty's Navy provided with "fields" on board, for these mounted officers' duties. Or is the forage allowance to be for sea-horses, whose field will be the Ocean?

Ireland's Difficulty.

(*The Reverse of the Medal.*)

WHEN Ireland starved in forty-seven 'twas plain
The Saxon might insult her wid' impunity;
So in Par's face he flung his millions mane.
Bedad, the blagyard knew his opportunity!

RUSSIAN SECURITIES.—Turkish Bonds.



THE LONGEST-LIVED DAY—SAINT VALENTINE'S.



MUSIC AND ÆSTHETICS.

THE LOVELY AND ACCOMPLISHED (BUT EXTREMELY SHORT-SIGHTED) MADAME GELASMA, YIELDING TO THE IMPORTUNITY OF HER MANY ADMIRERS, BENDS GRACEFULLY OVER THE PIANO, AND, AFTER STRIKING A FEW CHORDS, RINGS ONE OF SCHUMANN'S SADDEST MELODIES IN HER OWN INIMITABLE MANNER. UNFORTUNATELY, HER HOST IS "ÆSTHETIC," AND, MORE MINDFUL OF MURAL DECORATION THAN BEAUTIFUL MUSIC, HAS FIXED ONE OF THOSE DELIGHTFUL OLD-FASHIONED ROUND MIRRORS JUST OVER THE PIANO.—

TO SAINT VALENTINE.

Most popular of all the Saints,
Thy rites what churl is hard on?
Thy joys if *Punch* in rose-hue paints
E'en Puritans will pardon.
Thou art too genial, gentle, gay,
To rouse polemic passions;
Both saints and sinners own thy sway,
That outlives change of fashions.

When ours were known as Isles of Tin,
And modes were "early British,"
War-paint and woad availed to win
The fair Celt, sly or skittish.
And spite of his all-conquering sword,
And fame as dauntless foeman,
To Love, if to no lesser Lord,
Knocked under the proud Roman.

The Roman passed, but Love remained
His yoke to lay men's backs on,
And to his chariot enchained
The stubborn Anglo-Saxon:
Nor might the closest coat of mail,
Worn by that wondrous war-man,
From Cupid's tiny darts avail
To shield the haughty Norman.

Strange modes of dress in style and shape
Came in with the PLANTAGENET;
But did their wearers' hearts escape?
Not they. Don't you imagine it!
Raptures and rages, tiffs and tears,
Hopes, broken vows—*proh pudor!*—
Were rife in the tumultuous years,
That history dubs Tudor.



MADAME GELASMA, AS SHE APPEARED
SINGING SCHUMANN, TO HER MANY ADMIRERS
STANDING BEHIND!!

The stirring days of good Queen BESS,
When ruffs were all the fashion,
Experienced rather more than less
Of amorous fret and passion.
'Neath CHARLES and JAMES still raged
Love's flames;
Wigged beaux and belles in patches
Held hands in the same little games
Of sighs, smiles, misses, matches.

And still to Cupid lovers raise
The *Ave* and the *Gloria*,
In these our "*Follet*-fashioned days"
Of well-beloved VICTORIA.

And still, Saint Valentine, to thee
Rise annual altars laden
With flowers, lace-paper filagree,
And hearts of youth and maiden.

No MARCUS WARE the ancients knew,
Love-letterer of the masses;
Though Roman Rimmels sweetness threw
O'er classic upper classes.
Of Juno-Februata now
St. Valentine the day claims,
Through high and low, Love and his bow,
To England's Empire lay claims.

Though clothes may alter, fashions change
Their cutting, trimming, tissue,
Love hits the mark at longest range,
And in the ring finds issue.
And while to spoon young folks incline,
And summer follows spring-time,
Thy flower-wreathed shrine, St. Valentine,
Shall usher in the ring-time!

Unaccountable Oversight.

AMONG all the Correspondents who have been proposing possible and impossible sites for Cleopatra's Needle, not one has as yet thought of suggesting a quarter which everybody must allow would afford it the finest site in London. Need we name South Kensington?

MENU FOR THE CONFERENCE TABLE.—
First Course (certain)—Hashed Turkey.
Second Course (uncertain)—Peace Pudding.



"NOT QUITE THE CHEESE!"

British Farmer. "WHAT SORT O' CHEESE DO YOU CALL THIS? FULL O' HOLES!" *Waiter.* "GREW-YERE, SIR."

British Farmer (suspiciously). "THEN JUST BRING ONE THAT GREW SOMEWHERE ELSE!"

A LYING SPIRIT.

"There is a lying Spirit abroad."—Mr. Cross.

"A SPIRIT of lies?"—*Punch* must take up his Cross—
A fiend of that kind *has* been recently playing
With great reputations at pitch and at toss,
And what has that Spirit been saying?

That Hughenden's Lord has been setting war-snares—
Let us hope that such charges are mere taradiddles;
But you know, Sir, the Sphinx a high character bears
For puzzling the world with his riddles.

And pray does the Spirit of which you complain
Never utter through lips of immaculate Tories
False charges refuted again and again,
And purely preposterous stories?

Your imp has made free in the tart *P. M. G.*,
Where each day sees him cutting the queerest of capers;
On the rampage has been in the rowdy *D. T.*,
And their apes in less world-famous papers.

He's an imp of tough hide, through which facts make no
way,

Of a conscience exposure and show-up but harden:
And if Hughenden way he off makes free to stray,
May he not haunt backstairs at Hawarden?

Motive-mongers malicious as void of all *nous*
May welcome the rascally sprite as a brother;
You denounce his vile presence on one side the House,
But how does he look on the other?

I'd not hint upon which side the table he sits,
But it strikes me the imp can be vastly effective
In lending a point to Sir ROBERT's coarse hits,
And sharpening CHAPLIN's invective.

That the Father of Lies is the Father of Whigs
Dr. JOHNSON maintained. It may sometimes befall so;
But Tories, applauding such champion's digs,
May aspire to that parentage also.

WARNED OUT OF HIS OWN MOUTH.

(When tempted from Guildhall.)

"One of the greatest charms of life is *not* to write letters."—
The PREMIER in the House of Lords.

THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ACADEMY.

By a Young Master. Last look round but one.

No. 163. *Portrait of A JESUIT.* By WILLIAM VAN DER VLIET. Admirable picture! It ought to be presented by a grateful Constituency to the Member for Peterborough.

No. 167. *Portrait of a JEWISH RABBI.* Said to be by REMBRANDT. The idea conveyed by the attitude is, "My hands feel a trifle feverish. What could I have taken last night? Still, there's not very much the matter with me." Now pass on to

No. 169. *Another Portrait of the same Jewish Rabbi.* By REMBRANDT VAN RHYN. Same attitude, but the colour of face suggests "Not quite so well to-day in 169 as I was in 167. Still, I'm better as a picture."

No. 171. *Portrait of Rembrandt.* By Himself. Quite by himself, and very melancholy company he seems to find it. Evidently considering a subject. "Have I spirit left for it, or not?"

No. 172 is called "*Rembrandt's Mill*." But there is no sign of any fight being about to come off. Perhaps the Mill is being kept dark.

Now walk into Gallery Number Four, and observe all the pictures that are painted in tempera on a gold ground. How fresh, how clear they are! They might have been the production of the year before last. "*Tempera*" non "*Mutantur*."

No. 210. *Portrait of A LADY.* By DOMENICO GHIRLANDAIO. On the right side of the picture is the following inscription in Latin—"Oh that art could depict her graceful manners and her mind, then there would be no lovelier picture upon earth. 1488." How nice to have that inscribed on one's own portrait perpetually hanging up in the dining-room!

No. 211. *Francis the First, of France.* His portrait by an UNKNOWN. How disgusted the First FRANK of France must have been, when this wickedly ugly, but evidently exact and unflattering portrait, was sent home framed and glazed. No wonder the Artist remained UNKNOWN. "Who is he?" FRANKY THE FIRST must

have shouted. "Where is he? Let me get at him! Take the beastly thing out of my sight! I can't be such a brute as *that* makes me, can I?" "Oh no, Sire, certainly not," replied forty obsequious Courtiers, bowing to the ground, in order to conceal their smiles, and hide their forty winks. If that Painter had been found, he would have been hung on a line in his own studio. But he preferred to remain *incog.* FRANCIS THE FIRST has anything but a frank expression.

In Gallery Number Five we find *Mrs. Siddons*, by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS. O Great JOSHUA, you didn't order the sun to stand still, but you got a "star" to sit to you for a portrait. Fine face; but scarcely suggestive of that grand tragic power with which we are accustomed to associate Mrs. SIDDONS in a grand part; say, for instance, as *Lady Macbeth*.

No. 235. *Portrait of Richard Humphreys.* By J. HOPFNER, R.A. A Pugilist in the palmy, or fisty, days of the Prize Ring. This is a figure that, in reduced circumstances, might have fitted into "*REMBRANDT'S Mill*" before noticed. HUMPHREYS was an intelligent-looking man; but what an attitude!

No. 241. *Portraits of Mrs. William Goddard (posthumous), and her Children.* By THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. And T. GAINSBOROUGH ought to have been ashamed of himself for having painted such an idiotic picture. Walk up! Walk up! and see Posthumous Mrs. W. G., lounging over a cloud, about four feet from the ground, extending her left hand, probably intended to be foreshortened, but really deformed, and throwing some flowers (where did she get them from?) to two little Charity-Sunday-school-looking children below, one of whom is paying some little attention to the unusual apparition, while the other is utterly indifferent. No one should miss seeing this. Were Mr. MILLAIS, or any one of our artists, to give us such a picture, he would have to leave the country the very day after the private view. The only one of our Academicians who might, perhaps, take up this peculiar line with anything like safety, would be Mr. FRITH. He would call it "*Levitation in 1878*," and treat it with due levity.



JUMPING TO A CONCLUSION.

Farmer. "THERE'S NO ROAD THIS WAY, MY MAN."

Navy (not quite recovered from his last night's conversations). "BEGUM, THEN, I AIN'T GOT NO TIME TO MAKE 'UN FOR YER?"

MR. PUNCH'S OWN PROPHECY.

As prophecies are now the fashion, *Mr. Punch* thinks it right to issue a prediction of his own. It is scarcely necessary to add that it is infinitely more credible than any prophecy now travelling the provincial papers:—

Lord Beaconsfield.—In 1890 refuses the Golden Fleece, and asks permission to decline the rank of Field-Marshal. In 1895 writes a novel called *Playing with Politics*, full of autobiographical reminiscences. In 1896 crowned Emperor of Jerusalem.

Lord Hartington.—In 1879 resigns the Leadership of the Liberal party in favour of Mr. COWEN, of Newcastle. In 1882 (after the resignation of the Harcourt Administration) accepts the Leadership of the Liberal party in the House of Lords, having been called to the Peers in his father's lifetime. In 1889 resigns the Leadership in favour of Viscount DILKE. In 1934 becomes Prime Minister of England.

Mr. Gladstone.—In 1891 cuts down all the trees in Kensington Gardens. In 1894 makes a speech of six hours' duration in opposition to Lord BEACONSFIELD's policy anent the Bayswater Improvement Bill. In 1896 becomes chief contributor to *Bailey's Magazine*, and Sub-Editor of *Bradshaw's Railway Guide*. In 1904 accepts the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds. In 1905 seeks election at the hands of twenty-seven constituencies. In 1906 edits a new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, contributing the political and classical articles himself, brings out a new edition of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and is elected President of the Royal Society, in recognition of his discoveries on the dark side of the moon. In 1908 fills all the chief offices of his own Cabinet.

Cardinal Manning.—In 1878 secures the Papacy for Mr. WHALLEY. In 1894 obtains a "hat" for Mr. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. In 1896 entertains Mr. NEWDEGATE at a Lenten fish-dinner at the Trafalgar. In 1906 reads *Lothar*.

Mr. Stanley.—In 1879 brings back the North Pole to Europe, for exhibition in the publishing office of the *Daily Telegraph*. In 1880 is commissioned by the Royal Geographical Society to restore what is left of Cleopatra's Needle to Egypt. In 1881 discovers all the undiscovered islands of the Pacific and Antarctic Oceans, traverses all that is still unexplored in Asia, Africa, and South America, and brings geographical discovery practically to a conclusion. In 1926 finishes the two hundred and twenty-fourth volume of his adventures

as a Newspaper Correspondent. In 1927 starts on his first expedition to the sun.

Mr. Layard.—In 1878 commences his explanation to the House of Commons. In 1884 explanation to the House of Commons still progressing. In 1904 breaks off his explanation to the House of Commons, to enter the diplomatic service of the Russo-Turkish Empire.

Prince Von Bismarck.—In 1880 annexes Belgium, Holland, Norway, and Sweden. In 1890, after many resignations, becomes once more Premier of Germany. In 1899 accepts Ireland at the hands of Lord BEACONSFIELD. In 1900 admits the Green Isle is too many for him.

Mr. Punch.—In 2487—but this is telling too much!

THAT W. G.!

(SPIRITS labouring under a sense of the matchless and manifold villany of that pernicious statesman, the Right-Hon. W. E. G., will find much relief from occasional *vivâ voce* recitation of the following.)

Who broke up the Liberal Party
Because he'd a fit of the blues?
With a hatred of HARTINGTON hearty,
Who hankers to lead in his shoes?
Who, from envy and vicious vexation,
At the honours and hits of Lord B.,
Has determined to ruin the nation?—
That W. G.!

Who, burning with black animosities,
With deliberate aim went to work,
A-hatching Bulgarian Atrocities,
And sland'ring the innocent Turk?
Who leagued with the base Northern Bruin
To mix bitters in BETSY PRIG's tea,
And bring British Interests to ruin?—
That W. G.!

Who has laboured with pamphlets and speeches,
And letters and post-cards *ad lib.*,
To fill full of blood the Russ leeches,
And crack the Conservative crib?
Who, under the mask of philanthropy,
Hides a heart black as heart well can be,
With the blood-thirst of ghoulish lycanthropy?—
That W. G.!

Who in every word, and each action,
Be his dealings with Church or with State,
Is inspired by the spirit of faction,
And moved by the motive of hate?
Who, whether with "articles" busy,
Or felling an innocent tree,
Means mischief to England and DIZZY?—
That W. G.!

Whose game, whatsoever he try on,
Is always a sinister sham?
A poltroon, if he roars like a lion,
A Heep, if he bleats like a lamb?
A fool, if he writes a long letter,
A boor, if he pens a P. C.,
Or, if he does neither, no better?—
That W. G.!

Who, aping the pose of a Bayard,
With Greek and Slav treasours brim-full,
As *Polonius* alluded to LAYARD,
That much-maligned Nineveh Bull?
Who wellnigh drove the P. M. G. frantic,
And, attacking the modest D. T.,
Doubled that circulation gigantic?
That W. G.!

Who, a CATILINE, CLEON, and CLODIUS,
With CICERO's gift of the gab,
Uses arts and arms equally odious,
Through Church and State England to stab?
Card-sharper, tree-feller, stamp-prater,
Russ agent, and Romish trustee,
Who is thief, liar, Jesuit, traitor?
That W. G.!

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—We hear of a new Novel called *The Missing Will*. If the heroine be of the Rhoda Broughton advanced female order, the title should have been *The Willing Miss*.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



UCH tension out of doors, much attention in Parliament to Ministerial answers of Eastern Questions. Interrogated on the report that our Fleet has been refused a passage by the Porte, Lord DERBY (*Lords, Monday, Feb. 11*) hoped that our ships would soon be in the Dardanelles, whether they got there through the Porte or not. But he said nothing to qualify Friday's explanation that the Fleet had gone not to fight, but to play policeman over British lives and properties in Stamboul. This limitation of Admiral HORNBURY's mission makes the War-papers out of doors and the War-party in Parliament very savage, and they are already calling out that there is a Jonah aboard the Ship of State by the name of DERBY. The farce of a "United Cabinet," however, still runs, and we see no reason why it should not keep the bills while those who abuse it so bitterly still stand up for the companion-burlesque, a "United Nation." The truth is, that it is precisely the Jonah that the War-party want to throw overboard whom the more sober-minded and less sanguinary on both sides trust to keep the peace, against the War-leanings of Lord BEACONSFIELD—if Mr. HARDY will allow *Punch* to use the word without calling him a liar—the headiness of the SECRETARY FOR WAR, the lyric enthusiasm of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL, the squeezability of the HOME SECRETARY, and the invertebratibility of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER.

Lord DERBY is regarded by a large body of opinion—Liberal and Tory—as THE Cabinet Peace-Ancor, which, once cut away, H.M.S. *Britannia* must drift hopelessly and helplessly with the current on the reefs of European War. That "strong measures" are shouted for by a noisy and numerous party out of doors—which grows more noisy and more numerous every day that angry words continue to be bandied between Bull and Bear, with an English Fleet and a Russian Army within saluting, or striking distance—does not reconcile those who do not share the fear which the War-party call "prudence," and the fret and fury they christen "patriotism," to the cutting away of the Cabinet's Peace-Ancor.

(*Commons.*)—After Sir STAFFORD had answered ditto to Lord DERBY, the Liberal Newcastle Member, on bringing up the Report on the Vote of Credit, showed that if a Bull in a china shop is serious, it is nothing to a Cow-~~en~~. He delivered himself of such an out-and-out anti-Russian and pro-Turk diatribe (prepared evidently for the debate on the Vote, but not cold-drawn like most bottled oratory), that he kept the Conservative Irreconcilables in a fever of delight and a frenzy of applause from his rising up to his sitting down. Mr. COWEN's opinions on the question of the day are no secret. But they were expressed with such force that they seemed for the moment to have the effect of an Orsini shell on his own side the House. Is this out-spoken contradiction by a Liberal Member



A KINDNESS IS NEVER THROWN AWAY.

Unhorsed small Farmer (to young Squire, thrown out). "OI ZEY, MESTER GE-ARGE, TURN THAT THER NEDDIE OF MI-EN, WILL YER, AN' OI 'LL SEND YAR MITHER A BUNDLE OF TURNUPS FOR NORTHERN!"

of the policy and principles of the bulk of his own party a proof of the unanimity of the nation? If the antagonistic tug of parties and party-leaders could keep things *in statu quo*, we might hope that England would still resist the strong drift of the War-tide. But when the DERBY anchor is cut away, let BRITANNIA'S watch on deck look out!

But whatever may be the differences of opinion and feeling in or out of the House, no one (as Mr. GLADSTONE said) wants to worry the Government in the present difficult and delicate crisis; so the Bill was agreed to, with no event more startling than the explosion of Mr. COWEN'S bomb-shell.

The Factories and Workshops Bill was read a Second Time. Mr. CROSS pointing out that its changes were all in the way of taking off instead of putting on shackles.

Mr. WHEELHOUSE was Counted Out on an Election of Aldermen Bill.

Good Heavens! That a Member should be able to apply his mind to the machinery for the Election of Aldermen, with the scales of European peace trembling in the hands of Lord BEACONSFIELD!

Tuesday (Lords).—Lord DERBY hoped that in forty-eight hours we should know that the Fleet was at or near Constantinople. All the Powers had agreed to a Conference, and "the only difference" (a bold word that, my Lord) "was as to the place of meeting." No other Power, as far as he knew, had sent a fleet through the Constantinople Canal, but more than one had asked for a firman—and certainly not before a firman was wanted by more than one.

The Duke of RICHMOND laid on the table his Bill to amend the Cattle Plague Act of 1869. *Punch* is no more in a fit mind than my Lords to deal with such minor matters as Cattle-Plague, Pleuro-Pneumonia, and Foot-and-Mouth Disease, while the head, and heart, the lungs, liver, and lights, the foot and mouth, the hoof and horn of the Head of the bovine family—JOHN—may be in question.

(Commons.)—Yet even in this moment of tension, with the shadows of war looming nearer and more near, and Peace hardly able to keep her mouth above water, even with Lord DERBY'S cool head for a life-buoy, the House could find an ear for the Lady of the Lakes, pleading for Thirlmere by the lips of Mr. E. G. HOWARD.

Manchester Thirst—of money, or water, or both?—spoke through the throats of Messrs. BIRLEY and JACOB BRIGHT. Tastes differ. Many think, or say, that the scenery of Thirlmere will be all the better for the water-works, and that the needs of a great and growing town are hard facts, about the urgency of which there can be no division of opinion. There may be such difference, however, said Mr. RAIKES, about the exact nature of Manchester's needs—much question whether Manchester needs the Thirlmere water to drink or to sell.

Eventually the Bill, as being more than a private, yet not quite a public Bill, was referred to a hybrid Committee, five to be chosen by the House, four by the Committee of Selection. The Collective Wisdom, we are glad to see, *does* feel itself something like a trustee for the Lakes—a Guardian of the natural beauties of Great Britain. "Hybrid" is the scientific word for "mule." We trust that in the Report of this Hybrid Committee the asinine element will not be uppermost.

Questions about the question, with answers more or less explicit and satisfactory. Mr. NOLAN wanted to know if, having ordered Admiral HORNBURY up the Dardanelles, the Government meant to see him safe down again. Mr. SMITH said Admiral HORNBURY *had* his orders, and that they were clear, but he declined, of course, to state them. (How can Members ask such questions?)

Mr. LEATHAM called attention to the traffic in Church Livings, two thousand of which he said were at this moment in the hands of agents for sale or exchange. Nothing can be more damaging to the credit of the Church, or more difficult to get rid of, than this traffic in cures of souls, which now pass from buyer to seller, like cures of bodies through the medical agents.

But the House has bigger fish than Church scandals to fry just now; and after Mr. RICHARD had given Honourable Members the Quaker view of the matter, and Mr. A. B. HOPE, the eccentric and ecclesiological, Sir G. BOWYER, getting up to fire his shot, found nothing better before him than the blank of a Count Out.

Wednesday.—Mr. BIGGAR moved a Second Reading of the Bill for altering Irish Parliamentary Registration. Sir CHARLES DILKE, in English, and Mr. M'LAREN, in Scotch, spoke in favour of it. Irish Members were, as usual, diametrically divided. Mr. LEWIS contended that the Bill was meant to save canvassers trouble, and that

it had better wait the Report of the Committee on English Registration. Besides, Sir J. McKENNA had another Irish Bill on the same subject. It is admittedly only a little Bill. But its fountain-head is BIGGAR, and that, we fear, did not recommend it to the House, so it was thrown out by 134 to 96.

Mr. RAMSAY'S Scotch Valuation Bill was talked out; the House Occupiers' Disqualification Removal Bill (Scotch) passed through Committee; and the Bills for raising the Six Millions were brought in. It will be worse when they bring us in the Bills for spending them.

he has, in some sense, but the Government doesn't see it, and has told him so. GORTSCHAKOFF intimates, in effect, that he means to treat us to an entertainment *à la Russe*. If he do, JOHN BULL declares he will give the Muscov his desert. The Sea-Crab thinks it only prudent to have the Stamboul Star-Fish within reach of his claws—which he has no wish to use—but objects to the Land-Crab claiming the same privilege for the nippers he has just been so freely fleshing.

The LORD CHANCELLOR brought in his Bill to assimilate Law to Lay-Reason, which had taken it for granted that our legal jurisdiction at sea reached the three-mile limit of our territorial water.



"CLAWS OFF!"

Thursday (Lords).—A full House, and as much anxiety to know what Government had done, and is going to do—or, rather, how it is going to be done—in the Bosphorus, as their Olympian Lordships can be expected to show.

Lord DERBY informed their Lordships that the ships had gone up the Dardanelles to Prince's Island (ten miles below Stamboul) where they were now anchored, in the SULTAN'S teeth, who, however, had not shown them, but protested only. Prince GORTSCHAKOFF had written to say that as we had sent up our Fleet to protect British interests, he had ordered in the Russian Army to protect the interests of all Christians. The Prince thought he had us there—and so

This would have seemed scarcely to require a statute; but as seven Judges to six decided otherwise in the case of the *Franconia*, the law has evidently not till now been that perfection of reason the legal text-books assert it to be.

(Commons.)—A very full House on the tenter-hooks of expectation, to which Sir STAFFORD told all that Lord DERBY had told the Peers. As yet our Fleet had the Sea of Marmora to itself. Sir L. PAKE, that "County Member, of good family and great possessions," who has been chosen Chairman of the Irreconcilables who want to make short work of Lord DERBY, the Russian Bear, and most other things that stand in their way—asked if Government

had protested against the Porte's protest, as no absolution of the Russians from their undertaking not to occupy Stamboul.

Sir STAFFORD said the Government stood firm to their guns.

On Second Reading of the Six Millions Bill, Jinks's Baby—*le plus terrible des enfants terribles*—proceeded to fire the blunderbuss which he had loaded for the Six Millions Debate. After first blazing into the Leaders on both sides—the Government as “weak and invertebrate,” the Opposition as “flabby and molluscous;” maintaining that the Government had let itself be pushed into a dangerous step by its light-headed members; and declaring his belief that the conduct of Russia had been more dignified, more generous, and straightforward than our own, the bold Baby did not fear even to take Sir ROBERT PEELE by the beard—a more daring feat, just now, than to do as much for the Grand Turk. He had the courage, too—it is an act of courage just now—to go the extreme animal in favour of Russia and against Poland; warned Government of the futility of trying to stop the union of the scattered branches of the Slavonic race, in conjunction with Austria, and declared that if the Government Leader did not pledge himself that they would not attempt to set the Ottoman Humpty-Dumpty up again, he would divide the House. In conclusion, he declared that his blunderbuss had not been loaded when he got up, and that the volley had been unprepared.

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE declined to reopen the debate, but protested against charging the Government with want of candour.

Mr. GLADSTONE spoke some weighty words in deprecation of our close connection with Austria in the negotiations about to open. He declared, amid ironical cheers, that he believed the views of the Opposition on this Vote and the Eastern Question were those of the great majority of the nation.

Sir ROBERT PEELE returned Mr. JENKINS his fire with interest.

Sir J. LUBBUCK threw Jinks's Baby overboard, and Lord ELCHO called attention to the manifestations of Public Opinion in support of Government. Lord ROBERT MONTAGU got himself called to order for speaking of the Czar as a “tyrant,” and the Liberals as “hypocritical friends of virtue.” It is only pretty ROBERT's way. Sir WILFRID LAWSON called on Government to say definitely if they meant to make a *cassus belli* of the Russian Entry into Constantinople; and Mr. PARNELL crowed over Sir STAFFORD, as a dunghill cock that clearly did not mean fighting. Then the Bill passed against Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL's stern but solitary “No.”—“Among the flaccid strong-backed only he.”

The debate on Second Reading of Mr. SCLATER-BOTTH's County Boards Bill was adjourned by a bored House, evidently unable to keep its mind to anything but *pros* and *cons* of War.

Friday (Lords).—Nothing worth noting.

(Commons).—Some desultory Eastern questioning, which, of course, at this crisis got none but evasive answers.

General OSBORNE MORGAN pushed another parallel of his sap of the Parish Churchyard, as a resting-place for parishioners of all denominations, with such rites as relatives may direct, subject to due conditions of respect for the living and the dead. That God's Acre will soon cease to be a battle-ground for the unseemly strife of Church and Chapel is evident when we can record that Mr. MORGAN divided 227 to 242, in a full House, in the teeth of the Government and the face of that cry of “No Surrender!” which, in a conflict between the claims of a Church and the cause of common sense and common humanity, is the certain prelude of surrender at discretion.

The writing on the churchyard wall has long been legible to all but the Church *Intransigentes* in Convocation and Commons. That they should shut their eyes to it matters nothing, except so far as it embitters a contest which can have but one issue, delays a settlement which *must* come, and keeps open a Church-row which, for the health and strength of the Church, had better be closed, and which, had the Church's best friends been allowed to prescribe for her, would have been closed long ago.

FROM A GOOD SAMARITAN.

HERE is an offer which has come to *Punch's* hands, and which at first reading seemed too good to be true. But, on second—best—thoughts, it seemed a very poor compliment to Christian charity to mistrust its offer because it was, as all true Christian charity must be, unfettered and unstinted. So he gives it the publicity of his columns, for the benefit of the many poor little ones whom it may concern:—

“COUNTRY HOME FOR LONDON CHILDREN.—A fortnight of country life, in the village of Halstead, near Sevenoaks, will be given, free of cost, to any poor London children, on the recommendation of any clergyman, surgeon, school-teacher, or other responsible person. But it is hoped that no one will be sent whose parents are themselves able to provide such holidays for their children. Preference will be given to girls rather than to boys, and to delicate rather than to robust children; but a doctor's certificate of freedom from infectious complaints will be required. Children will be taken in rotation, as soon as there is room, from March 1st to October 30th.

“91, Blackfriars Road, S.E., Feb. 10, 1878.

WILLIAM ROSSITER.”

FLYING SHOTS.



AR! War! War! Here are a few specimens, brought down by Mr. *Punch's* long bow, from the flocks of wild *canards* which have been flying about the country:—

It is believed that a secret treaty has been signed at St. Petersburg, providing for the occupation, in the case of further war, of Malta by the Turks and Egypt by the Russians.

The Danes and Dutch are both preparing to mobilise their *gendarmes*.

Volunteers for active service are daily being enrolled among the one-legged Chelsea pensioners.

Rumours are current at Berlin that Prince BISMARCK supped last Sunday on pork sausages and sauerkraut, which they who know him best declare is a sure sign of his having made up his mind to a war policy.

A Woolwich Infant Show is fixed for next week on Plumstead Common.

The Cleopatra Needle ship has been commissioned by the Government. She will be fitted out with needle-guns, and stationed in the Bosphorus.

Two of the many secret conditions of the Armistice are understood in Vienna to be the cession to the Czar of the island of Corfu, and the immediate dismantling of the fortress of Gibraltar.

With the consent of the French Shareholders, who, it is believed, have been bought out by the SULTAN, the entrance to the Suez Canal is being sanded up, and its channel strewn with dynamite torpedoes.

It is reported that the Admiralty have finally contracted for the purchase of a score of the above-bridge steamboats, and that the officers and crews are to hold themselves in readiness to proceed, in case of need, on active Foreign Service.

A new Corps is being raised, and will before next week be added to our forces, composed entirely of Commissionnaires who have lost an arm. They will be employed in the Field-Telegraph Service.

The vanguard of the Russian Navy, consisting of twelve broad-side turret ironclads and twenty-five Popofskas, has been signalled off the Foreland, heading for Dover.

The old hulks in the Medway and the Solent are receiving a new coat of war-paint.

It is whispered at the Foreign Office that the Admiral of the Swiss Fleet has received sailing orders to proceed to the Red Sea, and is prepared to lend his countenance to a blockade of the Bosphorus.

On the first of April next the Shoe Black Brigade will be placed on a War footing, and will receive its proper complement.

By an order from the Admiralty the shore at Brighton is to be illumined nightly with Greek fire; and a tank of fish torpedoes has been added to the Aquarium.

A Prayer from St. Peter's.

In a hole of the wall of St. Peter's great Hall,
Bricked-up, plastered down, sleeps Pope Pio—the late!
Would the plaster that's spread for the Church's late Head,
But heal raws from chafings between Church and State!

IF WE COULD!

DURING the Conclave the Cardinals will eat apart. If we could but feel that this puts out of the question the chance of their making a mess of it!

EXTREMES MEET.

WHAT—*claves in conclave*—the keys under lock and key?
That the Keys of Heaven in ward of Vatican locks should be!



AN ACCOMPLISHED MUSICIAN.

Sir Charles (an eligible bachelor, who is passionately fond of Music, and evidently admires Miss Madeline). "THOSE ARE AWFULLY DIFFICULT VALSES YOU'RE PLAYING, MISS MADELINE. I SUPPOSE YOU'VE PRACTISED THEM NO END!"

Miss Madeline (ingenuously gazing at Sir Charles, and continuing to play with great brilliancy and precision). "O DEAR, NO, SIR CHARLES. I NEVER SAW THEM BEFORE; INDEED, I NEVER EVEN HEARD THE COMPOSER'S NAME UNTIL MRS. BLENKINSOP ASKED ME TO PLAY THEM FOR THE YOUNG ONES TO DANCE TO. IT'S SO NICE TO BE ABLE TO MAKE ONESELF USEFUL. DON'T YOU THINK SO?"

&c., &c., &c.

[SIR CHARLES'S admiration for a young Lady who can thus play difficult Music at sight, while she looks sofly at him, and talks so pleasantly, knows no bounds.]

THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ACADEMY.

By a Young Master. Last look round.

No. 236. *Portrait of A MAN.* By FERDINAND BOL. "Drunk again!" A sot trying to explain "how it happened"—of course *sot-to-voce*. Evidently a brother of BOL's other inebriated idiot.

No. 246. *Portrait of John Vaughan.* By SIR GODFREY KNELLER, Bart. The idea illustrated is, "I must send my wig to be done up!"

What's in a name? "JOHN VAN OS" ought to have painted equestrian subjects. What a name to have been signed, now-a-days, to that advertisement of "Somebody's Vans, Families Removing,"—*drawn by a Van Os!* He painted No. 251. *Fruit and Dead Game.* What's his little game? A hare.

Then there is CONSTABLE, who, of course, "took up" a subject, and "from information received" went down to Hampstead, and took No. 248.

Then look at No. 254. By DE HEEM. If you trust to HEEM, you'll come to the conclusion that there can't be a better "collation" than five red shrimps (not over fresh), a piece of roll, salt, and plenty of lemon. "Take a piece of roll, Sir?" said Cox to Boz when they became friendly. This is the sort of roll that Cox had previously picked.

Look at No. 256. By GEORGIONE, which is clearly the portrait of the original Captain SLYBOOTS "up to a thing or two."

No. 263. *Portraits of George and Elizabeth.* By SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. The idea illustrated is "The Day after the Feast." Observe the complexion of the children. ELIZABETH is saying, "Oh, GEORGE! Ma says she's sent for the Doctor."

No. 264. "Not so Black as I'm painted." By JACOB LEVECK. Before leaving Gallery Five, pause at 273. It is a solemn subject; but do look at the little boy in red breeches and a devotional attitude, in the right-hand corner.

See, finally, in the Octagon, CANALETTO'S *Ceremony of the Doge wedding the Sea*, which was the Venetian Lord Mayor's Day, or *Dies Maris*, in the olden time; also a Venetian Regatta. Wonderful works, considered retrospectively, or perspectively.

In quitting Burlington House, and leaving the engravings with regret at being unable to take them with me,—but one umbrella is as much as I can carry,—it will be as well to inform the Public, that, for the small sum of Five Shillings, a Season Ticket can be purchased, entitling the holder to go in and out as often as he likes—but not including refreshments; nor is the holder permitted to take any umbrella, or stick, left in the hall, except his own. He may converse with the Policeman on Art subjects only (of course about CONSTABLE'S works chiefly), and may sing a song to the Catalogue-purveyor, if the latter is willing, in his leisure moments, to listen to him. The holder of the season ticket is privileged to be the first to come and the last to go, *if he likes*; but he may not hide in the building, and frighten any of the Academicians by popping out suddenly, and saying, "Bo!" He may not say it clearly, nor may he say it hoarsely,—no, I mean HORSLEY. Of course, if he has previously written to the President announcing his intended course of action, this will materially alter the case; but even then, his ticket will not permit the use of a false nose, with or without spectacles. Evening dress is not absolutely indispensable. The ticket only admits the bearer *if he takes it himself*; and, in this case, the bearer must also be the *bonâ fide* holder. A friend may accompany him as far as the top of the staircase without any extra charge.

Experientia docet. Verb. sap. Exit.

WHY NOT?

"MUSCOVS in Stamboul! What then?" asks LORD DERBY.
"Why mayn't the Turks enjoy their *Russ in Urbe*?"



AWKWARD.

(Off Stamboul)

ENGLAND. "TURKEY, AHOY!" TURKEY. "SHEER OFF! YOU CAN'T LAND HERE!"
ENGLAND. "WE'VE COME TO PROTECT BRITISH LIFE AND PROPERTY!"
RUSSIA. "NOT THE LEAST NECESSARY; I'M HERE TO PROTECT EVERYBODY'S!"
TURKEY. "FACT IS, THIS GENTLEMAN AND I HAVE JUST SWORN ETERNAL FRIENDSHIP!"

SERVICE NO SLAVERY.



THE pessimists complain of the little distinction now—a-days between servant-girls and mistresses. Here is one way of making that little less:—

A GENTLEWOMAN WANTED, by a Lady, as GENERAL SERVANT in a small family, where a nurse is kept. No one who is above her work need apply. She will be treated with every consideration and kindness. Apply, &c.

Suppose it had run "A Lady, Wanted by a Gentlewoman," would it have been all the same? Or is there a delicate distinction, which *Punch* fails to catch, between the Gentlewoman and the Lady?

He hopes that if the Lady should find the Gentlewoman she wants, the only rivalry between them will be which can do her duty best by the other. If that were so with all Gentlewomen in service, and Ladies out of it, it would be a case of Lady-Helps, in the best sense of the word, upstairs and down.

"UNTO THIS LAST!"—A Cockney suggests "Hashley's" as a good site for the "Hobbylik"!

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(On the Amateur Pantomime at the Gaiety last Wednesday Afternoon.)

SIR,—The great event of last week in the Theatrical World (and what portion of the world isn't theatrical, seeing that it is all a stage?) was, unquestionably, the Amateur Pantomime at the Gaiety Theatre, on Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 13th, 1878. I give the date in full, for the sake of generations yet unborn.

The subject of the Pantomime was the *Forty Thieves*. The opening was written by Messrs. R. REECE, W. S. GILBERT, F. C. BURNAND, and H. J. BYRON, and the two comic scenes were arranged by Mr. SOUTAR and Mr. JOHN D'AUBAN, two of the most indefatigable, persevering, good-tempered instructors ever seen on any stage. Herr MEYER LUTZ, director of the music, was also long-suffering, and to him is due the harmony of the proceedings. The whole affair, from first to last, was under the control of Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, who undertook it as a matter of charity, worked at it as a matter of business, and managed it all most admirably.

The *Forty Thieves* were deservedly "taken up" by everybody in town, and the theatre could have been filled twice over. The performance was for the benefit of the General Theatrical Fund, and brought about seven hundred pounds, which gives a balance to the charity of about five hundred.

The Amateurs *did* work at it with a vengeance. For five or six weeks, day after day, they persevered in their rehearsals at all sorts of inconvenient hours; and Mr. W. S. GILBERT, who not only supplied one of the scenes and a capital song to the air of the Judge's song in *Trial by Jury*, but also played Harlequin, was doing "animations," "trips," and "leaps" for three hours a day, through a period of two months previous to performance. By the 13th of February he could have gratified a *Shylock's* rapacity by writing a cheque for any number of pounds of flesh dispensed with during these rehearsals. And yet, when he appeared as "Mr. Spangles," and had a reception as brilliant as his dress, he did not at all appear to be the shadow of his former self. Not a bit of it; he was the Spanglest Mister Spangles that ever we did see—a very Titan among Harlequins—at least his dress was a very *tight 'un*—and he did his spitting with a gentle firmness, a courteous determination of purpose, and an inflexible gallantry which evidently impressed the dear little Columbine, Mdle. Rosa, with a sense of the intense devotion with which her glittering lover worshipped the

very ground she trod on. Mr. GILBERT's Harlequin was the Harlequin of the Iron Will and Supple Limb.

Happy Thought.—Did it ever yet occur to any historian, that *The Man in the Iron Mask* was only a Harlequin, without his wand, of course, pining for his Columbine, and imprisoned by Clown as gaoler? If Mr. W. S. GILBERT will but undertake the chief character of *Mr. Spangles* in prison, I see a Pantomime Drama before me of deep and stirring interest.

Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon both the instructor, Mr. D'AUBAN, and the instructed amateur pantomimists, who must have been about the most apt and conscientious pupils he has ever taught.

Mr. KNOX HOLMES, who played the Tyrant *Gesler* in the Amateur Pantomime in 1856, was not a whit behind the youngest of them all in his excellent rendering of the "Old 'un"—i.e., the Pantaloon. Captain COLVILLE, the Policeman, was "A. I." Lord DE CLIFFORD's weak-minded "Swell," who purchases an umbrella from the Clown for two guineas, and walks off with only the stick of it in his hand, apparently intensely satisfied with his own great business-like capacity for a bargain, will be a thing of beauty and a joy for ever in my memory.

But how am I to recall them *all*, and give to each his meed of praise? Wasn't that *cancan* first-rate between Mr. ALGEY BASTARD, as "UNG Mossco," and Mr. MCCALMONT as an "Old Woman"? Great praise is due to that "Old Woman" for the way in which she managed her skirts. But then Mr. MCCALMONT is accustomed to a gown,—and a wig. Mr. LESLIE WARD as the "Artist," sketched GLADSTONE and DISRAELI on a black board with a rapidity and a decision that proved he could both act, and "draw" when he acted. And then—the Clown!! Mr. WYE, besides having acquired the voice and actions of the very best of the "Old JOEY" school, was also a tumbling Clown; then, mind you, he obliged the company, by the special request of some wags in the gallery, with "*Hot Codlins*" and "*Tippitwitchit*" (which it isn't spelt like that, I believe, but I don't know any better), the former song being finished with a little "gag" of Mr. WYE's own making, that brought down the house. All his "business" was a real pleasure to him, as one might have imagined it would have been to the author of that quaint little Christmas piece, "*The Doll's House*," played for two festive seasons at GERMAN REED'S.

Now a few words as to the Burlesque portion. Captain GOOCH and Mr. QUINNIN were excellent as *Ali Baba* and *Ganem*. Mr. BASTARD's "make-up" for *Cassim* was very good. Mr. MACLEAN's *Hassarac* was a most energetic performance, and his dancing capital. Mr. WORTLEY's trumpeter's legs were quite Vokesian; and Mr. PARKER's likeness of Mr. GLADSTONE was something that might have given the Lord Chamberlain fits. Mr. HIGGINS was made up after the *Vanity Fair* portrait of BENSON the Convict.

The Ladies who assisted, Miss ELEANOR BUFTON, and Miss LUCY BUCKSTONE, did their very best for the general weal, and the *General Wheel* was a real "Merry-go-Rounder." Then it is but fair that I should place on record the untiring exertions of Miss LYDIA THOMPSON throughout the rehearsals, and at the performance. Well might she have sung (as she used to sing in *Blue Beard*), "Shoulder arms! and pull yourselves together!" for if any mortal power, beyond that of Messrs. SOUTAR, LUTZ, and D'AUBAN, *did* keep the *Forty Thieves* (the rascals!) well pulled together, and thoroughly in hand, it was Miss LYDIA THOMPSON'S. Her "go" and *verve* (that's a French word, which I fancy expresses my meaning—at all events I hope so—if not, any of my readers with a dictionary at hand can select another for himself) were the very life of the Burlesque opening. I believe a Hollingshead Medal has been struck, commemorative of the event; and each one of the authors has been presented with a gold periwinkle-picker, set in diamonds.

It was a day of most thorough and deserved success. That the Pantomime, wherever it may be given, will be as successful as it was at the Gaiety, is the faith of YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—Once more my remarks on *Diplomacy* must stand over. I will just add a line here to record the genuine success of the Opera of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, by the Carl Rosa Company, at the Adelphi. Miss GAYLORD is charming. *Au plaisir!*

Beyond Cardinal Virtue.

Pecci's too clean of hand St. Peter's bark
To steer among the shoals and troubled billows.
A Pope should have sins—not, of course, too dark—
But Pecci has, at most, but Pecci-dilloes.

PARODY FOR THE PRUDENT.

We don't want to go to war; for, by jingo, if we do,
We may lose our ships, and lose our men, and, what's worse, our money too.



MICROSCOPY FOR THE MILLION.

Janet. "COME AWA', JOHN!" John. "SIT STILL, WOMAN, AN' SEE THE SHOW!"
 Janet. "SEE THE SHOW! GUDE SAVE US A', MAN! WHAT WAD COME O' US IF THAE
 AWFU'-LIKE BRUTES WAS TO BREK OOT O' THE WATTER!"

PLAY IN A WORKHOUSE.

MR. PUNCH, HONNOR'D SIR,

AMONGST all these here blessed wars and roomers of wars the thorts of littel narrer-minded people is confined to Forren afares, but them as is capible of Broader vyes like mee and U extends em to things Porochial. Accordinly, insted of lookin at Constantinople aloan, east your i hallso to the Ile of Wite. Charity as the sayin is begins at ome. Look away from the Phosphorus and look across the Solent. Hunder the Newport news in the *Hamshire Independent*, Sir, you'll see a deploreabel instanse of offense agin the Sistim of Troo Charity witch in coarse I means Porochial Economy. And, of all places in the Iland and the World, in the Ile of Wite Workus whear eartofour they was always Supposed to keep up Doo Dissipline and of witch an Instanse as made sum Noise at the Time Occurr'd and I ad the pleasure to happland the same only tuther day. But now ow different. Wy, *Mr. Punch*, wood you beleeve it the Ile of Wite Gardians has hackshally been and sankshun'd a musicle

"ENTERTAINMENT AT THE WORKHOUSE.—An entertainment, arranged by Mr. R. ROCHE, was given to the inmates of the Isle of Wight Workhouse on Tuesday evening last. Mr. JOHN SHICKERNELL presided."

Then it goes on to say as how the program consistid of songs, glees, a solow on the pianer and instermmental performances by a hole lot of ladies and gentlemen pretty nigh 20 altogether and tells us that:—

"The entertainment evidently afforded much pleasure to the audience, and at the close of the programme the Rev. J. WENTWORTH ELGER, Chaplain, moved a vote of thanks to the Chairman and performers. The audience endorsed the proposal by loud and repeated cheers, and the Chairman, in acknowledging the vote, stated that he had brought with him a few presents for the young and old inmates—an announcement which was received with almost deafening expressions of delight by the company."

Wot a Seean, *Mr. Punch*, to witnis in a Workus Intearior. Hollerin, shoutin, cheerin, deafenin ixpressions of Delite—wot ixtroinary sounds in a place whear the strictest silence ort to prewale. A musickle enteranement in a Union Workus—is that the sort of Thing to bring abundun'd Porpers to a sense of their sittiwation, and constute em a warnin to others! Talk of Porpers treatment. Ear they ad a treat indee. Give em concerts. Wot next. Give em balls I spose and alow em chickin and lobster sallad and blue-monge and tipsy-cake, and trifle, and ice punch and clarritt cupp and champain like I've witnes'd in occasionall Attendance at Evenin Parties amongst the Better Orders. O, *Mr. Punch*, Phancy a Consert in a Workus! O wot an alteration in the Ile of Wite! O Workus, wot a fallin orf was there! A Revolootion must have took place in that there Istablishment I'me sure, and wot I'me afear'd of is it will lead to Uthers, and wot will be the consequens if Workusses is to becum Paradises for Porpers? In coarse there'll be an end of all Porochial Economy and ixamples to the laborin classes of wot they must come to as wickedly neglex to lay by a pervision for their declinin years out of their twelve or fourteen shillin a weke. I do ope, *Mr. Punch*, you'll show up these hi jinx in the Ile of Wite Workus to the atenshun of your friend the Ome Secretary, and so no more at Present from yure ever faithful Advocate of the Porochial Sistim,

BUMBLE.

P.S.—Peraps 'tis only fare to say the Workus Enteranement don't seem to have cost the Ratepayers nothink. That's porochial so far as it goes. But adn't ladies and gentalmen frends and kinsfoke to entertaine insted of singin and playin free gratis for nothink to emuse them wishus Porpers?

An Old Rhyme with a New Reason.

ADMIRAL HORNBY,
 Cross orders torn by,
 Swallowed his humble pie:
 When the forts told to run,
 He shotted each gun,
 And said, "You may've to
 speak by-and-by."

A LOW VIEW (SCENE—WAPPING).

Profane Publican (reading "*Times*" of Feb. 11). "Spiritual wants of English Seamen"? Umph! "Rum," I should say—mostly.

(W)HOL(L)Y RUSSIA.—Turkey.



A VOCATION.

Aunt. "SHALL I GIVE YOU A NEW DOLL, MAGGIE?"

Maggie. "NO, THANKS, AUNT! I SHOULD NEVER LOVE ANOTHER DOLL LIKE THIS; FOR SEE, IT HAS ONLY GOT ONE EYE, ONE LEG, AND ONE ARM, AND NOBODY WOULD CARE FOR IT IF I DIDN'T. PROPER DOLLS CAN TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES, YOU KNOW!"

A BAD JOB FOR BUTCHERS.

"WHAT d'ye buy, what d'ye buy, what d'ye buy, buy, buy?" cried Mr. BRISKET, as arrayed in azure tunic, he paced to and fro in front of his establishment, and whetted his slicing-knife on the steel attached to his girdle.

"Not anything to-day," replied PATERFAMILIAS, as he paused in passing by. "Not anything to-day, Mr. BRISKET. No, Sir, nor yet to-morrow. American beef is excellent, every bit as good as British, but I decline buying it under that denomination of yours, when I can purchase it at a figure so much more reasonable under its own name over the way."

"What d'ye mean?" exclaimed the Butcher, with a look of anger and astonishment.

"Oh!" cried the Family Man, "don't you read your Paper? Listen;" and he quoted as follows from the leading journal:—

"Sir,—As the Report of the Cattle Plague Committee proves that the West End butchers are large buyers of the American beef, which they retail at their ordinary prices, it may be interesting to the general public to know that the dairy produce dealers are beginning to undersell them."

"They be blowed!" Mr. BRISKET bellowed.

"It is too early in the year for that, Sir. The bluebottles have not yet emerged from their pupa state of hybernal torpor."

"Yah!" growled CARNIFEX.

"Hear the remainder," said PATERFAMILIAS; and pursued:—

"I have been obtaining daily for many months from my regular cheesemonger and poultryman the ordinary joints of American beef and mutton in quality fully equal to English meat."

"Cagmag!"

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE.

(Why not try it?)

Quot homines tot sententiae being still the order of the day as regards the site of ERASMUS WILSON'S Needle, Mr. Punch takes the problem in hand, and solves it thus:—

The Needle will be fixed on a movable base, to which will be harnessed a team of traction-engines. By these means it will be carried, till further notice, through all the sites in London, say—on Monday, to Wormwood Scrubbs; Tuesday, Ely Place, Holborn; Wednesday, Scotland Yard; Thursday, the Isle of Dogs; Friday, Pump Court, Temple; Saturday, the Garden in Amptill Square; and so on—the programme of sites being changed weekly, paying due regard to the interests of suburban squares and City thoroughfares.

Arrangements will also be made for occasionally laying the Monolith on its side in the Lowther Arcade, or in some other convenient and eligible place, where the public will be permitted to walk all over it in felt slippers, Oxford shoes, Wellingtons, or hob-nailed boots, as the case may be, under the guidance of a distinguished Orientalist, who will attend for the purpose.

The trifling expense involved in carrying out the above plan will be borne by a Committee of the Gentlemen who have hitherto supplied the published correspondence on the subject, who will also hold themselves responsible for such incidental damage to houses on the lines of route, cellars, the gas, water, and other pipes, and destruction of the roadway, as may arise in the execution of the project.

Such is Mr. Punch's solution, which, after carefully reading all that has been written on the question, he puts forward confidently as the only one likely to reconcile conflicting tastes, and put an end to the interminable "Battle of the Sites."

OMINOUS.—"On Tuesday the Royal Buck Hounds met at Beaconsfield, and on Friday at Warfield."—"Hunting Appointments," in the "Field," Feb. 9.

"Nay, fine briaket, Sir. Because, you see, our friend assures us that—

"In fact, it is only remarkable in any way from being 3d. a pound cheaper, the price of the sirloin being 10½d."

"Gammon!"

"Nay, Mr. B., not gammon, but beef—beef, Mr. B.—American beef—as good as the best that your customers imagine to be the produce of their native land, and pay for under that delusion. Beef, that does not pretend to be what it isn't; honest beef, sold at an honest price, by honest dealers."

"Do you mean to say as I'm a rogue, then?" demanded BRISKET, as he stuck his blade in his belt, and clenched his fists.

"Oh, dear no," mildly responded the Husband and Father, with the proverbial suavity of reply which averteth anger. "The expression were unparliamentary, and, what is worse, actionable. I would merely say that you are a little exorbitant; and, preferring to do business with a party directly opposite, I shall now proceed to procure my tenpenny-halfpenny sirloin from the fair-dealing Poulterer and Cheesemonger across the street. Good morning, Mr. BRISKET!" So saying, he turned upon his toe; and the Butcher, after an imprecation which it is needless to repeat, resumed his parrot-formula of "What do ye buy, buy, buy?"

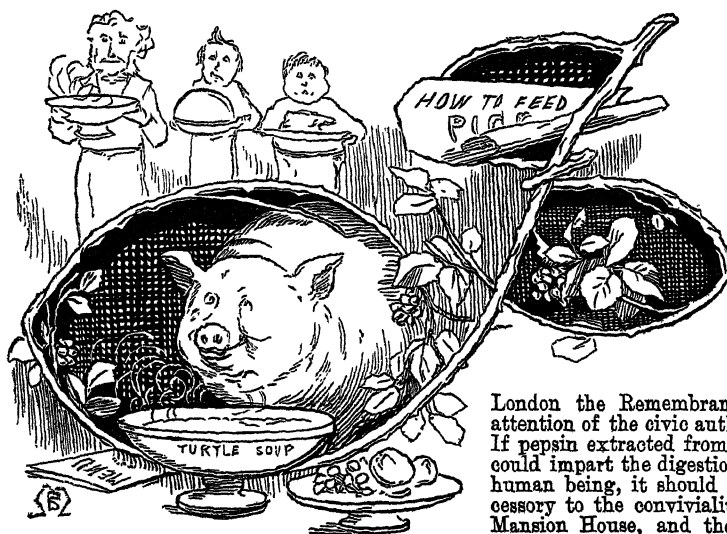
The Last of the Old Bar.

"And nought is everything, and everything is nought."—Rejected Addresses.

OWDEN, Lord Mayor, was of Lord Mayors the last That under Temple Bar's doomed archway past.

Ah, Fleet Street Gate! thy fate in Greek we sum: Like all man's works es obber thou hast come!

AID TO DIGESTION.



Alderman's Assistant." The Common Council would do well to appoint a Committee to try and report upon acid glycerine pig's pepsin, of which special samples might be expressly prepared and supplied by the Society of Apothecaries. In the meanwhile perhaps some enterprising druggist will advertise "Pepsin of Pigs. Under the Patronage of the LORD MAYOR and Aldermen of London. A real Blessing to the Omnivorous." If pig pepsin would enable men to make pigs of themselves with impunity, that druggist would make his fortune.

OME few days since, in a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, on the "Protoplasmic Theory of Life," Professor GARROD referred to a preparation of "acid glycerine pepsin, obtained by Mr. BULLOCK's process from the stomach of pigs," as being "of great value to persons of weak digestion." At the next merry meeting of the Corporation of

London the Remembrancer should call the attention of the civic authorities to this article. If pepsin extracted from the stomach of a pig could impart the digestion of that animal to a human being, it should be an invaluable accessory to the convivialities of Guildhall, the Mansion House, and the Halls of the great City Companies. It might be called "The

LITTLE SUSPECTED.

(The real cause of the POPE's death.)

"The following startling telegram was received at the Vatican not long before Thursday the 7th inst. :-

"From ROBERT THOMSON, Minister of Ladywell Parish Church, Glasgow, to POPE PIUS THE NINTH, Vatican, Rome.

"If your proposed Papal Hierarchy in Consistory be promulgated for Scotland, an interdict against it will be demanded from the Supreme Civil Court in Scotland, and the laws of the country rigidly enforced against it."

Scotch Paper.

WHA killed Pio Nono?
I, said ROBIN TAMSON,
The Ladywell Samson,
I killed Pio Nono!

Gratifying Intelligence.

CYNICS have sometimes asked "Can any Lawyer have a conscience?" This question is answered by the following, from the Times :-

"CONSCIENCE MONEY.—The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER acknowledges the receipt of '6s. 8d.' in stamps for Income-tax."

REGULATIONS FOR THE CONCLAVE.

THE voting for the new Pope will be by ballot. Any Cardinal receiving three black balls will be disqualified for further competition.

All Candidates for the vacancy must be duly nominated, but the speeches of the Proposer and Seconder are not to exceed twenty minutes each.

Any Cardinal writing private letters, reading the newspapers, drawing caricatures, or falling asleep (if under seventy years of age) during the sittings of the Conclave, will, *ipso facto*, forfeit his chance of election to the vacant Chair.

In the selection of servants to wait upon and minister to the wants of the Sacred College, preference will be given to those who are dumb.

Any Cardinal, wishing to be shaved or to have his hair cut, will be required to enter into a bond of not less than a thousand scudi, not to converse with the barber during the operation.

All letters addressed to or written by the Cardinals, must be submitted for inspection to the Cardinal Camerlengo.

All body-linen, stockings, &c., sent in to the Vatican by laundresses, will be carefully examined by Monsignor the Maggiordomo, to prevent these articles from being the channel of surreptitious communications with the outer world.

Snuff ordered by a Cardinal must be delivered in a packet open at both ends.

No cigarettes, in their manufactured form, will be allowed to enter the Vatican; and all cigarette-paper must bear the signature of the Cardinal Camerlengo, and be impressed with the seal of the *Sede Vacante*.

The Cardinals may order, what they please for dinner and other meals from the daily bill of fare, which will be prepared every morning jointly by the Dapifero and the first physician, and submitted by them for approval to the Cardinal Camerlengo, who will have the right of exercising his veto on any dish or beverage which he may think likely to disagree with any member of the Sacred College.

An English cook will be engaged specially to prepare the meals of Cardinal MANNING.

That the Cardinals may have the means of healthy exercise during their seclusion, one of the Courts of the Vatican will be fitted up as a tennis-court. In the evenings every facility will be afforded for whist, chess, draughts, dominoes, and other games.

A smoking-room will be provided.

An arrangement will be made with an extensive circulating library for an ample supply of all the newest literature, both domestic and foreign, including the best novels; and the Cardinals will also have the privilege of borrowing any number of volumes

they please, not exceeding 250 at one time, from the Vatican Library.

Stationery and writing materials will be provided for the use of the Cardinals at the public expense, but not postage-stamps.

Each Cardinal will receive a weekly supply of pocket-money, but he will be expected to render an account of the way in which it has been spent, every Monday morning, to the Maggiordomo.

No gratuities, presents of game, wine, chocolate, sweetmeats, &c., will be allowed to be received from Foreign Powers.

Should any Cardinal require a new hat during the sittings of the Conclave, it must first be submitted for examination to the Camerlengo, that he may satisfy himself that no letter, despatch, or other document is concealed within the covering or lining of the article in question.

It will be the duty of the Junior Cardinal to carve, pour out the coffee, sit at the foot of the table, and read the newspapers to those of his colleagues who are labouring under the infirmities of age, or who may have mislaid their glasses.

Punch will be regularly supplied to the Cardinals during the Conclave.

OUR NEW NOVEL.

NOTICE.

WE are delighted to be in a position to announce as "in active preparation, and shortly to be produced" in this Journal, "an entirely new and original Novel," for which arrangements have already been made with the Directors of the Direct Novel and Romance Supply Association (Limited)—by the Author of *Folly and Farini: Under Two Bags; Chuck; 'Arry, 'adn't he?* and *Two Little Wooden Jews*.

We expect the first instalment next week, and we are wishing we may get it. Due notice will be given of its appearance. Watch this frame. The distinguished Novelist, with whom we are dealing, through the agency of the Direct Novel and Romance Supply Association, is not, we believe, at present in England. But if there is any hitch, any unforeseen difficulty in obtaining the MS., no expense, no labour, no trouble will be spared, in order to enable us to keep faith with the public; and if a journey to Italy, nay, even to Central Africa, be absolutely necessary, it shall be undertaken, and the Novel shall be in our hands.

Whatever delay may occur, the fault will not be on our side. The *nom-de-plume* assumed by the Novelist is "WEEDER." All we have to say to this is, "Read, her!"

TRIUMPH OF DIPLOMACY.—To secure seats at the Prince of Wales's.



WEIGHTED.

Clerk (giving change). "HAVE YOU A PENNY, SIR?"

Swell. "HAW! 'DON'T GENEWALLY CAWWY COPPERS!"

Clerk. "THEN I'M AFRAID I MUST GIVE YOU ELEVEN OF 'EM, SIR!"

"NOW, UNMUZZLE!"

Shakespeare.

WE have put into black and white, in this number, a bark from *Toby* on the Justices' justice dealt out at Weston-super-Mare, in a case of dog-roasting. If Justice forgot both her scales and her sword in that case, it must be owned she was called upon to make an odd use of them at the Northwich Petty Sessions the other day, when the Master of the Cheshire Hounds was summoned, under the Dogs Act, 1871, for not having his hounds muzzled! Think of a pack of the best bred, best cared-for, best hunted, best whipped, and best mastered hounds in England, trotting to cover, with due escort of huntsman and whips and Master to boot, pulled up under the Act (certainly not "in that case made and provided") as "certain dogs not being under control of any person, and not muzzled with a wire muzzle!"

One has to take breath at the first reading—or should we not rather say at the first blush—of the monstrous charge, which heaps insult on injury, and both on idiotic misreading of the law!

"Certain dogs"! As well known and well credited a pack of hounds—not "dogs," Mr. Pettifogger—as there is in England!

"Not under control of any one." We wish we had the imbecile who brought the charge as well under control at Earlswood Asylum—his proper quarters—as these hounds were under the stern control of huntsman and whips—to say nothing of Master.

Fancy hounds running riot within the reach of those four thongs, or going mad, except in the mad rapture of the run, with all these paternal despots looking after them! Why, as the Counsel for the Master well said, fox-hounds were the last class of dogs for whom the provisions of the Act were meant, as being well-fed, well-lodged, and always kept under the strictest rule and governance in field and kennel.

Of course the Bench dismissed the summonses. But if the Northwich Magistrates by miracle had been as preciously rare examples of magisterial sagacity as those wise men of the West at Weston, and had held the statute applicable? *Blasé* English Gentlemen, all the

A CRY FROM THE "AGONY COLUMN,"
AND THE INTERPRETATION THEREOF.

RAVEN-SPRING.—Gladly would the Raven drink at the precious fount to allay the thirst of his troubled heart; but dark clouds have crossed his flight, and doomed him for a time to lose his way.

THE RAVEN-SPRING.—The living draught. For ever flows, through dark of night, through shine of day. Bright runs the sparkling water fresh and free. Welcome the precious drink—there drink and live.

THESE mysterious Advertisements which have lately excited public curiosity in the second column of the *Times*, have at last found their interpretation. They are evidently a shadowing forth of the inter-aquine and inter-necine struggle between Manchester and Thirlmere.

Manchester is well symbolised under the symbol of that sooty and ugly bird of prey, the Raven. It is black, and it croaks—so does Manchester. The "precious fount," the "living draught," the "sparkling water fresh and free," are as evidently Thirlmere. Gladly would the Raven drink at the precious fount, but "dark clouds have crossed his flight"—in the opposition of the Thirlmere Defence Association, and "doomed him for a time to lose his way"—by the division on the Second Reading, which sent the Bill to a Hybrid Committee. Or the dark clouds may be those that issue from the Mancunian chimneys which ought to consume their own smoke, and do not—(Look to them, Mr. MAYOR, and Sir JOSEPH)—and whose all-invading blacks give so much force and significance to the "Raven" symbol or simile.

Some have interpreted the "Raven-Spring" to mean the Irwell; which certainly merits the name by its colour. On the other hand, the "sparkling water fresh and free," which is welcomed as a precious draught, and which we are called on to "drink, and live," is palpably inapplicable to the sluggish and sable Coeytus, which is compelled to do the dirty work of the Manchester district, a pint of which not the strongest constitution could resist. "Brief life would be their portion" who should venture to quaff of Irwell. Still, that is not a reason for tapping and embanking Thirlmere.

"NOTICES OF MOTION."—Tram-car and Bicycle Bells.

World over, go a hunting that game—which seems only less hard to find than the shirt of a happy man—a sensation!

Punch offers them one—free, gratis: running a fox with a muzzled pack!

Imagine the finish—with the Master calling on the huntsmen and whips to "Unmuzzle!" and Reynard invoking the Dogs Act, and threatening to take out a summons!

A Rhyme from Rome.

THE Pope's name? *Eccè!*
Don't call him "PECKSY."
If rule you reek, he
Must not be "PECKY."
Who'd get in a mess, he
May style him "PESSÉ."
He'll not be "tetchy,"
If you say PECCI.

"What Shall he Have that Killed the Deer?"

THE hard fate of Royal favourites is proverbial. It extends to quadrupeds as well as bipeds, to judge by the following from the *Daily Telegraph*:—

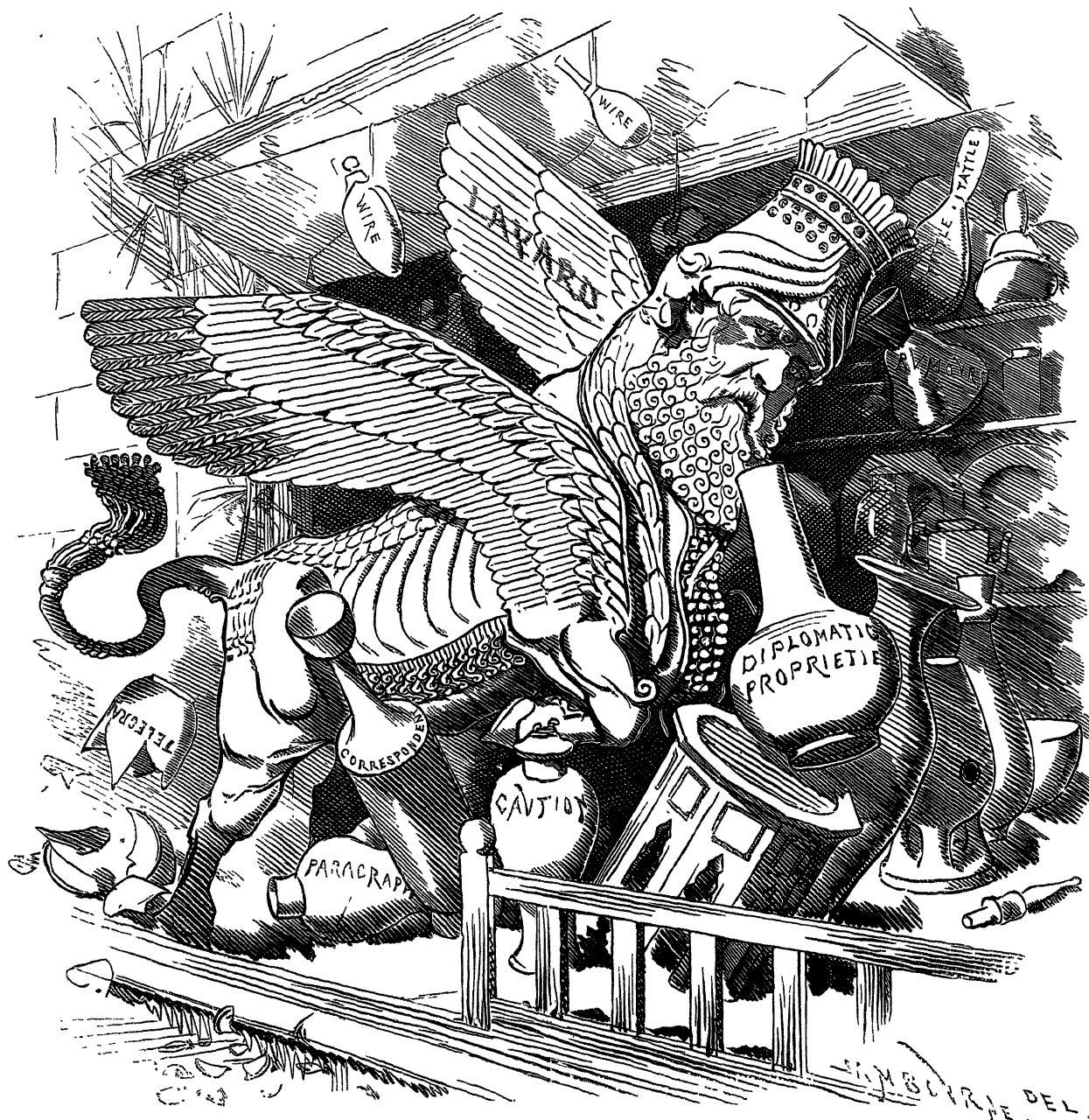
"**UXBRIDGE.**—To-day Her Majesty's Stag-hounds met Lord HARDWICKE, the Master, and a very large field, at Gerrard's Cross, five miles from here. A favourite stag was uncared, and, after running almost in a ring, it took to a sheet of water in Bulstrode Park, the seat of the Duke of SOMERSET, and was literally torn to death by the hounds."

Alas, poor favourite!

JUDICIAL COCKSHIES.

TEST strength of thing shot at by strength of the missile.
As egg is to bullet, so is MALINS to JESSELL.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THE public mind still on the tenter-hooks, and the issue of Peace or War still on the razor's edge. The Cabinet mountain in daily labour . . . and every day bringing forth its Mouse. But the Mouse is a fitter birth of the forces at work than the British Lion. Above all is to be deprecated the pretension of some of the war-organs to grind up the Mouse into a Lion, which he is not, and never can be, till the spell of a Nation's will effect the transformation. That spell has not yet been spoken, because the better sense of the Nation feels that no due warrant has yet been given for the awful word which shall let loose the dogs of war, not to be coupled again till they have fed, who shall say how full, and spread their ravin who shall say how far?

Lords (Monday, Feb. 18.)—Lord STRATHEDEN waived his perpetual motion—which he seems to find it as difficult to bring to anything as his philosophical predecessors in the same line.

To Lord GRANVILLE's "friendly lead" Lord DERBY explained that no step had been taken towards the goal of Conference, but that the hitch was not with Her Majesty's Government, who were quite ready to start. As for the Fleet, Admiral HORNBY was free to

anchor his ships where he thought best. He seems to have had something of the same difficulty about an anchorage as his Government, and to have been in some danger, like Britain, of drifting. But after trying Mudania Bay, which is too open—like the Russian diplomacy—he has found "good holding ground" ("Happy man!" Lord DERBY must have sighed) in Touzla or Touzler Bay—a name rather ominously suggestive of War-dogs at work.

The Government was then sitting on a despatch about Gallipoli, in the hope of hatching a satisfactory compromise in the course of the next forty-eight hours' sitting. Lord DERBY read a letter from Mr. LAYARD, denying that he had ever encouraged the Turks to go to war, or to continue the war, or ever promised or encouraged them to expect material aid from England. On the contrary, he has always striven for peace. "If sympathy for human suffering, a desire to uphold the interests and dignity of my country, and efforts to promote the cause of civil and religious liberty are considered offences," concludes Mr. LAYARD, "I confess to having been guilty of them."

But as nobody has accused Mr. LAYARD of these "offences," his



THE FOURSHIRE HUNT.

Squire. "WHERE ARE THE HOUNDS?"

Chorus of Rustics. "THEY BE GONE OVER THE HILL, MY LORD,"

Squire. "CONFOUND IT! THERE ARE SO MANY LORDS ABOUT HERE, THESE FELLOWS DON'T KNOW A GENTLEMAN WHEN THEY SEE HIM!"

denial is superfluous; and he should remember the excellent legal rule, "Never leap till you come to the stile." When Mr. LAYARD is accused of these things it will be time for him to deny them. In the meantime he may see in our Heading *what* he is accused of—*viz.*, playing the Nineveh Bull in the Stamboul china-shop.

The Bill for extending polling-hours at Parliamentary Elections in London was read a Second Time.

(*Commons.*)—After due deprecation of Eastern questions, and Third Reading of Six Millions Bills, the House got to 'real work on the County Government Bill. Lord EDWARD FITZMAURICE led the attack on the Bill, as neither one thing nor the other, neither frankly oligarchic nor fairly representative, but an attempt to set Local Government between the two stools, which can only come to the end of all such attempts, the ground.

Mr. WHITBREAD, Sir T. ACLAND, and Mr. GOSCHEN followed Lord EDWARD against the Bill with very hard and heavy hitting, and hardly any of those who defended the Bill, Sir C. READ at their head, were in favour of substituting the petty sessional division for the Union. That feature of the Bill appears to be doomed. Parliament ought to be sick by this time of adding to the confusion worse confounded of our local government areas. The country is already covered, like an old woman's bed, with an awfully ugly patch-work—and this Bill would add one more huge patch to the too many.

Tuesday (Lords).—Cabinet still sitting. Nothing hatched yet in a form presentable to the House.

Lord KINNAIRD's Bill for enabling Scotch Local Authorities to draw on the 'ratepayers' bawbees for Public Parks and Pleasure-grounds. "Eh, mon, how can there be ony grund for pleasure to a weel-constituted mind in givin' faecilities for the spendin' o' ailler?" But the Peers, like Pock-puddin' Southrons as they are, did not see it in that light. Mair shame for them.

(*Commons.*)—Mr. MELDON moved a Resolution for assimilating Irish to English and Scotch Borough franchise. PADDY has no vote, if his house is 'under a £4 rating. JOHN and SANDY vote as ratepayers, irrespective of rental. The House might have said as it felt, "First assimilate Irish to English and Scotch character." On the other side, it may be pleaded, as Sir W. HARCOURT and Mr. BRIGHT did plead, that one of the best roads to such assimilation

is the 'assimilation of laws wherever possible. The discussion showed the usual division of Irish Members on opposite sides. They entered into the fray in the usual Kilkenny Cat spirit of internecine hostility. In the end Mr. MELDON divided, 126 to 134; and the narrow majority against the Bill was hailed with cheers from Her Majesty's Opposition. Let the Irish Members be as reasonable in all their Bills as in this, and they will have many such divisions—divisions promising success, sooner or later, and rather sooner than later.

Mr. O'DONNELL (as Attorney-General for Grievances, good, bad, and indifferent—a sort of Parliamentary *advocatus diaboli*)—brought forward the case of a young McPHERSON, first appointed Secretary, then Deputy Secretary, to the Legislative Department of India, at twenty-seven years of age, and after nineteen months of Indian experience—a baby in both as these times go, fast in all things else, but slow in promotion and public employment. The appointment looked suspiciously like a job, but Lord G. HAMILTON showed it was not the job it looked.

Wednesday.—The centre of public interest for to-day shifted from London to Berlin, where BISMARCK broke the oracular silence of the last eight months with a speech as oracular. All we know is, that he is everybody's friend (see him in *Punch's* Cartoon in that popular character), but nobody's policeman, believes, or says he believes, that there will be a Conference, and that it will bring peace and not a sword. He doesn't care where it meets, or who presides, only if it meets in Germany it must, according to diplomatic usage, have a German head. What a contrast is the Prince's speech—with its semi-cynical calmness, its frankness that now reveals, now hides, nothing, its strength that is three-parts scorn, its avowals and its reticences, its hints, and its outspokenness—to those of our half-headed, half-hearted, Cabinet mouth-pieces, divided by differences they dare not avow, with a country behind them as divided, without the courage heartily to embrace the policy of peace or to sound the note of war, waiting on events that will not wait for them, veering about from day to day with the whiff of an angry ambassador's telegram, afraid to face the Future, afraid to break with the Past.

Parliament was busy with Mr. DOWNING MACARTHY's Waste-Lands Reclamation Bill, empowering the Board of Works to effect arterial drainage, the land thereby reclaimed to be divided into allotments,

and used for the planting out of cottiers and their gradual cultivation into peasant-proprietors. A delightful dream, if anybody believed in the possibility of it by any other machinery than that individual effort and self-control for which the Bill professes to substitute that favourite panacea of Irish and other Utopists—State Action.

Sir R. PEEL supported the Bill, and Mr. LOWTHER, who was cheered on his *début* as Secretary for Ireland, recommended the Mover to be content with directing attention to the matter, to which he promised, that which it is so easy to promise and so difficult to procure, the attention of Government.

Mr. O'DONNELL was timed out on his Irish Queen's Colleges Bill. *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*—the Queen's Colleges are like to say to any Bill of the Honourable Member for Maynooth, which they must view much as the mice might be supposed to view any Bill for their benefit brought in by a Kilkenny Cat.

Thursday (Lords).—Lord DERBY produced the Gallipoli Despatch Egg. The two Governments have, it seems, been playing a game of very complicated and nicely balanced "moves."

Let A. be the Russ force, as Policemen of Stamboul in particular, and Turkey in Europe in general; B. the British Fleet.

A. moves two squares in the teeth of B. towards Gallipoli.

B. moves up to Prinkipo.

A. stops, and agrees not to move further towards Gallipoli or Boulair—the lair of the Bull, evidently, by its name, not the lair of the Bear—or the Asiatic side of the Dardanelles.

B. stops, and agrees not to move on either side of the Dardanelles.

And so the Bull and Bear stand—Army of the Bear, Navy of the Bull, scrupulously measuring their movements one on the other—"willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,"—like two schoolboys who don't feel quite sure of each other's fighting power, and both itch to come on, but have a wholesome dread of Dr. BISMARCK, the Head Master of Dame Europa's school, in the background, who is likely to have something to say to the boy who strikes the first blow.

Lord DERBY believes the Conference will meet at Baden. He will not represent Great Britain. Let us hope she will be represented by as cool a head, with as discreet a tongue. Infinite consequences, for good or ill, may hang on the choice of her mouthpiece.

Lord BEACONSFIELD, in calm and measured words—strange to say, without any tinsel or clap-trap—moved the Six Millions Bills, which Lord GRANVILLE, for the Opposition, received as becomingly as they had been brought in. Lord GRANVILLE's main theme was the hope that the Government would not go into the Conference to minimise

the advantages the Russians sought to obtain for the Christian populations of the East.

Lord DUNRAVEN barked for the war-dogs, and Lord BURY played on the prestige pipe.

(*Commons.*)—The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER explained the moves in the little game now going on in and about the Sea of Marmora, which he—and we—hope will not be a *Krieg's-spiel*. Lord J. MANNERS said the Post Office was not going to introduce the Telephone into the General Post Office, as it would only set the clerks and clerkesses talking to each other, with heaven knows what result. Then Mr. FAWCETT tried to work a provision for securing young HODGE's schooling into the Bill Amending the Law as to dealings with children employed in factories and workshops. There can be no doubt of the desirableness of securing by law for little HODGE more in the way of learning than the British farmer, or old HODGE either, is apt to think at all necessary, but much doubt as to the opportuneness of Mr. FAWCETT's attempt to effect it by this Statute.

Mr. BARCLAY, from Aberdeen awa', bore strong testimony to the effect of Scottish schooling, in helping boys to become stout men by keeping them out of the field and on the school forms, till their frames were formed and their sinews knit, and generally in raising the moral—to say nothing of the money value, of the Scottish field-labourer.

But it is clear that the school time for little HODGE is not yet. *Patientia*, friend FAWCETT—*patienza!* The school straw is stirring—but it is as well not to kick it up too hastily, or you may make more mischief than you mend.

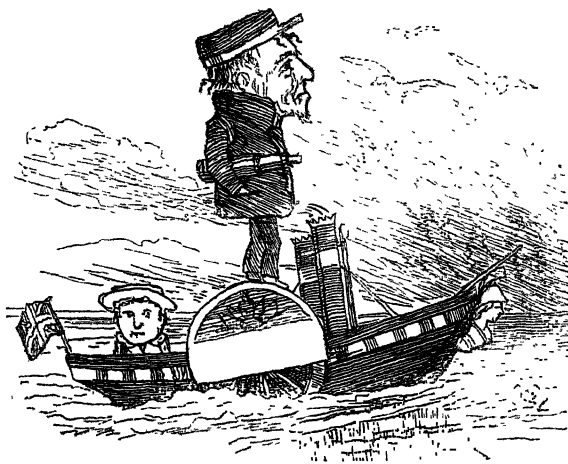
Much question whether Women needed legal protection or not, as regards hours of labour. Surely the treatment of the female toiler in the Black Country is hardly such as to bear out the assumption that the adult female is free to regulate her own work any more than she is to spend her own wages.

Friday (Lords).—Six Millions' Bills passed, and Law in Territorial Waters' Bill read a Second Time.

(*Commons.*)—The House discussed and divided (271 to 219) on Mr. TREVELYAN's Resolution for Equalising Borough and County Franchise. When the matter becomes, as it soon and certainly must become, a Parliamentary question instead of a Parliamentary talk-peg, and when his mind is not preoccupied with the all-absorbing question of Peace or War, *Punch* will give his reasons for agreeing rather with the Liberal party in supporting the Equalisation, than with the two distinguished dissenters from the party—Mr. LOWE and Mr. GOSCHEN—in opposing it.

"CANARDS AUX OLIVES."

(The very latest.)



North Pole under the guardianship of the Great Bear, and its integrity guaranteed by the signatory Powers.

Greece will claim Thessaly, Epirus, Crete, the Archipelago, half of Asia Minor, and a shilling gala-day at the Crystal Palace.

The new Russian boundary-line will start from Monaco, passing through the Great Pyramid, and down by the Valley of the Nile to Mokha, then on through Serampatam, Bangkok, Manila, and the Sandwich Islands to a point, to be hereafter settled, on the coast either of North or South America.

Constantinople will be opened as the "International Tea Gardens, Limited," under the management of an experienced Joint Stock Company, the Chairmanship of which will be offered to Mr. WYBROW ROBERTSON.

Russia will accept the mace of the late Turkish Parliament in part payment of the War indemnity. The SULTAN will retire provisionally to the Goodwin Sands.

IT is now definitively settled that the Conference will be held at Margate.

The presidency will be offered, by acclamation, to Mr. JENKINS, M.P.

Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and the whole of Norway up to a linedrawn through the Maelström and running parallel to the Arctic Ocean as far as St. Petersburg, will be incorporated in the German Empire.

Autonomy will be given to the

A PEACOCK TO THE RESCUE!

MINERS, it is well known, are among the [most enthusiastic of dog-keepers. They keep dogs chiefly to run matches, to bait badgers, to fight, to win prizes, to share the family meal, and sometimes share out the wife and bairns. It may be doubted if the whippets and bull-dogs, bull and fox-terriers, and Bedlington, of the mining dog-fancy are exactly the animals which would be likely to find a place in even OUIDA's large love of the canine species, as the loving, patient, and unselfish superiors of man. In the hard times through which the mining districts are now passing, the dog is a difficulty. Not so much in the matter of food. Where wives and bairns can live, no fear the dog will starve. We have heard of a miner's child coming to the soup-kitchen with two cans—one for mammy and brothers and sisters, and one for the dog.

But the Revenue Office is not as merciful as the soup-kitchen. It declines to waive its claim on the dog's master for the dog's licence, be wages never so low, or the strike never so long. If, however, the miner's dog finds no mercy at Somerset House, he may thank OUIDA he has found a right good friend at Hammer-smith.

The *Newcastle Journal* tells how, when the hard Excise-man at Blyth declined to grant an extension of time to defaulting dog-owners among the Northumbrian miners, and sternly told them they must pay their five shillings or get rid of their dogs, Mr. JOHN T. PEACOCK, of Hammersmith, came to the rescue, and sent a cheque for £25 to pay for one hundred licences for owners to be chosen by the Editor, accompanying the gift with a packet of OUIDA's Pamphlets on Dogs and their Masters, for distribution among the miners, and promising to do his best to raise the amount required to pay the dog-licences for all the other defaulters.

Our ancestors used to employ as a symbol of true charity, "the Pelican in her purity." We should suggest henceforth, instead, "the Peacock in his pride!"

DIPLOMACY.



I have the honour to be, Sir, &c., &c.,
(Signed) EPSOM.

II.

Letter from the British Ambassador at Czarsgrad-on-the-Danube to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

MY LORD, *Czarsgrad-on-the-Danube, Tuesday night.*

I HAVE to acknowledge your letter of yesterday's date. I beg to offer in reply the following outline of the present situation of affairs at Czarsgrad-on-the-Danube.

From the earliest times the Tartar race has been aggressive. We find that China, and Northern, Central, and South Western Asia were disturbed by these rude and ruthless savages ages ago. In my opinion, the only question is within what assignable period Africa and America will also be sacrificed to the encroaching ambition of the Despot of the North. I ask you and the whole world—shall we submit to this? Shall we look calmly on whilst BRITANNIA is reft of the most cherished of her children? Is Canada to be lost to us for ever? Are we smilingly to yield up the Cape of Good Hope? No! A thousand times, no! Then call out the Reserves, embody the Militia, and re-coal the Channel Fleet! Let our motto be "England expects every man to do his duty!" and our order of the day, "Up, Guards, and at them!"

I have the honour to be, my Lord, &c., &c.,
(Signed) A. BAYARD.

III.

Letter from Lord Epsom to the Rt. Hon. A. Bayard.

SIR, *Downing Street, Thursday Evening.*

I HAVE the honour to acknowledge your Excellency's letter of Tuesday's date. I have to request that you will be good enough to sound the Government of Czarsgrad-on-the-Danube on the subject of the termination of the present war. Should His Imperial Majesty be disposed to conclude peace on condition of receiving fifty square miles of territory, would the Government of Czarsgrad-on-the-Danube be prepared to accept these terms?

You will doubtless be able to impress upon the Government to which you are accredited the fact that His Imperial Majesty's demand is not, on the whole, in view of Her Britannic Majesty's Government, unreasonable or extravagant.

I have the honour to be, Sir, &c., &c.,
(Signed) EPSOM.

IV.

Letter from the Rt. Hon. A. Bayard to Lord Epsom.

MY LORD, *Czarsgrad-on-the-Danube, Friday Night.*

I HAVE to acknowledge your letter of yesterday's date. I am so firmly convinced that the Government to which I am accredited could not possibly accept the terms so impudently proposed by the hated despot of the aggressive North, that I think it would be an impertinence even to submit them. No, my Lord, no, it is out of the question. The Tartars are the scourges of Europe,

I.

UR Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to the British Ambassador at Czarsgrad-on-the-Danube.

Downing Street, Monday morning.

SIR, — I have to request your Excellency to furnish me with an outline of the situation at Czarsgrad-on-the-Danube, for the information of Her Majesty's Government.

As the present position of affairs is exceedingly grave, I trust that your Excellency will exercise great caution in the selection of the sources from which your intelligence is derived.

Asia—nay, the whole world! The universe rings with an international cry for vengeance. Shall we not hearken to that cry while there is yet time? Woe to us if we do not; woe, woe!

I have the honour to be, &c., &c.,
(Signed) A. BAYARD.

V.

Letter from Lord Epsom to the Rt. Hon. A. Bayard.

SIR, *Downing Street, Saturday Night.*

I HAVE the honour to repeat my request that you will carry out the directions contained in my letter of Thursday's date.

I have the honour to be, Sir, &c., &c.,
(Signed) EPSOM.

VI.

Telegram from the Right Hon. A. Bayard to Lord Epsom.

Czarsgrad-on-the-Danube, Sunday night.

CAN'T attend to your letter. Much more important matter. An Under-Secretary here has published a base fabrication about me. Said I was a partisan who conveyed wrong impressions. Have insisted upon his being hanged immediately, or must ask for my passport. Please get the British Fleet ready to bombard Czarsgrad-on-the-Danube to-morrow morning.

LA SFUMATA.

(So they call the smoke of the burnt balloting-papers, the ascent of which from a well-known chimney of the Vatican tells the outer world that a ballot has been taken without concentrating the needful majority on one of the Cardinal candidates for the Papacy.)

WHAT was to read in the smoke that stole
Faint and blue from the chimney hole,
Smoke of burnt ballot-papers that fall
From sixty Cardinals, each in his stall,
Shut like British Jurymen up,
Only better provided with bit and sup,
And fire and candle, and book and bell,
To agree on their verdict, duly and well—
Not "Guilty, or Not Guilty, how say ye?"
But who God's Vicegerent on earth shall be?

This was to read in the smoke of the papers,
By the light of the Future's prophetic tapers.
But whether that light be *Lumen de coelo*,
Or, up from t'other place, who shall reveal oh?
This was to read—As this smoke-wreath rare
Loses itself in the Roman air,
So passes the power that looks for its law
In the fumes of a handful of damp Church straw,
And thinks therewith to loose and bind
The march of Time and the might of Mind;
To mould Man's power, and purpose of Heaven,
Like dough, with a pinch of priestly leaven.

So passes a certain Archpriestly hope
Of Manning the Bark with an English Pope.
So pass the dreams of the Bilibious party,
That had vowed to HUMBERT hostility hearty,
In hopes to translate—blind hopes of man!—
Its What-I-would into Vat-I-can.
So pass their dreams that had looked to find
Another "No-no" to Noes inclined,
To Reason's urgings ready to plead
"Non possumus" that all might read
As a notice-board, set full and fair
In Progress's path, of "No thoroughfare."

In that smoke's blue—Hope's colour, they say—
I read the prayers for the Pope of to-day,
That up to heaven rise far and wide
From hearts on Tiber and dull Thames's side.
That his may be courage and wisdom and will
The voices of anger and hate to still,
To couple the sheep-dogs, now dogs of war,
And close Christ's fold-doors, now ajar:
Bid war of Church and Italy cease,
And for Judas kiss give the kiss of peace.
God grant the new Pope fulfil that prayer,
And the rest disperse in empty air!

THE NEW TURKISH MOTTO.—Grin and Bear it.



HOSPITALITY.

Maud (Daughter of the House). "THERE ARE THOSE TWO MISS TOMLINSONS—HORRID THINGS! I WONDER WHO ASKED THEM!"
Eva (ditto). "I DID. PAPA MADE ME. BUT WE NEEDN'T FIND THEM PARTNERS, YOU KNOW!"

EVERYBODY'S FRIEND, BUT NOBODY'S
POLICEMAN.

Old Lady (fortissimo). Hi! BOBBY!! Hi!!!
Constable Bismarck (stolidly). Well, what's the matter now?
Old Lady. Oh, Constable, there's going to be a row.
Constable Bismarck. Where, my good woman!
Old Lady (wildly). Gracious me! all round!
 To keep the peace they all ought to be bound.
Constable Bismarck. Wait till they break it.
Old Lady. Why, they've been and done it.
 Him in the fur cap—ALICK—Sir, begun it.
Constable Bismarck. Well, that fight's finished.
Old Lady. Is it? Why the mob is
 Jest waiting to cut in. Oh, best of Bobbies!
 Do stop 'em,—take 'em up,—run 'em all in!
Constable Bismarck. Can't do it, my good soul, till they begin.
Old Lady. But that last row?
Constable Bismarck. 'Twas in another street.
 I couldn't interfere;—'twas off my beat.
 Bless you, I am not on duty everywhere.
 This little lot is my especial care.
Old Lady. That artful ALICK's always cracking cribs;
 He's such a downy one at fakes and fibs.
Constable Bismarck. Is he? He looks a decent sort of card.
 'Tother's a reg'lar Turk!
Old Lady. It's precious hard
 No one won't take that poor dear's part!
Constable Bismarck. No fear!
 Been known to the Police this many a year.
 ALICK has let him have it rather hot,
 And serve him right—a regular bad lot.
Old Lady. But ALICK's game is gathering a mob,
 That in the general rumpus he may rob.
Constable Bismarck. Then let the Constable who spots his game
 Collar him promptly. I should do the same

If I should catch him at it in my street;
 But, for the present, Mum, he's off my beat!
[Moves on complacently. Exit Old Lady, lamenting.]

ORTHOGRAPHY AT OXFORD.

GREAT excitement has been created amongst the ranks of Spelling Reformers by the discovery that, whereas the correct synonym of a coin vernacularly termed a "copper" is, in the orthography of the "Authorised Version," spelt "penny," it is printed, in a particular portion of the Oxford Prayer-Book, "peny." Thus they say the foundation of phonetic spelling has been laid at the University of Dark Blue itself. This gives the fonetisists great hopes. The question whether "penny" ought to be spelt with one or two n's might exercise a Spelling Bee, if Spelling Bees, once so numerous, had not passed away to the limbo of extinct entomological species—like the Dodo and the Moa among ornithological.

Punch's Advice to the New Pope.

If the Papacy's war like a lion you'd wage,
 My LEO, come out of your Vatican cage,
 And with a strong paw burst your Syllabus' bars.
 Don't steer Peter's Bark 'gainst the tide of the time,
 And of odium theologicum's slime
 Cleanse—if the feat's possible—clerical jars.

A Dose for the Khedive.

MR. ROMAINÉ, C.B., Financial Controller-General in Egypt, and formerly Secretary of the Admiralty—equally distinguished for his sincerity and sagacity, his strength and clearness of head—has been telling disagreeable truths about the Egyptian Finances. Of all the punches on the head that villanous old KHEDIVÉ has had, there is none harder or heavier than this *Punch à la Romainé*.



EVERYBODY'S FRIEND!

A ROW ON THE RIVER; OR, OPPOSITE NEIGHBOURS.

SCENE—*The Thames Embankment at midnight.*INTERLOCUTORS—*The Lambeth Shot-Tower and Cleopatra's Needle.**Shot-Tower* (superciliously looking across the river down upon the newly-installed Obelisk)—

Impudent pigmy! Stuck-up parvenu!

Obelisk. Come, I like that, especially from you.

Five thousand years your elder, may I not

Return with interest that ill-aimed shot?

Shot-Tower. You're an intruder here!*Obelisk.*

You make me smile.

Your Thames is dull; I much prefer my Nile:

And for your company, tall churl, methinks

The mute companionship of a stone Sphinx

Were preferable far.

Shot-Tower.

Then why come here?

Obelisk. Best ask ERASMUS and his engineer.

'Twas by no wish of mine.

Shot-Tower.

I fail to see,

Preposterous pillar, what your use can be—

And as to ornament—

Obelisk (ironically).Ah, that's *your* line!*Shot-Tower* (with dignity). My height imposing, my proportions fine,

Dwarf the poor seventy feet of which you boast,

As Nelson's Column kills a corner post.

I hold ERASMUS WILSON and JOHN DIXON

Great geese; but why
the dickens they
should fix on

A site for their stone pet

which all might see

Brings *you* into com-

parison with ME,

Passes my comprehen-

sion.

Obelisk. Now, by Thoth,

Such cheek might make

age-patient Memnon

wroth;

And move Egyptian

granite from its calm!

Dragged from the

golden land of sand

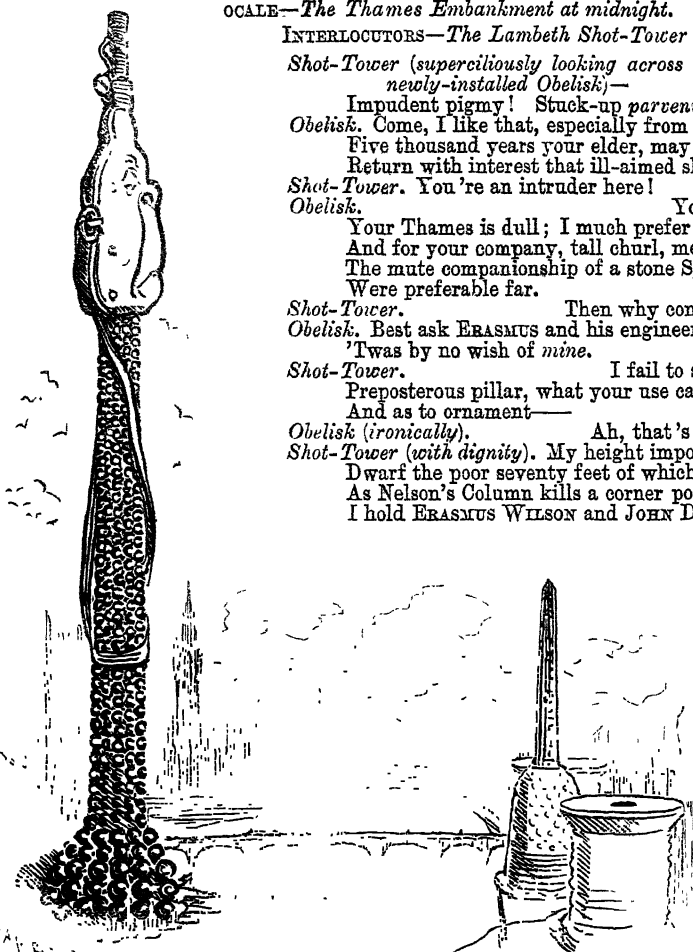
and palm

To deck the borders of

your dingy stream,

Which never knew the

Orient's rosy gleam.



Must I abide *your* insults? Hideous tower—
Fit for some British Danaë, whose shower,
To type the lumpish wooing of her land,
Should be of lead, not gold—pray understand
That Cleopatra's Needle was as loth
To leave that changeless clime of sunny sloth
For this dull land of drudgery, as the Queen,
In whose proud name I glory, would have been
To launch her galley on this inky flood!

Shot-Tower. Much-mouthing Monolith, you stir
my blood!

Could I hit out across the Thames, I'd like
One sturdy British buffet just to strike
For British Beauty's fame. But never mind,
Nemesis dogs you, though you seem stone-blind.
You brag of your five thousand years; go to!
You don't know what *our* atmosphere can do
To dirty and destroy. You 'll quickly age.

Our climate such insidious war can wage,
That, were you adamant, you soon will feel
Your colour fade, your substance split and peel.
Our London soot your hieroglyphs will choke,
Your surfaces be spoiled by rain and smoke.
Aha! you're now beneath no Orient sky.
In twenty years you'll be as black as I!

Obelisk. Malignant monster! *This* your Great
Metropolis?

Would I had never left dear Heliopolis!

Shot-Tower. You were, no doubt, much better off
at On

Than e'er you'll be in our black Babylon.

You'll see the sun no more. There—do not cry!

'Twere queer to see a Needle pipe its eye.

I'm half inclined to pity you; but those

Who brought you here were fools, and—

Obelisk (with sad misgiving). My worst foes!

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

On "*Diplomacy*" at the Prince of Wales's, and on important Dramatic Interests generally.

SIR,—That *Diplomacy* is, perhaps, the greatest success ever known even at the eminently successful Prince of Wales's theatre is by this time acknowledged by the playgoing world of London. It is, from first to last, thoroughly well played; and not even the most inveterate *laudator temporis acti* can refer back to any scene better played than that between Messrs. BANCROFT, KENDAL, and CLAYTON in the Second Act of *Diplomacy*.

If I have suddenly jumped to the Second Act, and so appeared to skip the First, it is because this particular situation is *the* situation of the piece,—is, I think I may say on very good authority, *the* situation which decided the Management to produce the comedy.

M. VICTORIN SARDOU's *Dora*, as originally given in Paris, was enough, and more than enough, to have scared away any London Manager. Its cleverness was admitted; its interest was questioned; its prosiness was unquestioned. Had M. SARDOU's *Dora* been simply translated, no matter how

excellent the translation, and placed in its integrity on the English Stage, its fate would have been irrevocably sealed before it had reached the middle of the First Act. The gentlemen who have assumed the *nom de plume* of ROWE—(why not? "The *Rowes* by any other name would write as well"—as they say at the Strand)—are to be honestly congratulated on their work, not merely as adapters, but as genuine *collaborateurs* with M. SARDOU, in this English version of his French play.

How manfully Your Representative snivelled when, towards the end of the First Act, *Dora* accepted *Julian Beauclerc's* honest offer of marriage! Your Representative has a tender heart, and he was deeply touched by Mrs. KENDAL's womanly pathos, and Mr. KENDAL's true manly delicacy. The only blot on the First Act is the prolixity of the *Marquise* about her deceased *Don Alva* and the Birmingham rifles. The "*Jeweller*" episode is good. *That* is the history of their lives told in one brief dramatic situation. But otherwise, at the beginning of *Diplomacy*, we want, to quote the immortal Ducrow, to "cut the cackle and come to the 'osses."

Mr. ARTHUR CECIL's *Baron Stein* is a gem. His bye-play, or to speak technically, his "bit of business," where he tries to detect, from the countenances of the two brothers, what, to put it slangily but expressively, "may be their little game," is delicious. The unprincipled, crafty old diplomatist, however, becomes, suddenly, too simple and unsuspecting. Perhaps the portrait is truer to nature in being thus inconsistent; and, but for his inconsistency, we should not have got so quickly at *Dora's* letter, and indeed another Act might have been required for a full development of the Baron's character.

Harry Beauclerc, bluff, sensible, honest, and hearty, is, apart from the prominence given to it by Mr. CLAYTON's capital rendering of the character, to my thinking, *the* part of the piece. Through four Acts, *Harry* gradually, but unobtrusively, works his way to the front. In the great trio scene between *Count Orloff* (Mr. BANCROFT), *Julian*, and *Harry*, the three are equal, each, as in a concerted piece for piano, violin, and violoncello, assisting by the perfect execution of his own part in the production of one harmonious whole. After this, *Count Orloff* disappears from the scene; a little more and *Baron Stein* is also dismissed, and we are made to feel that the future of *Dora* and *Julian* hangs on the energy and tact of *Harry Beauclerc*. Will he be outwitted by *Countess Ziska*? No! the Countess, like the Baron, her employer, becomes, suddenly, a simple, confiding creature, and walks coolly into Mr. *Harry's* trap, where—click!—she is caught. The piece



CASTE.

Young Lady (in Carriage). "HER NAME IS SMITH. I THINK HER HUSBAND IS IN THE ARTILLERY. I WISH YOU'D TELL HER I WISH TO SPEAK WITH HER."

Soldier's Wife. "I DON'T KNOW THE LADY, M'UM, WHICH WE'RE IN THE 'ORSE ARTILLERY, M'UM, AND WE DON'T VISIT WITH THE FIELD BATTERIES!"

was at one time to have been called *The Mousetrap*. Everyone is glad it wasn't.

Now, pardon me, Messrs. SARDOU and ROWE; but, Gentlemen, don't you feel that this sentimental goody-goodness, on the part of such a woman as you have shown her to be, is most improbable? I am aware, that, previously in the piece, you have put into her mouth hints as to what she might have been, if she hadn't been what she was. But this is an aggravation, and seems to have been interpolated for the sake of softening down the character, out of some imaginary consideration for the feelings of an English audience, or out of sympathy with an actress hitherto associated with parts of a more genial description.

Mind, I am far from saying that *Countess Zicka* was not just as bad, perhaps worse than ever, when once she got out of that dingy room, and away from those uncongenial people at the Embassy. Probably she went and dined with *Baron Stein*, or perhaps, as Mr. SUGDEN "took her up tenderly" when she was going down on the old carpet, he may, in his light-hearted way, have "taken her up" again, and given her an introduction to some of his numerous acquaintances in Paris, to whom he so ingeniously alludes at the commencement of the last Act.

When *Dora* is once and for ever rehabilitated, the audience does not want its sympathies excited for *Countess Zicka*. Let her go elsewhere: we've done with her. Let her repent, by all means, after the play is over, and the curtain down; and as it can only be by her acts that we can judge of her sincerity, let her have another play to show it in. We should, all of us, detest the *Countess* heartily up to the end, but everyone would treble their hearty applause for the *artiste*, Mrs. BANCROFT, did she turn savagely on Mr. *Harry*, did she give them all round the rough side of her tongue, and, finally, were she to go off with a bang, and leave, so to speak, a strong smell of sulphur behind her. Sulphur should have been her scent, supplied by Mephistopheles & Co.

What does she say in effect? Why, this: "Had I married *Beaulere*, I should have been a good woman, and that gushing hypocrite, *Dora*, would have gone to the bad!" That is, unques-

tionably, the *Countess Zicka's* view of *Miss Dora*. Quite possible for her to have said this, and stuck to it, ignoring her previous career. But then she should have stuck to her colours as consistently as the Authors have made *Julian* stick to his, when he refuses to forgive the woman who would have ruined his wife's character and his own happiness for life. In time he will forgive; but not now. So, in time she may repent; but not now. In time, *Zicka* may forgive *Harry* for tricking her with a lie—or, to be more polite, with "diplomacy"—but not now. No; the finish, as far as *Zicka* is concerned, is a mistake; but as far as *Julian* is concerned it is admirable—true alike to Nature and to Art.

But whom do we heartily detest throughout this piece? Why, the *Marquise*. Doesn't everyone feel that here is a character that THACKERAY would have drawn with a masterly hand? When *Dora* pities herself, is she not throughout reproaching her mother? Our sympathy is excited at first for *Dora*, and we are glad to see her married to *Julian*, not for *Julian's* sake, but because it is an excellent thing to know she will be out of the clutches of *Don Alva's* widow, and out of hearing of that story about the Brummagem rifles.

The question has been asked in some papers, Why cannot English Authors produce such an original comedy as M. SARDOU'S *Dora*?

Mr. CHARLES READE has observed on this, "that the best talent follows the best market;" and if, therefore, the best talent is not employed on the Drama, I suppose he would have us infer that the Drama is not the best market. This is true as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. English Dramatic Authors will find in the Theatres their best market, if only they have time given them for the composition of their pieces, and if the same amount of thought, labour, and care is expended upon the rehearsals, as is given to every piece, whether in one Act or six, on the Parisian Stage.

Eleven months before its production here, Mr. BANCROFT commenced his arrangements for *Dora*, and so went to work, that the first night's performance was as perfect as if it had been played for weeks.

But what chance, ordinarily, has an English Dramatic Author?



HINT TO MR. GERARD NOEL.

PUNCH'S PATENT POWERFUL ONE-HORSE DOUBLE-ACTION ELECTRO-MAGNETIC EXTRACTOR, TO REMOVE OLD NAILS, IRON SCRAPS, &c., FROM THE RECENTLY LEVELLED PORTION OF ROTTEN ROW.

A Manager calls on him for a piece. When can he have it? In a month's time? In six weeks? Well, in two months at the most? Why this hurry? Why? Because his theatre is doing so badly that he must have something new, and *he has nothing to produce*. The Author protests that the time is too short, that he has nothing ready; and thereupon the Manager directs his attention to something that is ready to hand, and that *has* already achieved a success in Paris. The *argumentum ad crumenam* comes in. It is a "spec," at best, and the result a fluke.

Supposing the piece done, and that it results in a play, which, like *Diplomacy*, is more a collaboration than a mere adaptation,—well, it is rehearsed in what, without going into details, I may call a haphazard sort of way. The Manager determines that it *must* come out at a certain date, not because it is ready for production, but because he is losing money by his present bill of fare. The Author, accustomed to this happy-go-lucky style of doing things, reluctantly consents to allow his piece to be prematurely born, and suffers agonies of nervousness on the first night. If it fails, it is the Author's reputation that suffers. *Why* it fails is known only to the initiated. The Manager suffers in his treasury, but it teaches him no lesson; he will probably call on some other Author immediately, and point to another Parisian success as being the thing to restore the fallen fortunes of his house. Another fluke for good or for evil, and so goes on this theatrical game of chance.

Now, what should the system be? It is evident. The Author, being asked for a piece, should stipulate for plenty of time for his work; then that his piece should be properly cast, and that the play should not be produced until he, the Author, should pronounce it ready to be placed before the public. Then, to return to Mr. READ'S maxim about "the best market," the terms fixed upon should be such as, in the event of a success, would be remunerative to Manager and Author in reasonable proportion; the Manager's expenses being set against the Author's labour, and the latter taking a share of the profit which his play has brought to the treasury.

Such a system as this would *deserve* success, and would, in all probability, achieve it. The result would be mutually beneficial to Manager and Author. But what Author of reputation can now find it worth his while to labour for a year on the chance of having to

keep his play in a drawer for another year, or more, while Parisian successes are being produced on the very boards that his work might have occupied?

I admit that a Manager, as a tradesman, is bound to do his best for himself, and if in Germany, in Italy, in Japan, or in China, he hears of a piece which in his opinion would fill his coffers in London, I cannot blame him for purchasing that piece and bringing it out here. I only blame him because he goes to Germany, France, Italy, Japan, &c., *before* he "looks at home."

I sincerely wish that *Diplomacy* had been an English piece, the work, exclusively, of English authorship.

Collaboration might also work advantageously in some instances. But this is a detail. Let English Dramatic Authors band together and strike against all adaptations and translations, except as *direct collaborateurs with the French Authors*, and without any "middle-man." Let the French Author, who thinks that his piece would suit an English public, deal straight and at first-hand with whomsoever he may choose for his English fellow-worker, and *vice versa*.

I am, in earnest, YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

Raleighs to the Rescue!

"Est in conspectu Tenedos,

Statio malefica carinis."—VIRGIL, *Æneid*. Lib. I.

THE *Raleigh*, Captain TRYON, C.B., has, we are informed, been aground on the coast of Tenedos for three days, notwithstanding the endeavours of her Captain to get her afloat. Out of compliment to the Emperor of RUSSIA, he proposes to apply for HER MAJESTY'S gracious permission to change his name to TRYOFF.

But Too Certain.

PELION is ablaze with war through its twenty villages! The Turks are massacring, and the Greeks defending themselves, and giving as good as they get. It will be a case not of Pelion on Ossa, but of Ossa on Pelion, when the bloody tide of battle ebbs, and leaves bare the bones and hideous wreck of war.

THE FEBRUARY FLY.

(Feb. 21.—A bright warm day. One Fly came out, and made himself most objectionable. Happy Thought—"Address to a February Fly," after BLAKE.)

LITTLE Fly, whence came you?
Little Fly, whence came you?

Go away,
Wait till May.
That's too soon,
Make it June.

Little Fly, whence came you

Little Fly, I blame you!

Little Fly, I blame you!

Why? Becuz
'Tis your buzz
Near my hair
Makes me swear,

That is why I blame you.

Little Fly, I hate you!

Little Fly, I hate you!

Now—oh dear!
On my ear!
Off he goes
To my nose!

Little Fly, I hate you!!

Little Fly, I 'dash'd' you!

Little Fly, I 'dash'd' you!

'Dash' was strong,
'Dash' was wrong,
I admit.

Ha!—A hit!

Little Fly, I've smash'd you!

(End of the Fly and the Sonnet.)

TURN HIM OUT!

WHAT would please P. M. G.,

British Lion's Provider?

Lord DERBY to see

A Derby "Outsider."



FACILIS DESCENSUS.

Owner of Race-horses. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY TELLING ME LIES, YOU LITTLE SCAMP! YOU TOLD ME YOU DIDN'T FALL OFF BUEPHALUS THIS MORNING, AND BROWN TELLS ME YOU DID; JUST AS YOU HAVE DONE REGULARLY EVERY MORNING SINCE YOU'VE BEEN HERE!"

Embryo Jockey. "O SIR, PLEASE, SIR, I DIDN'T FALL OFF THIS MORNING—I WAS CHUCKED OFF!"

DOG-ROASTING AND ITS RESULTS.

MY DEAR MASTER,

WILL you allow me to bring to your notice this paragraph from a West Country paper?—

"WESTON-SUPER-MARE.—SETTING A DOG ON FIRE.—At the Police-court on Saturday, three respectable-looking lads of South Brent, named ALFRED SLOCOMBE, WALTER JOHNSON, and JOHN WEBBER, were summoned, at the instance of Mr. O. S. ROUND, hon. secretary to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for ill-treating and torturing a dog, by setting fire to it, on January 4th. The principal evidence was SLOCOMBE's own admission, which was to the effect that on the day in question, whilst the other two held a sheep-dog, the property of Mr. DAY, he (SLOCOMBE) poured some turpentine on the dog's hinder legs and abdomen, and then set fire to it, the result being that the poor animal was dreadfully scorched. Mr. JONES having addressed the Bench for the defence, the Magistrates said they were inclined to take a more lenient view of the offence in consequence of SLOCOMBE's confession, and a fine of 40s. and costs would be imposed on him, whilst the other defendants would be discharged with a caution."

Please, Master, what does Archdeacon DENTON, who, I believe, is Rector of South Brent, think of this piece of brutal cruelty, and the Magistrates' way of dealing with it? In our parts the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals prosecutes the Brewers' and Vintners' Company for nicking the Company's mark on their Swans' beaks. In the West, the Society's Secretary seems better employed in pulling up barbarous young ruffians like these, from whom HOGARTH might have taken a new hint for his "*Progress of Cruelty*." TOM NERO never imagined anything half as horrible.

Now, Swans are stately birds, but nix is nothing, and Swan-upping inflicts no appreciable pain. But dogs are the friends of man—at least I am your friend, my dear Master; and all the dogs I know would be very sad dogs if they did not feel they had friends in their masters and their masters' servants and children.

But here the torture of one of these humble friends—a sheep-dog

too, one of the most useful, inoffensive, hardest-working, and hardest-living of our family—is treated as a matter for a forty-shilling fine of the young brute who poured and lighted the turpentine with which the poor dog was roasted alive, and for the discharge with a caution, of two, quite as brutal, aiders and abettors, who held the poor animal while the torture was inflicted.

Dear Master, there is a loud clamour against Vivisection, but, at least, when the Doctors inflict pain on us it is to gain knowledge that may be used to relieve the pains of our masters. On the dissecting-table and in the laboratory dogs suffer for men. That is part of our pride and all of your justification. But here! I am glad that the Magistrates are anonymous in the paragraph I have seen, so I can't "name names"—as the SPEAKER threatens to do in very bad cases—and hold them up, personally, to the disgust of a non-admiring world. But in the hope you will put my bark into your paper, and that both the act and the magisterial treatment of it, in their respective weights and measures, may awaken the indignation which they deserve.

I am, dear Master, always yours faithfully,

TOBY.

"Sich a Gettin' Downstairs."

GOLD, JOHN BULL'S Sovereign, is beaten holler
By Silver, UNCLE SAM'S "Almighty Dollar."
Creditors' dues now Debtor-does acquit, too,
And pay SAM's Gold Bill with BLAND'S Silver ditto.
If debts still grow, to ease o'er-burthened mean backs,
What will SAM have recourse to? Waal, guess Greenbacks!
If does still rule, and dues still grow—in paper—
How will SAM pay them off?—Waal, with a taper.

BISMARCK'S BEATITUDE.—*Beati possidentes.*

THE NEW POPE'S FIRST DAY.

He performed all the customary observances necessary to complete his election—told the great bell of St. Peter's, counted over all the Peter's pence in his predecessor's strong box, kissed all the Cardinals, Monsignors, Chamberlains, and other great functionaries on the right cheek, and was kissed by them on the left, gave audiences to his jeweller, hatter, and shoemaker, ordered several rings and rosaries, hats, *birette* and *zucchette* of various colours and patterns, and a dozen pairs of slippers for ordinary masses and State occasions.

He sent for his chiropodist, as he felt symptoms of a bunion on the foot which he knew he should have to present to the lips of the faithful.

He despatched telegrams to Carpineto (his native town) and Perugia (his Archiepiscopal See).

He wrote to all his relations, and named an early day for a family gathering at the Vatican.

He went into his bedroom, locked the door, and tried on the triple crown before a large looking-glass.

He took a large sheet of paper, and signed his new name several times, to see how it looked.

He composed some verses on his election.

He hired a coachman.

He thought a great deal about ANTONELLI.

He resolved to contribute to the Paris Exhibition.

He ordered some note-paper and envelopes with his new address and monogram.

He went into his library, and walked round and round the room smoking a cigarette, and meditating his first Encyclical.

He wrote a charming little note to the Quirinal, begging the King and Queen to fix their own day for a dinner with him *en famille*.

He looked through the lives of all the other LEOS, and determined what to do and what to avoid.

He enjoyed his dinner, and took just one glass of wine more than usual.

He went to bed, but could not go to sleep, for thinking of the penalties of greatness—the speeches he should have to deliver, the deputations he would have to receive, the allocutions, bulls, and encyclicals he would have to compose, the sittings he would have to give to painters, photographers, and sculptors, the number of times he should have to offer his foot to be kissed, and—but here he fell asleep, and dreamed of another of his penalties, the "Irreconcilables."



DISGUSTING FAMILIARITY.

Testy Old Gent (at his Club). "CONF— WHY THE DICKINS DON'T YOU WIPE THE BOTTOM OF THE GLASS BEFORE YOU BRING IT UP? JUST GET A CLOTH, AND WIPE—"

Waggish Waiter. "I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND YOU TO ORDER DRY SHERRY, SIR!"
[General titter. Old Gent rushes off, and writes to the Committee.]

SOMEBODY'S BUSINESS.

FROM the report of the inquest on Mr. BARON, the oyster-dealer, who was killed by the fall of a house in the Haymarket, which came down on the collapse of a huge pile in the course of re-construction at the corner of Pantion Street—like a small tradesman who goes down in the wake of a big bankrupt—we extract the following noteworthy passages, from the evidence of a builder's foreman, formerly employed on the carcase of the house, not Mr. BARON'S:—

"The Coroner—During your foremanship did anything strike you as dangerous?—Well, I thought it rather funny that they should leave the old wall, and build on the top of it.

"What do mean by 'funny'?—The state of the brickwork. It was like a piece of sponge.

"What part of the wall was like a piece of sponge?—The whole of it.

"What did you do about that?—I merely spoke to Mr. CALLUM, the clerk of the works. I said, 'It looks curious to me to leave the old wall standing, and build on the top of it.'

"How much of the old wall remained?—About 22 feet.

"And what was the height of the wall upon it?—At the first commencement, about 25 feet. The whole height of the new wall on the top of the old one was 46 feet 6 inches.

"What was the thickness of that new wall?—Fourteen inches.

"Did anything go at the top of the new wall?—Nothing at all.

"What did it carry?—It carried the floors of the building. It had to carry the weight of both floors on both sides of the house.

"How were those three floors supported?—There were wrought-iron columns and plates.

"Is there anything else that struck you besides the bad state of the old wall?—It looked very funny to see the building standing on stilts.

"What do you mean by that?—Why, standing column on column.

"Can you account for the falling of the house at all?—The only thing I can say is, that if there had been a new wall throughout, instead of building on the old one, the building would have been there now."

A GROAN FROM THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THEY write about the "Higher Employment of Women." Why doesn't somebody, who wants a grievance to get rid of, raise a voice for the "Higher Payment of Men"—of one unhappy and unfriended class of men in particular, the Assistant Masters, or, as they used to be called, "Ushers," i.e., "door-keepers," of private Middle-Class schools? While they were door-keepers their salary might be sufficient for their *status*. But now-a-days these *quondam* "door-keepers" are expected to be dormitory-keepers at night, policemen in play-hours, scholars and teachers in school, and gentlemen at all times. The average salary offered is £40 per annum, for a round of duties not unfairly stated in the following actual list of Head-Master's requirements forwarded to a leading agent for this still legal form of the slave-trade:—

Duties.

1. To sit in school-room and keep order after school-hours.
2. To see the boys to bed.
3. To keep watch all night, and maintain order in bed-rooms.
4. To see the boys up in the morning.
5. To be constantly with the boys, and keep order.
6. To teach in school-hours, under direction of Head-Master, usual English subjects, with Latin, including CÆSAR, and Greek, including XENOPHON.

N.B.—He must be a Gentleman, and experienced in teaching.

I know Governesses have a good deal to put up with, for very poor pay, sometimes. But mine is the case of a large class of educated young men, whose work is not over-stated in this schedule, and who are expected, like the Vicar of GOLDSMITH'S *Deserted Village*, to consider themselves "passing rich with forty pounds a year."

Think of a Butler's or even a Curate's position and pay in comparison with ours, to say nothing of Housekeepers or Lady-helps. Of course I do not venture even to suggest comparison with a skilled Artisan, who has, further, the resource of striking, which, as we have no Union, is forbidden to

Yours respectfully,

A SCHOOL SLAVEY.

ALL THE DIFFERENCE. — England anchors before Constantinople, Russia hankers after it.

Evidently, notions of fun differ. May not Mr. BARON'S family say of this facetious foreman, "What was fun to you was death to us"?

Not that we are to accept implicitly this facetious skilled artisan's rationale of the collapse. The iron columns seem to have been at least as "funny" as the old sponge of a wall. A party-wall had been cut away. In fact when we seek for a reason why the building fell, it is an *embarras des richesses*. There are so many reasons. The architect, Mr. WIMBLE, who ascribes the collapse to the party-wall and the extra weight thrown on a cast-iron centre-column which broke into four pieces, says of these precious supports:—

"The detailed drawings referred to in the specification showed that the columns were to be eight inches in diameter and that the metal was to be 1½ inch thick. I have since examined the columns, and found that the metal was only half an inch thick in some parts, and in others not quite so much, and there was a corresponding thickness on the other side. Outside the columns there were flaws. Holes had been plugged and coated with something to give an appearance of iron. There were sixteen columns in the building, and the centre column was the worst of the lot."

But how comes it that nobody finds these things out till the building comes to the ground? We presume it is not the Architect's business to see that specifications are complied with. But isn't it *somebody's* business? The District Surveyor says the Act gives him no power to inspect iron-work. One reflection remains deeply impressed upon us by the whole inquiry. What an eminently useful Act is the Metropolitan Building Act, and what a pre-eminently useful set of officials are the Surveyors under it!

Declaration of War.

(By Our Newspaper Belligerents.)

We don't want to fight,
 But, by jingo, if you do,
 We've got the ink, we've got the pens,
 And we've got the papers too!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MOTHER "SCARE"Y'S CHICKEN.

MONDAY, Feb. 25 (*Lords*).—Lord EMLY referred to outrages on Greeks in Thessaly by Turkish irregulars, Circassians, and Bashi-Bazouks. Lord DERBY said that the English Government had promised to use all its influence to put a stop to these atrocities, which, seeing that the British influence at Constantinople just now is, not unnaturally, not only *nil*, but of *minus* quantity, must be eminently satisfactory to the Thessalians.

Their Lordships then resolved themselves into a House of Riddles, and Lord MANNERS led off by asking Lord BEACONSFIELD, as Sphinx Major, "What is the difference between a Conference and a Congress?" Lord BEACONSFIELD was obliged to give it up, and, as nobody seemed ready with a solution, the game was given up, with a general sense of dissatisfaction that the Sphinx, who is so great at setting riddles, should be so bad at solving them.

Lord STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL got his perpetual Motion made at last. He called attention to the Treaties of 1856 and 1871, but though he called attention—like spirits from the vasty deep, it

did not come. Lord DERBY pooh-poohed Motion and mover, and recalled the House from Treaties that war has torn to pieces, if diplomacy had not first ignored them, to the accomplished facts which Lord DUNRAVEN and Lord DORCHESTER, and the party he speaks for, will not accept. Lord HOUGHTON and Lord BURY, though less openly advocating the solution of the sword, showed themselves equally incapable of appreciating the actualities and inevitabilities of the time, however unwelcome. In the end Lord STRATHEDEN and his Motion were snuffed out by the Previous Question.

(*Commons*).—Sir STAFFORD declined to answer problematical questions as to terms of peace, about which the Government knew nothing officially and positively. All we *know* is that the Grand Duke NICHOLAS is at San Stefano, ten miles from Constantinople; that Baden-Baden will be the place of Conference of the Congress at which the Diplomates of Europe will be invited to make their game while the ball is rolling, till the *Rien ne va plus* of the stiffest will and the strongest hand stops the putting down of stakes; and



STABLE MANAGEMENT.

(A discussion on Litter.)

Nimrod One. "BUT HORSES LOOK SO WRETCHED ON SAWDUST, PARTICULARLY IN WINTER."
Nimrod Two. "WELL, I KEEP THIS HORSE ON IT ALL THE YEAR ROUND, AND HE DOES AS WELL AGAIN."
Nimrod Three. "SAWDUST! DIDN'T KNOW THEY'D EAT IT! IT MUST COME CHEAP!"

that the representative of the British Lion will be Lord LYONS—most appropriate of mouthpieces for the Leonine family; and *Punch* takes the liberty of adding, that he will appear in his teeth and claws.

Lord G. HAMILTON announced the agreeable intelligence from India, that our expeditionary force has whacked the Jowakis, and that Lord LYTON, as the representative of JOHN BULL in India, may henceforth take unto himself the title of "the Jowhacker," like the Ram, Jam, Ram-jam, &c., &c., of Indian rule.

The Eddyston Lighthouse is undermined. Ominous of the fall of British Empire, according to our pessimist prophets of evil, now so loud and numerous. The Trinity House, wise in time, are laying the foundations of another lighthouse on a rock forty yards off the site of the old one. Where is the rock for our new foundation-stone?

House in Committee on Factories and Workshops Bill. It seems that in factories where women and young children are employed, the women are forbidden to eat their meals in the factory. Thus, when too far off to get home in the dinner-hour, they are driven to the street, the open yard, or the public-house. Mr. FAWCETT tried to remove the prohibition, which seems hard. Mr. CROSS said there were reasons of inspection against altering the law. The question of inspecting Convents being raised on the clause exempting them from the visitation of inspectors under the Act, Mr. NEWDEGATE made a gallant attempt to ride his hobby through the clause, but in vain.

Tuesday (Lords).—Earl DELAWARE tried to pump Lord DERBY about the Terms of Peace. Lord DERBY not knowing could not say more than that it was clear many of the alleged conditions were canards of the most colossal description, set flying to irritate and mislead English and European opinion against the Russians.

(*Commons.*)—SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE thought it probable that peace might be signed that day, but nothing was yet known on the subject.

Mr. HARDY told Sir H. HAVELOCK that the First Army Corps

was equipped with means of transport, ambulance, and ammunition trains, and he hoped soon to be able to say as much of the Second.

Think of England able to move two! Army Corps at once! Why Germany cannot move more than twenty, in not more than half the time it will take us to move two! *Punch* feels inclined to shout with *Dominie Sampson*, Pro-di-gious!

Mr. HUBBARD moved a Resolution that Government would make the Income Tax Act easier by distributing its burden more fairly. Government declined the attempt, though quite concurring in the expediency of making the tax sit as equally as possible. After a talk, showing that on the question there are almost as many minds as men in the House, old Mother HUBBARD had to retire from her cupboard, discomfited in the attempt to get her bull-dog that bone of contention—an equitable Income Tax.

Mr. GOLDNEY was Counted Out in an attempt to take the House with him into the Heralds' College. Alas! the days are gone when Garter and Norroy, Rouge Dragon and Rouge Croix, Norfolk and Portcullis, and their sayings and doings, chargings and blazonings, searches and visitations, could interest any human beings beyond the narrow circle of genealogical antiquaries and county historians.

Wednesday (Commons).—Mr. KNATCHBULL-HUGHESSEN moved Second Reading of his Bill miscalled a Bill for Legalising Certain Colonial Marriages, but really for allowing the children of colonial marriages with deceased wives' sisters—when such marriages have been legalised by colonial laws, approved by the QUEEN in Council—to inherit landed estates in Great Britain as legitimate children, which by English law they are not.

Of course this was, and was admitted to be, a first step in the direction of introducing the Deceased Wife's Sister within the pale of English matrimonial law. It was, therefore, fiercely denounced, but carried nevertheless by 182 to 161. As this is not one-half the last Commons' majority for the Bill, its rejection in the Lords is certain.

The real dragon in the path of the Deceased Wife's Sister, who

wants to be the Deceased Wife's Successor, is the British Peer. The Commoner would politely bow her out of the table of prohibited degrees within the altar-rails.

Thursday (Lords).—Lord DORCHESTER gave tongue to the indignation of the War-at-any-price Party—it is quite as fair to apply that name to those who are clamouring against Lord DERBY's pacific influence in the Cabinet as it is to call those who oppose this faction, the "Peace-at-any-price" Party. His pretext was a question where the Turkish Ironclads were just now.

Lord DERBY parried the attack and put aside the question. He knew where the fleet was, but declined to say—because it was not our business to answer as to the movements of foreign fleets, and next, because if, instead of peace being signed, war should be renewed, the friends of the Turk would have little reason to be obliged to him for revealing the whereabouts of the Turkish Ironclads.

(Commons.)—Sir D. WOLFF gave notice of his intention of submitting Lord STRATHEDEN's perpetual Motion to the House to-morrow. Captain BEDFORD PIM received a livelier answer to an asinine question than it deserved. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, in answer to Lord HARTINGTON, said that Lord NAPIER and Sir GARNET WOLSELEY had not been appointed, but selected, for command of expeditionary forces, if such forces had to be despatched. Great virtue in an "if." The questions of the night disposed of, the House went into Committee work on the Factories and Workshops' Bill, and, progress thereon reported, listened to Mr. LOWTHER's exposition of an Irish Grand Juries' Bill, which, as a Government measure, is of course denounced by the Home-Rulers as a mockery, a delusion, and a snare.

Friday (Lords).—Lord DERBY hoped that peace would be signed to-morrow. One thinks of the Immortal's—

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow
Creeps on this petty pace from day to day,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools,
And hopes, to dusty death"—

He had heard, "from various sources, as to the accuracy of which he hoped there could be no doubt,"—odd that there should not be ground for something more than "hope" in such a case—"that the demand for the cession of the Turkish Ironclads had been withdrawn."

Hang that Lord DERBY, he's always whittling away our war-sticks—as if any stick wasn't good enough to beat a Russian—to nothing!

(Commons.)—Great cry of WOLFF (Sir H. D.) over the spilt milk of the Treaties of 1856 and 1871.

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE comforted him; no arrangement will be valid without formal recognition of the signatories of these Treaties. The wonder will be if they can recognise them, after the Dogs of War have had their will of the precious parchments!

Mr. HIBBERT asked for a Select Committee on the Election of Boards of Guardians. Mr. SCLATER-BOOTH promised him the fashionable settling machine of the day—a Conference. Mr. CARTWRIGHT (Wine Carte-right henceforth) tried in vain to get a Select Committee to inquire into the Wine Duties. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE admitted our Wine Carte wanted overhauling, but didn't see why Government should not do it without a Committee, nor does *Punch*. Only he wishes they would set about it, and see if it can't improve our Spanish relations. They want improvement sadly. Then to work on Factories and Workshops.

City Legges.

At the Mansion-House dinner given last week to the money-magnates of the City, the LORD MAYOR, in proposing the toast of "Lords and Commons," and coupling the former with LORD DARTMOUTH, observed, incidentally:—

"LORD DARTMOUTH's ancestor, THOMAS LEGGE, was Mayor of London in 1541, and was the first to whom the Crown had granted the title of 'Lord' Mayor."

Evidently then in this case the Crown gave the City a Legge up. It was not setting "a beggar on horseback." "*Necessitas non habet Legges*," and has not had since they rose from the Mayoralty to the Peerage.

Females and Feesicians.

THE *Lancet* understands that Sir W. JENNER has sent in his resignation as a member of the British Medical Association, on account of the share Women are allowed to take in its proceedings, but will postpone his actual retirement until the Council has deliberated as to the course of action it may see fit to take. What can the Council do to please Sir W. JENNER? Only turn the young Women out of their Society? The British Medical Association will always contain a certain number of irremovable old Women.

'ARRY TO THE FRONT!

(Being an epistle from that popular and pugnacious Patriot to his Chum CHARLIE, still imprisoned in rural parts.)



DEAR CHARLIE,
STILL doing the rural?
You're quite out of
luck, my dear boy.
We're going it proper in
town, in a style as I know
you'd enjoy.
Public meetings and patriot
patter, old pal, is our last
little lay;
Which, I tell you, it's nuts
and no error, and keeps up
the game of the day.

The brave British Lion, at
last, has just set up his
back—and quite right!
Old Beakey's a brick, and
means pepper,—there's
hopes it'll end in a fight.
That Bear is in want of a
basting; we're piling our
powder and shot;
He is in for a larrup, that's
clear, and I 'ope we shall
give it 'im 'ot.

But, CHARLIE, old chip, there's a Party, a nasty, mean, snivelling
gang,

Led on by that gassy old GLADSTONE—a traitor they'll yet have to
'ang—

As goes in a mucker for Rooshia; but, bless yer, they hain't 'arf a
chance

Us patriots lately, my pippin, have led 'em the devil's own dance.

Steam's hup, and we go it like blazes. O, CHARLIE, the lummiest
larks!

Sech sweet little mobs at their meetings, sech out-and-rut shines in
the Parks!

The traitors are great on the gab, but the tongue ain't no match for
the stick,

And a spouter turns off at the main when his tater-trap's bunged
with a brick.

This patriot caper is proper! The Nobs, as a general rule,
Are down on us Commoners' gammocks like ginger and gooseberry

fool;
But, bless yer, just bellow for Beakey, or howl down the Gladstonite
crew,

And it's all "public spirit," I tell yer, and go it, my boy, till all's
blue.

And go it we does, I assure you; which, CHARLIE, yer see, *here's*
the jam,

The Swells as was used to pooh-pooh us, now follers our lead like
a lamb.

Your stuckuppy 'Orspital Sawbones, your pieter-card, big City sort,
Jines in with our jinks like JEMMER, and seems to be nuts on the
sport.

They can't call us Cads any longer, my pippin, with any good grace.
You should see 'em go in for a hustle, or howl till they're black in
the face.

Wy, I twigg'd a stout Stock-Exchange party, bare-headed and
smothered in dust,

A-singing "*We don't want to fight*" till I thought the old bloke
would a' bust.

They was down on the Music-Halls once, called 'em caddish and
vulgar and low,

But they've took a leaf out of our book, and our War songs is now
all the go.

No wonder; we're birds of a feather, our notions percisely agree,
And the Great BOUNCE's row-de-dow chants hits off both our hidears
to a t.

Yes, Patriotism's the lay, boys. I ain't 'ad sech fun for an age.
Jest toddle your trots up to town, and we'll find you some sport, I'll
engage.

It cuts me to think you aren't here, so snuff it, old pal, and don't
tarry,

I'm off to a Great Demonstration. Ta-ta!

Yours tolboobishly, 'ARRY.

BUSINESS FOR THE BENCH.

(From an Inns of Court Minute of the future.)



IN the first day of Term a Pension was held in the Inner Lincoln-Green Temple Hall, for the dispatch of business. A large number of Benchers were present. The Treasurer presided, and the Steward was in attendance.

Mr. CROPPER, Q.C., in a long and eloquent speech, complained of the Hall-dinners. The soup was constantly sent up lukewarm. Over and over again there had been no dressed fish, and the *entrées* were frequently not only badly selected but over-seasoned. The learned Gentleman concluded his address by asserting that the very existence of the Inns of Court depended upon the Benchers doing their duty. That duty was to guard the digestion of every Benchers, Barrister, and Student who entered their classic Hall for dinner.

Mr. BUTTERBY, Q.C., could not agree with the last speaker. In his opinion the Cook performed his duty nobly. He had the pleasantest recollections of some of the dinners of last Term. He could honestly declare that it gave him the greatest possible satisfaction to take a glass of wine with the Cook before the saying of the second grace. He considered that time-honoured ceremony a most delightful institution. He insisted that the Cook deserved rather a vote of thanks than a vote of censure. He suspected that Mr. CROPPER could never have tasted the Cook's cheese *soufflé*.

Mr. CROPPER declared that he *had* tasted the dish in question. With much warmth he described the so-called *soufflé* as merely an omelet, or—might he say—pancake, without the graceful accompaniments of powdered sugar and lemon.

This last assertion caused so profound a sensation that the Treasurer considered it necessary to interpose. He said that Mr. CROPPER had made a very serious accusation. He was sure, on consideration, that the learned Gentleman would be prepared to withdraw it.

Mr. CROPPER, however, preserved silence; and, after a painful pause, a Benchers moved that the *menu* of the last dinner should be read by the Steward.

The motion having been carried, the Steward obeyed the instruction. Great exception was then taken to three white *entrées* following one another in succession.

After some further discussion it was agreed that the Cook should be admonished by the Steward to take greater care in the preparation of a bill of fare.

Mr. MACSTINGEY, Q.C., next proposed that all the Bench chambers in New Square should be abated three-and-sixpence a quarter. The Benchers had a moral right to this indulgence.

After a long and angry discussion (in which personalities were freely introduced), the Resolution was withdrawn.

Mr. QUILLET, Q.C., then proceeded to read his Motion for allowing the Beadle to wear a cocked-hat in Hall.

The Treasurer again interposed. He said that, considering the importance of the subject, it was most desirable that the Pension in which it was brought forward should be as fully attended as possible. On the present occasion he was sorry to say that only three-fourths of the Benchers had put in an appearance. Would Mr. QUILLET consent to a postponement?

Mr. QUILLET readily admitted that, in a matter of so much importance as an alteration in the ancient customs of the Inns of Court, all the Benchers, if possible, should be present. He shrank from the responsibility of supporting his Motion in the face of so small a Meeting. Under the circumstances, therefore, he readily adopted the Treasurer's suggestion. He begged that his Motion might stand over.

The Steward having reported that no further business appeared on the Agenda paper, the Benchers (after an exceptionally important Pension) brought the proceedings to a conclusion by going into Hall to dinner.

PRACTICAL DEFINITION (By a Cynical Looker-on).—Diplomacy and Treaties—shifts and makeshifts.

"WHERE'S IT TO STOP?"

"Rattle his bones over the stones,
He's only a Pauper whom nobody owns."

So sang TOM HOOD in his "*Pauper's Funeral*." But he omitted to count among pauper funeral dishonours the chance that it might be the wrong bones that were thus cheerfully rattled to the grave. There is, or was a few weeks ago, this prospect to be added to the other terrors of death—supposing that death has any terrors for the pauper—for those dying in the Union House of London-by-the-Sea.

The Master of that well-regulated establishment in his report the other day to the Board of Guardians, entered—

"I regret to have to report a mistake which has occurred during this week by the burial of THOMAS GUILDFORD instead of another inmate, who, having no friends, was not identified, as is usually done. The practice of writing the names on the coffins only with chalk makes it sometimes very difficult for persons really to know that they do follow their own relatives. If permitted to spend sixpence for each coffin the name and age could be properly painted upon each coffin-lid."

"Chalk-mixture" has hitherto been a favourite physic for living paupers, but this kind of "Chalk-mixture" may hardly be considered the correct thing for dead ones. Still, sixpence a coffin for the name and age of the pauper occupant is a serious outlay! Is it certain that the Local Government Board will approve of it? Mr. BUMBLE may well doubt whether the personal identity of a "vicious porper," dead, isn't dear at the price. After he has cost so much of the ratepayers' money living, has the Board any right to ask an extra sixpence for his admission to the Diet of Worms?

The old Etruscans used to put an *es rude*—a lump of uncoined bronze—in the hands of the coffined dead, as a fee to Charon. The Romans borrowed the practice of them, and deposited an *obolus* in the fist of the *corpus*. But would they have done this for the *corpus vile* of a pauper? Roman paupers would, doubtless, be "contracted for," and ferried over Styx in a second-class boat, with a great reduction for taking a quantity. Mr. Councillor BOOTH evidently does not agree with BUMBLE that the line at which consideration for personal identity should be drawn falls short of Paupers, for he moved that the sixpence should be expended to paint the paupers' name "in a distinct manner." BUMBLE may well shake his head, and ask if distinction is not ill-bestowed on these vicious and unproductive consumers of the ratepayers' money.

"Death levels all, with a vengeance," he writes to us, "if porpers in their coffins is to be identified like respectable ratepayers. But it's all of a piece. Beer, with extra indulgences, to the old men and women when they're alive, and now coffins, with their names painted on 'em, when they're dead. They'll be wanting German-silver coffin-plates next, and plumes, mutes, black 'osses, and the other profanalia of a first-class funeral! Eap o' nonsense! But that's always the way with them porpers! Give them their hinch, and they'll take their hell, alive or dead, that you may rely on!"

An Absent Comma.

THE placards which were lately posted in London, announcing a "Working Men's Demonstration in favour of Peace in Hyde Park," must have raised hopes in the minds of many quiet and well-disposed persons that an effort was at last about to be made to prevent the Park from being any longer the scene of riotous and disorderly proceedings. If so, what occurred there on Sunday, the 24th of February, must have effectually dispelled all such expectations, for certainly on that day "peace in Hyde Park" was about the very last thing which seemed to be thought of by those who assembled within its boundaries.

Hellas's Anti-Russian Oath.

"'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more"—BYRON.

HELLAS hath sworn, from shore to shore,

Hellas hath sworn, from sea to sea,

"Greece" may be "living Greece no more,
But Bear's Grease she will never be."

Prove your Negative.

Who will dare, henceforth, to stand up for what used to be considered an axiom of Logic, that there is no proving a negative? Not the Metropolitan Police evidently, after Superintendent THOMPSON's daring *dictum*, at the examination of the Rev. Gentleman who fired a pistol the other day at the Master of the Rolls:—

"MR. FLOWERS—Is there any evidence of a bullet being found?
Superintendent THOMPSON.—There is evidence of the bullet not being found. (Laughter.)"



THE PET YOUNG BACHELOR PARSON.

SCENE—A Suburban Evening Party. TIME—10.30 P.M.
Hostess (to little rustic Maid, who has opened the drawing-room door, and is staring vacantly round). "WHAT IS IT, SARAH?"
 SARAH. "OH, NOTHING, MA'AM. IT'S ONLY MISS WALKER'S MAID, AND THE FOOTMAN FOR MISS TOMPKINS, AND THE CARRIAGE FOR THE MISS CLARKSONS. BUT THEY WAS NONE OF THEM TO WAIT, AS THE REV. MR. SAINTLEY'S HERE!"

A PURSE TO BE FILLED.

ALL who have ever had occasion to transact business with that politest, kindest, and most attentive of *entrepreneurs*

and box-office agents, Mr. MITCHELL, must have been often indebted to the courteous services of his not less kindly, polite, and attentive Lieutenant, Mr. CHAPMAN. *Punch* grieves to hear that a stroke of paralysis has deprived Mr. CHAPMAN of the use of his limbs and the power of speech. Some of his

friends have combined, in this hour of sore affliction, to present him with a substantial tribute of regard, in the shape of a testimonial purse, for which subscriptions may be sent to 33, Bond Street. *Punch* will only add *his dat qua citò dat*, and the more—givers and given—the better.



“BEATI POSSIDENTES!!”

(BISMARCK, *after* HORACE and HEINNECCIUS.)

OUR NEW NOVEL,
ENTITLED
STRAPMORE!

A ROMANCE

BY

WEEDER.

Author of *Folly and Farini*, *Under Two Rags*, *Arryadn'ty*, *Chuck*, *Two Little Wooden Jews*, *Nicotine*, *A Horse with Glanders*, *In Somers Town*, *Shamdross*, &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.—In Harness.



"Y Jove, those look spicy!" exclaimed MATT TOCK, the factotum and valet of the Honourable PINTO PEEZE, of the First White Guards, as with real artistic finish he wound the whipcord tightly round each of his master's tops; tops that were the pride and envy of every noble sportsman who saw them going round the spinney. For MATT TOCK's master had special boots for every kind of sport; and while he kept his hunting-tops for covert side, he would, for a shooting-party, and to go through a turnip covert, put on his turnip-tops. MATT TOCK knew thoroughly the work he had to do for the Honourable PINTO PEEZE, and it was with some confidence that he uttered these words to the Stud

Groom of the Chambers (for PINTO lived in Chambers), whose duty was to look after his master's buttons.

A Guardsman's chambers are always rather more luxurious than the boudoir of a Duchess.

The Honourable PINTO PEEZE was one of the cracks of his Regiment, and every woman in London had sent him something wherewith to ornament his rooms.

His dressing-table was littered with Bohemian glass, presented by Bohemian girls, who had dreamt of dwelling in marble halls, but had never arrived at the realisation of their dreams. A hundred silver cases of perfumery were standing about, the gifts of a hundred different admirers. Negligently thrown on one side, were gold dressing-cases, enamelled razors, jewelled strops, and bootjacks studded with diamonds. Two blue retrievers, of a rare and priceless

To the distinguished Authoress from the Editor.—Dear Madam,—Having just scanned the first instalment of your evidently thrilling romance, I am sure you will permit us to make a few remarks from time to time, in no spirit of hostile criticism, but of genuine admiration for a talent which all acknowledge and few can command. We shall not, of course, interfere in any way with the current of your plot, but shall, with your kind permission, venture to offer a few suggestions on matters of really quite secondary importance, more for the purpose of affording you fresh opportunities of displaying to the public your vast and varied knowledge of subjects as to which we are willing to admit our own ignorance or imperfect knowledge. These annotations will be published from time to time, as occasion may require or time allow, with the story, as it proceeds, and will thus give, if that were possible, additional interest to a work which the readers of this journal are already delighted to welcome as from the pen of the distinguished Authoress, WEEDER. Deign, Madam, to receive the sentiments of our most distinguished esteem.

Punch Office, Fleet Street.

THE EDITOR.

From Weedee to the Editor.—Cher Monsieur le Redacteur, soit. Faites ce que vous voudrez. Allez toujours. Payez et choisissez! When pressé, wire; and I'll wire too. Mille amitiés de la part de
Hôtel Tata, Totoni, Firenze.

WEEDER.

Acting on the above permission, we proceed to publish the following query and reply just received:—

From Editor to Authoress, by special wire.—Excuse us, but are tops worn as you describe? We personally do not know, as we've never worn tops; but still in fancy—we only fancy, mind—that there is just the slightest *tapis calami* here? We may be wrong. R. S. V. P.—Ed.

From Authoress to Editor, by same wire.—It is only fancy. You are wrong. Je n'étais pas née hier. Allez!—W.

breed, and a long-haired spotted greyhound, were in possession of half-a-dozen camelpard skins which were tossed lazily before the fireplace. Over the mantelpiece were portraits of celebrated steeple-chasers, by ANGELICO, F.R.A., in embossed frames, five or six pets of the Ballet, by HARRY BOLENO, a portrait of the celebrated danseuse, ANNE CHOVIE, in oil, by a Sardinian Artist, a crayon sketch of some celebrated pedestrian feat, and a series of high Art frescoes from PILLY GREENY'S *Progress*.

The walls were *parqueté* with rare woods. The hangings were of pale rose-pink, with a delicate fringe of gold embroidery; the windows admitted the sunlight through prismatic glass; and a delicious confusion of percussion-caps, knee-caps, breechloaders, muzzles, muzzle-loaders, French novels in yellow covers, musical instruments, from a JUBAL's lyre set in diamonds, to a harmonicon in ebony and gold, fitted with full orchestral accompaniments for a hundred performers, pervaded the apartment; while through the doors of a cabinet of exquisite Mosaic workmanship could be seen bills, forms for I O U's, printed on delicately-tinted satin edged with lace, stamps of all nations, for all sums, facsimiles of post-obits on rose-leaf paper, promises to pay, notes of hand, Bank of Elegance notes of the most perfect workmanship and unique design, with various other trifles scattered carelessly about. Yet there was some sort of order in this disorder. There was, indeed, one drawer in the under-part of the cabinet labelled "P," which stood for "Paid," but this was empty. All the other drawers were labelled "U.P." standing for "Unpaid," and these were full.

On the softest of sofas lay the handsomest of young Guardsmen, the Honourable PINTO PEEZE, second son of Viscount MAZAGON of Longuepodde, known generally in the Brigades as "SWEETIE." This appellation, gained at Eton, was in no way undeserved; as, when the aromatic smoke, which was circling out from his jewelled-stemmed meerschaum, the gift of one of his devoted foreign Princesses, cleared away, it discovered a face of as much delicacy and brilliancy as the most beautiful woman's, with a handsome, polished, thoroughbred, smooth, drooping, all-roundness that at once announced to the world the Order to which he belonged, and proclaimed his hereditary descent from those ancient Knights Marophats, who had gained their Eastern appellation in the Crusades, and whose proud boast it has ever been to possess, in the richness of the land, the best soil without the least stain, and who have reckoned among their race Conquerors, Emperors, Bishops, Champions of England, and, in the female line, even British Queens. His eyes, of a liquid hazel softness, were chastened by long silky lashes, that sometimes seemed to fall heavily on the pupils, causing them to dilate upon whatever their grievance, or pleasure, of the moment might be. For they were eloquent eyes, with a mournful love-me-like-winkie look about them, that duped devoted Duchesses, and captivated coquettish Countesses. His little hands, the "*petit pau*" for which all the Peeze family of his aristocratic Order were remarkable, were never made for any harder work than to hold a *miladi's* fan, or to button the glove of a *petillante* Fi-Fi, or a *spirituelle* Do-Do.

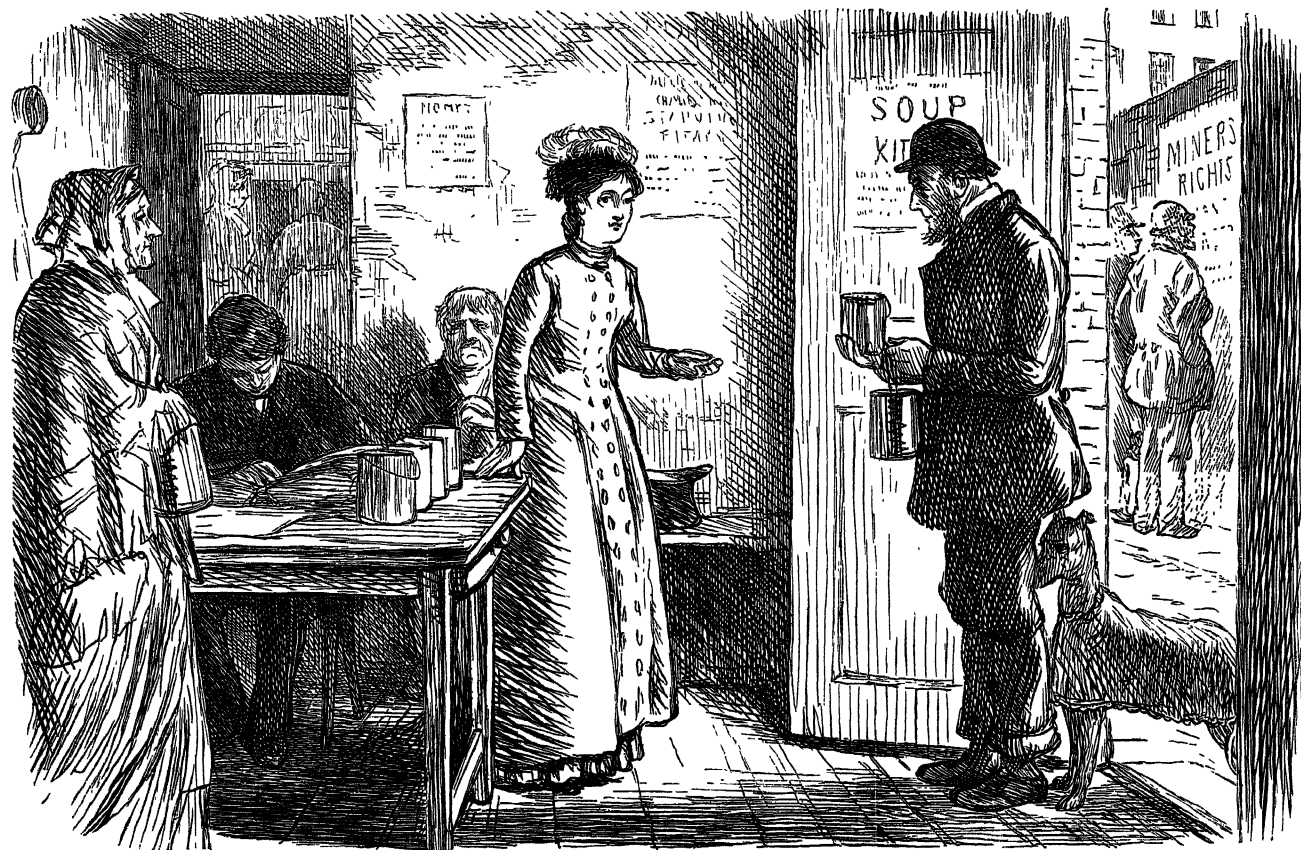
"Give me my top dressing!" he said to MATT TOCK. Then, murmuring to himself DE QUOR's well-known poem beginning

"Ah comme l'abeille petite
Très occupée profite,"

he passed a dainty honey-comb through his silken *rougissant* hair. Then, throwing it carelessly aside, he pointed to another comb of carat gold, which seemed to be of the same Rubens-like hue as his own scented curls, and which, itself the gift of a lovely Circassian heiress, was so craftily constructed that, as it passed through his glorious locks, it performed modulated airs from the works of the best masters, commencing with "*The Hour of Parting*" and "*Comby Genteel*," while the diamond-set brushes, used with rare skill by the operator, reproduced, in faultless harmony, a SEBASTIAN BACH air; and, to crown all, the entire Opera of *Acis and Galatea* was contained in the handle.

He lay on the sofa, and as he lazily emitted dense clouds of aromatically scented *Éil d'oiseau* from his priceless Turkish *khutti*, he thought, for a moment, how it had been presented to him by a veiled Sultana, on her way to the Hammam from the Hozo Bazaar, where she had purchased the gift for her "John Bulbul," as this lovely Queen of the Harem fondly called the handsome young Englishman, whom she adored.

But the dream was of short duration, as had been the strong brief passion itself, and PINTO admitted to himself that the memory of the past could not satisfy the want of the present, as he lightly swallowed a few cups of hot *chocolat à la crème de la crème*, some *tartine au beurre*, a few platefuls of *jambon d'York*, and *des grands saucissons aux pommes de terre*. Then pouring out a sparkling glass of the most invigorating and refreshing of all Italian liqueurs so little known in this country—*basso relieco*—into an ancient jewelled beaker, which bore on the rim the date of the Council of Trent, the young Guardsman tossed it off at a draught, and with a melodious shout, instinct with the glory of youthful health, "*Io Bacche!*" he resumed his fragrant *khutti*, as he gave his valet directions for the day.



DISTRESS IN THE MINING DISTRICTS.

Benevolent Directress. "HOW IS IT YOU'VE BROUGHT TWO CANS TO-DAY, GEORDIE?"

Miner (on Strike). "THE YAIN'S FUR MY MITHER, MARM, AND T'UTHER FUR THE GREYHOUND!"

"Tell TOM ARTER to have the screws ready by the time I come off parade, and I'll see to the driver. Order Special Trains to be ready for me at Euston, Paddington, Waterloo, and Victoria. I don't know which I shall go by, and it would be a bore to be disappointed at the last minute. Send the brougham, with these brace-lets, to the Do-Do, Regent's Park; and these chestnuts—the horse-chestnuts, you understand—in the phaeton to the Fi-Fi at Brompton. Bid WILLIAM go to the Humane Society's House, in Hyde Park, and hire one of their drags for the day. Wire to Cowes to have the steam up on board the *Ariadne The-Sea-Oh*. Write to Ports-mouth Theatre and tell the Manager that Little Kon-Kon will dance in his ballet if he'll give an Amateur Performance for the benefit of the Sailors' Home, and play *Our Buys*. Take this bouquet of Spring violets with a turquoise-and-ruby ring inside—don't drop it, and say you've lost it—to Lady CHARLOTTE RUSS, and the Maltese terrier to the Duchess of DRAFTVALE, A.1, Potman Square. Don't forget. Take this note to Madame NULLAVOCE. See that *Envelope* is at the post in time to start for the Five Thousand: keep it dark. Have the saddle on *Rokinos*, as I shall ride him if I go for the steeplechase to-day. See that *Spotty* is ready for the meet, you'll want a few tacks for his mane, and mind that his tail is screwed in tightly. I bought him out of CREMER's stables last Christmas, so he ought to be all right; but one never knows. Take the towels off the old clothes-horse, and polish him up a bit; he'll do to hack. And now put me into harness, as it's getting late."

Murmuring which multiplicity of directions, as if in a delicious reverie, PINTO PERZE drank a glass of tonic Solfa, laid his pipe on the small marqueterie Not-wot at his side, and, seating himself at his *tabula rasa*,* submitted himself to his valet's hands. Then,

* *"Tabula Rasa."* Italian shaving-table, of the time of the Barberini. [Is it indeed? Really? Of course, if you say so, Madam, so it is. Yet somehow we fancy—we only fancy, you understand—that *tabula rasa* is not a shaving-table. Yet we may be wrong, as well as other people.—*Editor to Authoress.*

Authoress to Editor.—Wrong you are. I know. Lived in Italy, as I have in most places, all my life. Know everything.—Yours, W.

Editor to Authoress.—Oh, very well. We only said we "fancied." All right. Like your story very much. Excellent! Charming! Go ahead!—ED.]

when he had been frizzed and curled, he stretched out his little clean-shaped limbs, and had soon drawn on his John Boots* over his white leather pantaloons that fitted as tightly as the dress of a harlequin, and in another second he had assumed his breast-plate, sash, tunic, gorget, shirt of mail, belt, clean starched collars, tags, bearskin, epaulettes, spurs, embroidered gauntlets, regulation moustachios, helmet, and plumes of rainbow hues, and then his servant, with all the celerity of a practised professional hand, fastened on his polished shield and buckler, and lastly, attached to his side his glittering sword, with its jewelled hilt, that had been presented to him by some of the fairest demoiselles who had seen him pass their windows, all accounted as he was, on his way to a review at Conyatch, or Hanwell. And as he surveyed himself in his artistically arranged Venetian mirrors, that offered a hundred brilliant reflections of himself in almost every variety of attitude, it was impossible for him not to feel that his aristocratic beauty and his good form, which were "of the Toff, Toffy," had worthily entitled him to the *sobriquet* of "Sweetie."

As he was in the act of sprinkling over himself some *Eau d'Onto* from a gold flacon of exquisite workmanship, the door opened, and a youth dressed in the height of fashion, though he himself was barely five feet six, presented himself on the soft white tigerskin hearthrug.

"Ah! little one, *très cher*," drawled the Whiteguardsman, languidly, as his eyes rested with a kindly cordial light on his young brother.

As sons of the Viscount MAZAGON of Longuepodde, both inherited the family name of PINTO PERZE, and it had been a tradition with them for centuries, that the younger son's name should be ALFRED. It was, then, young ALF PINTO PERZE who now stood before his

* *Editor to Authoress.*—Jack-boots, surely, not John.

Authoress to Editor.—Really you must permit me to know something about what I am writing. "Jack" is not absolutely incorrect, but its use is "slangy," and I never will descend to anything like slang. Besides, the term "Jack-boot" would create a confusion with "Boot-jack," which is quite a different article. By the way, is this my novel or yours?—W.

Editor to Authoress (by return of post).—Yours, certainly. Excellent First-rate! Like it immensely! Go ahead!—ED.



CAVE CANEM!

POOR MR. SIMPSON THINKS HE'LL GET HIS GROCERIES AT THE CIVIL SERVICE STORES, AND CARRY THEM HOME HIMSELF. BEHOLD HIM WITH A HAM UNDER HIS ARM, AND HIS POCKETS FULL OF SAUSAGES!—AND HYDROPHOBIA ON THE INCREASE!

PROBLEMS FOR THE NEW POPE.

INHERITING spiritual apart from temporal sovereignty, LEO THE THIRTEENTH will be enabled to mind the business of a Pope without being distracted by that of a King. There are certain points on which *Lumen in Cælo* may be expected to enlighten him. In particular:—

How to make Theology and Geology put their horses together.

How in all other points to square Faith with Science.

Infallibility ought also to be able: To declare whether the Apparition of La Salette was a miracle or a hoax. To pronounce a like judgment respecting—

The Apparition of Lourdes.

The Holy House at Loretto.

The Image which used to wink at Rimini.

The Liquefaction of the Blood of Saint Januarius.

Withal:—

To come to terms with United Italy, and discover a *modus vivendi* on Peter's Pence, supplemented by a handsome allowance from the Italian Government.

Gold in New Guinea.

(See *Goldie's Discovery*, *Times*, Feb. 23.)

THERE'S gold in New Guinea, they say;

But he's very like to be sold, Who in New Guinea "rushes" away His realised Old Guinea gold.

elder brother, and who had been fraternally saluted as "little one." In many respects these brothers were as like as two Peeze could be. But in the countenance of the younger, ALF PINTO, there was a mixture of greenness, and downiness, which was entirely absent from that of the elder. The greenness was in his eye, the downiness on his upper lip. The constant use of a stick, as a support, gave to his whole bearing an air of feebleness; but the use of a stick was also a tradition in the Peeze line, and was a tribute to his Order. Strangers unacquainted with the family would always look upon a member of any one of its branches as "stuck up." But this notion would be soon dissipated on closer intimacy, and would be entirely dispelled at any great gathering of the Peeze family, in the early summer at Longuepodde.

"What's up, little one?" asked the elder brother, noticing the younger's despondent and sombre air.

"What's up?" repeated ALF, almost peevishly; "rather ask what's down," he replied, stroking his incipient moustache.

PINTO looked grave. "Little one," he said, "What's the row?" for he knew that the line of Peeze had, before now, got into occasional rows.

"Row!" exclaimed ALF, "there's none yet, but there will be. PINTO," he said, in a low, broken, despairing voice, "I'm ruined, utterly, irretrievably ruined!"

PINTO paused for a moment, then he shut the door, and sat down. "The Regiment can wait an hour or so, as it's only the Royal Grotto Day, when HER MAJESTY goes in State to open the First Oyster and Terminus. Her Good Gracious can't begin without me," he said, as he folded his gibus helmet, shook off his heavy shako, and sat in his bearskin. "Now, little one, tell me everything. Let me hear the worst," he added kindly, yet sadly; "for even if the honour of the fair name of PEEZE be at stake, let me know, at least, if you have indeed come to the 'peeze-aller.'" And, as he said this, he pointed to the family motto, in old Norman-French, emblazoned on the paper and on the painted ceiling, "Remember, little one, we are of the old *Pois carrés*!"

ALF shot a sidelong glance at the ancient ancestral bearings. They were Nine Thimbles Argent on a field green, and in front of each group of Three Thimbles was one *petit pois*, and on a scroll above were the words, "*Sous lequel de se trouve-t-il le petit pois*?" while below was the motto, "*Peeze allay, May Jouay, Poy Carray*!"

ALF turned away petulantly. He did not meet his brother's eye as he answered, huskily,

"Yes, PINTO, I will tell you all. Listen!"

End of Chapter I. (To be continued.)

HYDE PARK ECHOES.

(Overheard, about the Reformers' Tree, on the afternoon of Sunday, February 24, 1878.)

WHAT is the source of all this twopenny "Terror"?

Error!

The purpose of such shindies low and shameless?

Aimless!

What would he fain be at, each self-styled "patriot"?

At riot!

What's the real hope of blatant BRADLAUGH?

Rad law!

At whom does England laugh, when he'd alarm it?

ARMIT!

Who are the dolts who raise such windy brabble?

Rabble!

And what the rival "leaders of the Masses"?

Asses!!!

"Rara Avis in Terris."

At the last Army Medical Examination there were only nineteen candidates for forty-two vacancies!

Hip! hip! Hurrah! Mr. HARDY and his War-Office advisers may congratulate themselves. If they haven't produced a flourishing breed of Army-Surgeons, they have done more. They have brought to light that long-sought, and till now fabulously-regarded, creature the Phoenix—in the shape not of the fowl familiar to us on the plate of a famous Fire Insurance Office, but of that hitherto undiscovered desideratum, one under-stocked branch of an overstocked profession, viz., Military Surgery. This is a triumph for "the system," if not the inventors of it, and perhaps the finest example on the long War-Office list of successful answers to the great official problem, "How not to do it."

IFRIENDS AND FOES OF PEACE.



ENGLAND is still waiting for the terms of peace, harassed by the bark of the War Dogs, and the bray of the War Donkeys and Peace Donkeys who choose the Hyde Park turf and flower-beds as a stage for their kickings and their gambols. Asses are asses, whether bound in Lion or in Calf, and whether they carry "Peace" or "War" on their banners. But there are even greater asses—those who crowd to look and listen to the long-eared and leather-lunged belligerents of the so-called National Leagues for breaking or keeping the peace of Europe. Thus far these Leagues have confined themselves to breaking each other's thick heads, the branches of the Park trees, and Mr. GLADSTONE's windows. All three acts of faction and fraction are to be deprecated, but the first, perhaps least. *Punch* does not like to follow the lead of the *Pall Mall Gazette* in raising the old cry of "Don't nail his ears to the Pump," and would not for worlds be understood as recommending a third National League for impartially ducking Lieutenant ARMIT, R.N., Mr. C. BRADLAUGH, and the Honourable AUBERON HERBERT, in the Serpentine. It is monstrous, with the destinies of England trembling in the scales of Peace and War, that

the ears of our rulers, and the attention of the country should be distracted by the furious clamour of the newspaper criers, and the blatant bunkum of the Music-Halls.

When calmness, coolness and command of temper, are more than ever needed to steer H.M.S. *Britannia* between the Scylla and Charybdis of National susceptibility and European war, it is deplorable to hear the thoroughgoing partisans of Turkey, and the unscrupulous assailants of Russia, in Parliament and the Press, raising the cry of "Treason!" against the coolest head in the Cabinet.

Never was such a little game of cross purposes as the spirited Foreign Policy of the Beaconsfield Administration has landed us in.

The organs of the party which out of doors alternates "*Rule Britannia*," and "*We Don't Want to Fight, but by Jingo if We Do*," with Votes of Confidence in the Government and its policy, are every morning and evening abusing that Government up hill and down dale, as the basest assemblage of suicidal and self-stultifying incapables that ever sacrificed the interests of a great nation.

The heads of H.M.'s Opposition are defending H.M.'s Government from being devoured like Actæon by its own pack. Sir W. HARCOURT fills three columns of the *Times* to prove what needs no proof, that the Government avowed its policy of conditional neutrality before the Atrocities Agitation began; that that policy has been supported by Parliament and public meetings all over the country; that the Cabinet threw upon Turkey the responsibility of the consequences of its final rejection of the proposals of the Conference; that Russia, before her army crossed the Balkans, set forth her intentions and objects, and has since simply prosecuted to their natural end the intentions then foreshadowed; that England, in May last, set forth the conditions of her neutrality and her interests, which Russia has hitherto respected; that the extinction of Turkey in Europe is a *fait accompli*, which must be accepted; that England's business is not to attempt to set Humpty-Dumpty up again, but to determine who is to take his place.

All this is accomplished fact, or inevitable deduction therefrom.

Not the less there is a loud, angry, and excited party which will not accept accomplished facts, but is determined now that the Turk is utterly done for with England's consent and connivance, to pitch into the Russians for doing for him, and is clamouring for war before it knows the conditions of peace, without an avowable object, or an assignable cause more solid than its irritation that Russia should be big and brawny, aggressive, and given to bounce and brag, and that having got Turkey down, she means to keep her down, and make an end of her as a European Power in name, she having already ceased to be a European Power in fact, and to set up in place of her a more capable governing power over the Christian communities she has misgoverned for four hundred years.

PAN-ANGLICAN PERFORMANCES.

It is announced that some thirty Bishops of the American Episcopal Church are expected to come over and attend the Pan-Anglican Synod. This, notwithstanding the voice once heard to utter the famous declaration—"Great Pan is dead!" The BISHOP OF MONTREAL suggests that a Hospitality Committee should be formed to provide for the accommodation of Uncle Sam's Pan-Anglican Prelates. The Transatlantic Pan-Anglicans, of course, are prepared to take Pot Luck. It is further stated that at a meeting held at the House of Mr. J. G. TALBOT, M.P., "a Committee was formed for the purpose of ascertaining what Churchmen would be willing to entertain the American Bishops." The Ritualist Clergy will doubtless be ready to entertain any number of American Bishops with their celebrated imitations.

A Safe Conclusion.

(After perusing the Pros and Cons on the "Circassian outrages" question.)

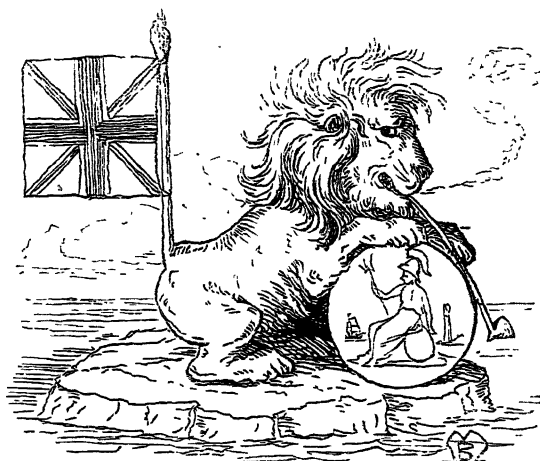
THE question is perplexed by Party blindness,
But, on the whole, I really think 'twould seem
That what is called "the milk of human kindness"
Has no connection with "Circassian Cream."

The Anglo-Saxon in Account with Uncle Sam.

United States Debtor (to Anglo-Saxon Creditor, blandly). How will you take it?

Anglo-Saxon Creditor (to United States Debtor, blankly). Short.
[Is paid in silver dollars at eight per cent. discount.]

THE ATTITUDE OF ENGLAND.



That Passant-Gardant better fits my port.
A third would have me Rampant as in act
Of leonine *Bombastes Furioso*,
Belligerent to end of my least whisker,

its attitude is every-
thing."—Dr. JOHNSON.

LEO BRITANNICUS
loquitur—

To ramp, or not to
ramp, that is the
question!
These posture-mas-
ters plague me.
Not a pose
From sprawl to
spring they would
not put me
through,
As though I were a
mere heraldic
beast.
There's one would
have me Couchant,
langued, and
fanged,
Hiant and haunriant;
while another
swears

And furthest tip of my all-threatening tail.
It likes me not! Am I a sign-board sham,
Or stuffed-out simulacrum,—scarecrow set
To frighten Europe's choughs and daws and pies,
With a few sticks and straw, and some old clothes?
Nay, then, best paint me blue or red at once,
Give me a stiff pump-handle tail, and claws
Like nails at tenpence—curl up close my mane
In Gorgon knots, and write up underneath,
"Good entertainment here for man and horse,
And ship and sailor. Come one, and come all!"
That I may bluster if I cannot bully,
And give the measure of my force by fuss,
And empty attitudinising! No!
Leo Britannicus is not a beast
Who needs to roar in proof of Lion-blood:
Warrant thereof is in his deeds of old;
Strong in which warranty, and well assured,
His muzzle resting on his mighty arms,
Couchant and calm he lies, and for reproof
Of fume and fret, looks from his steady eyes,
And growls from his deep weasand, "Watch, and
wait!"

LICKING AND LOVING.

So the SULTAN has exchanged congratulations with
the Czar. One would think that Russia had only been
licking Turkey as the great Bear licks her cub.

THE BLOCK OF LEGAL BUSINESS.—The Wig Block.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

*At the Queen's for the New Tragedian—A Morning Performance in
Black—The Olympic—The Opera Comique—Remarks generally.*

SIR,—A new tragedian has appeared. He has appeared twice, in
Othello. I was there on the first occasion. His name as announced
is NEVILLE MORITZ, but I believe it to be MORITZ NEVILLE; and the
more it's NEVILLE and the less it's MORITZ the better, as far as I
can judge at present. I should call the Hungarian gentleman a
"finished actor;" we may see something more of him, perhaps, but,
for my part, I think he is finished, at all events as far as *Othello*
goes, and that, in his hands, is not very far. Mr. VEZIN, as *Iago*,
literally walked round Mr. MORITZ, as is invariably the case when
the *Othello* is indifferent. Mr. VEZIN rattled off some of his speeches
at such a pace as to be almost unintelligible. It seemed as if he
wanted to get home to dinner before playing again in the evening;
but the effect of it was to mar what would otherwise have been a
most admirable performance. He must, however, be accredited
with a kindly and charitable feeling for the audience, as no doubt
the thought occurred to him, "if I want to get home and dine, how
much more must they!" The *Amelia* of Miss GENEVIEVE WAIN
was good, if not great. Mr. E. BROOKE's *Michael Cassio* was a
most creditable performance; it is so easy to overdo *Cassio*.

The *Ne'er-Do-Well* at the Olympic has been sent back to the
usually-do-well-wright to be mended. There'll be several new
spokes put into it, I suppose, and the tire-ing part of it removed.
Mr. HANN's first scene in this piece, admirably painted, represented
a ruined mill, with a broken wheel, evidently the *Ne'er-Do-Well*,
that wouldn't go. Mr. GILBERT wrote this piece for Mr. SOTHERN,
and, though capably played by Mr. NEVILLE, yet it struck me
that Mr. SOTHERN's peculiar style and metallic tone, would have
been more in accordance with the general action of the piece; which
seemed to me to be less serious than eccentric. However, it is
taken back to be altered, much as an Eton Boy has to rewrite his
copy of verses after his Tutor's correction. I do not understand
Mr. NEVILLE's apology for Mr. GILBERT, as if he were pleading
"first fault" for a young and painstaking scholar. No one can be
more enthusiastic on the subject of originality in the Drama than
myself; I regret that any necessity should have ever compelled
Dramatic Authors to translate and adapt, and I heartily welcome
all original English plays.

"Out of fifty plays that Mr. GILBERT has produced," says
NEVILLE in his apology (I am not quoting the exact words); "only
ten per cent. are adaptations."

That is to say, the real genuine sugar with less sand than at the
other shops. Well, but how about Mr. BYRON? With one excep-
tion, or perhaps two, and those the *Libretti* of *Opéra*, all his, and
they must amount to twice fifty, and more than that, have been, if
I am not mistaken, original. This apology was a mistake. What
will be the revised title of the *Ne'er-Do-Well*? Why, by kind
permission of Mr. CHARLES READ, obtained in a left-handed
manner of course, it may perhaps be "*Neville too late to mend.*"

A propos of Mr. GILBERT, though, let him be content, *pro tem.*, with
the result of his *Sorcerer*. The quintette, and the old-fashioned duett
with minuet step, are the two best numbers in Mr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN's
share of the work. Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH as *Wellington Wells* is the
Sorcerestest Sorcerer that ever I did see or hear. His
incantation scene, his clear and intelligible patter song, and his
squatter's-run, are things which alone would repay a second visit
to the Opera Comique. And then his descent into Pandemonium,
fanning himself, putting on his gloves, and brushing his hat, as a
consistent partner in a respectable and old-established firm of
Family Sorcerers would do, of course, up to the very last.

Too much praise cannot be awarded to Miss EVERARD for her
demure Pew-Opener: like Mr. GROSSMITH, she enters thoroughly
into the eccentric seriousness of the Author's grotesque idea.

The idea of placing a real live burlesque Vicar on the stage is a
bold one. But I saw two Clergymen in the stalls who thoroughly
enjoyed the joke, especially when his Reverence said, that, as a
penance, he would spend the remainder of his days in the congenial
gloom of a Colonial Bishopric.

But carry this further, how would a Ballet of Bishops be received?
or a Pastoral symphony danced by Pew-Openers to the accompani-
ment of Pan-Anglicans playing on Pipes? Very soon, however, we
shall have a real Vicar at the Court, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, a new
version by Mr. WILLS, author of *Charles the First* and *England in
the Daze*, who has also adapted *Pilgrim's Progress* for the Poly-
technic, where it is to be given as a "Lenten Entertainment," with
dissolving views, ghost effects, and a lecture.

Bravo, Divine WILLS! Let me write the light part to finish up
with, for this will be "kept dark," of course, under the influence
of the magic lantern's gentle beams, and I think I can do something
thoroughly Polytechnical to be called *The Diving Belle*! with a
splendid *Diver-tissement*. But I forgot, this won't do for Lent, it
must be kept for Christmas.

A propos of Bells, I've not yet seen the *Cloches de Corneville* at
the Folly. I saw MILNER in it at the Folies Dramatiques, and
Mr. SHIEL BARRY, evidently selected because of his capital Bell-
ringer in *Fatherland* at the Queen's, ought to be, barring the
brogue, quite up to the original. Again *a propos* of *The Bells*—
ere this appears *Louis the Eleventh* will have been produced at the
Lyceum, and that Mr. IRVING may score another success, is the
sincere wish of—

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

Dog-Roasting and its Results.

We beg Archdeacon DENISON's pardon. He is *not* Rector of South
Brent, but Vicar of East Brent. But it *was* in his parish, it seems,
that the boys roasted the dog the other day; and were so in-
adequately punished by the Magistrates.

It is just for such cases of unmitigated and cowardly brutality
that one regrets the old punishment of flogging at the cart's-tail.
The publicity of it made it especially appropriate to cases where the
punishment ought to inflict bodily suffering in a form as impressive
and conspicuous as the crime is un-Christian and unmanly.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



"BENNY-DIZZY"—THE GREAT SWORD-SWALLOWER.

(Vide MR. BENEDETTI'S marvellous Performance at the Royal Aquarium.)

N.B.—The dotted lines denote the preliminary flourishes.

MONDAY, March 4 (Lords).—If it be necessary to appeal to the patriotism of Volunteers willing to volunteer for foreign service, Government will appeal to them—if not, not; and, till it is, it doesn't mean to think about it. Thus Lord BEACONSFIELD to Lord ST. LEONARDS. Meanwhile, their motto will continue, "Defence—not Defiance"—of probabilities.

Lord DERBY announced that he had official news of the signing of peace—"in two places," as the auctioneers say,—from Constantinople, and St. Petersburg. The terms did not include any surrender

of ships, or lien on the Egyptian tribute, and the pecuniary indemnity was reduced from forty millions to twelve.

Lord MIDDLETON proposed that their Lordships should sit an hour earlier, to give the young Peers time to learn their business.

The Lord CHANCELLOR would rather not. There was quite talking enough as it was: when they wanted more, they could always ensure it by fixing the meet an hour sooner.

Lord GRANVILLE thought younger Peers wanted encouragement, and did not see how the magnetism of dinner was to be resisted after seven. The fact is that the Peers have always very good dinners to



IGNOMINIOUS.

Late Arrival (on fresh Thoroughbred). "HOUNDS GONE ON, BOY?"
Boy. "EES. YEAU KEEP UP ALONG O' WE—Us 'LL SHOW E'M!"

go to, and often not very interesting debates to listen to, so it can't be wondered at, if, as the whips are not so determined with the Lords' pack as the Commons', the hounds should be apt to scatter after seven.

Lord BEACONSFIELD was of opinion that on a question of great public interest their Lordships would not hesitate to sacrifice even their dinners. But the meeting of the House was like Easter—a moveable feast; and why should they not fix it earlier, whenever there was likely to be a rush of young Peers to the front? A leash of rising junior Peers—just the recruits to drill into good soldiers—Lords STANHOPE, MORLEY, and ROSEBERRY, put in a modest plea for the young 'uns, but the motion was withdrawn without a division, dinner-time having, like night in Livy, "put an end to the battle."

Commons.—The Signature of Peace announced, but not its conditions, though Sir W. FRASER was very anxious to know them. The telegrams would almost seem, from Sir STAFFORD's account, to have been "liquoring-up" on the way. "The messages," he said, "were not in a state in which he could communicate them to the House. They were not in a perfect state at all."

Then the House resolved itself into a House of Soldiers. Mr. KNIGHT urged certain claims of Volunteer adjutants; and Mr. HARDY promised to concede as much as he could without making too large a demand on the country. The Volunteers have been well served by their adjutants, as a body, and the country ought to deal fairly with them. But on the whole, they strike *Punch* as decidedly among the better treated of the country's by no means handsomely treated soldier-servants.

Mr. O'REILLY, Colonel MURE, General SHUTE, Mr. CAMPBELL BANNERMAN, Sir G. BALFOUR, Major NOLAN, Major O'BEIRNE, and Sir H. WILMOT, had a lively little professional discussion on company officering and organisation, and promotion of non-commissioned officers to commissions.

Sir T. CAMPBELL gave reasons for a special enlistment for twelve years service in India. Mr. HARDY thought eight years was quite as much of India as most men could stand. A twelve years Indian service would mean a pension at the end of it, and a conscription at home. As to officering, he didn't think our companies had more

officers than was good for them; and doubted, on very good authority, if the big German companies were any better than our little ones.

Mr. HARDY moved the Army Estimates, which he took care to explain were Peace Estimates. He only asks for 1,730 more men. Both the Militia establishment and its Reserve are under the mark; nor are our Regular Reserves as numerous as they ought to be. But between the two there is a total reserve of 37,000—a long way from the 80,000 that Lord CARDWELL calculated on, *in the long run*! Mr. HARDY seems to doubt if our Army will ever run quite as long. The Volunteers are growing and thriving—183,000 efficient to 10,000 non-efficient; desertion is diminishing; our Standard is as high, and our Recruits as likely as those of any Army in the world. The War-Office is trying to find out what the Doctors don't like, and hopes to discover it in time. Altogether matters military are looking very serene, and "though we don't want to fight—by Jingo, if we do!" The House buzzed satisfaction. Mr. HOLMS criticised, the Colonels commented, and the Votes for Pay and Allowances, Divine Worship, and Military Law, were agreed to.

Tuesday (Lords).—Lord TRAUB wanted information about a horrible case of some lads at a private tutor's, charged with cutting a cat's eyes out, and then baiting it. Their Lordships laughed. Never mind, Lord TRAUB. Laugh or no laugh, you do well to be lynx-eyed in a case where, if the sufferer be small, the horror is great enough to take it out of the *minima de quibus non curat lex*. The Home Office should ask for the depositions.

Government can do a good deal, when it chooses—as it rarely *does* choose—to put its foot down. It *has* chosen to put its foot down in the Duke of RICHMOND's Bill, and thinks it can stamp out cattle-plague, foot-and-mouth disease, and pleurmonia—the ugly leash of ills that living beef is heir to—the more's the pity.

Lord RUPON and Lord SPENCER doubt it. The Duke thinks he can—having resumed for the Privy Council the powers of Local Bodies in respect of Cattle Disease.

Time will show better than their Lordships' discussion.

(*Commons.*)—Colonel BLACKBURN was anxious about the Report on Noxious Vapours. Will it, we wonder, include the War-Vapours that have been such a nuisance lately?



A PRACTICAL APPLICATION.

Irate Landlord (and Free-Kirk Elder, after being called in, for the fiftieth time, about some Repairs). "THE FACT IS, MRS. MCRACKET, YE'LL NE'ER BE CONTENT TILL YE'RE I' THE HOOSE MADE WY'OUT HANDS."—(Severely.)—"SEE SECOND CORINTHIANS, FIFTH CHAPTER, AND FIRST VAIRSE, MRS. MCRACKET!"

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE explained to Mr. SULLIVAN that the Irish Sunday-Closing Bill is not a child of the Government, so they must decline to take parental charge of it, having more legislative babies of their own than they can attend to. But they would do all they could for it, and even hoped to be able to find it a day.

Take it, Mr. SULLIVAN, and be thankful, though your day be a long day.

Mr. BEHERSFORD HOPE pleaded the cause of the National Portrait Collection, now stowed away over several of the many highly inflammable lumber-rooms at South Kensington. Everybody was ashamed; and Colonel STANLEY offered to give up to the Portraits the lumber-rooms down-stairs, now filled with old desks and cases of pencils.

HOPE had perhaps told a more flattering tale to his British Worthies, but in this country and in these times it behoves guardians of National Art Treasures to be thankful for small mercies. At least, the Trustees may get rid of the present stock of combustibles which threaten their grave and reverend canvasses with as grievous a fate as JAMES's Lords and Commons—nay, a more ignominious one, in so far as it is baser to be blown up by South Kensington old stores than by Guy-Fawkes gunpowder-barrels.

Messrs. BRIGHT and CHAMBERLAIN asked that the Birmingham Town Council might have full sway of the Birmingham Grammar School, instead of eight seats out of twenty-one on the governing body, as under the scheme now laid on the Table.

Believing that you can't give Municipal Authorities too much power if you want to enlist and employ the best local ability, *Punch* might regret, on general principles, that this principle should be limited in Birmingham. At the same time eight out of twenty-one is not a bad share, particularly when three of the others are representatives of the Universities, and all would be elected, if some indirectly.

Wednesday.—An Ash Wednesday House, late, thin, and flat, but for the fun it got out of the dear delightful Major, moving his Bill to assimilate Irish to English Municipal Franchise.

Till an English Borough can boast an Alderman like the Major, let no one talk of such assimilation. In English boroughs all ratepayers vote, male or female. In Ireland only ratepayers for £10 houses, and Irish women not at all. Naturally, the Major resents this, and so does *Mr. Punch*. He loves Ireland's

violet-eyed and dark-lashed maidens, and is prepared to trust them with votes for a Town Councillman, even where they have developed into the less ideal form of Irish matrons. By next year the Major hopes Mr. LOWTHER will have become "*Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores*"—in his large liberality, giving the new Secretary the benefit of the plural number. Why *did* he correct himself? And oh, why *did* the SPEAKER cut him short in that eloquent outburst, beginning so promisingly—

"If we lived under the knout of the barbarian of the North, of that perfidious filibuster who, he was sorry to see, had just completed"—not a climax for the Major, for at this point he had to knock under to a call to order from the Chair, to the great grief of his audience.

Mr. KAVANAGH objected to the Bill, as anticipating the report of the Select Committee now sitting on the hard egg of Irish Local Government. Dublin has a Household Municipal Suffrage, said Mr. KAVANAGH, and see the result. The Corporation is a political debating society, heavily in debt, the streets are quagmires, and the Liffey a common sewer.

In spite of Home-Rulers' protests, and Mr. M. BROOKS's magnanimous admission that the Corporation of Dublin was not perfect, the Select Committee argument carried the day for the Government against the Major, but only by a squeak of 165 to 160.

Thursday (Lords).—CLEOPATRA ought to be much obliged to the Duke of SOMERSET for asking whether they weren't going to "glaze" her Needle, by way of protecting its hieroglyphics from the destructive effects of the London air—so-called. The Duke of RICHMOND promised to inquire.

The MACALLUM-MORE proceeded to prove that there had been no violation of the Treaties of 1856, but that Turkey had only got her deserts, for not having done what she ought to have done after the Crimean War.

The Duke of SOMERSET protested against hitting the Turk now he was down.

Lord HAMMOND, as in old Foreign-Office duty bound, did not agree in the MACALLUM-MORE's reading of the Treaties (what business have outsiders with reading Treaties?), but admitted, in effect, that both Treaties and Turk were dead and done for, which seemed a very general opinion among their Lordships—always excepting that Abdiel, Lord STRATHEDEN, and Lord FAVERSHAM, for the fire-eaters.

By this time the House had dribbled down to the normal emptiness of its prandial period, and it was to a beggarly account of empty benches that Lord DERBY explained that whatever might be the meaning, or worth, of the guarantee of the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire, in the 7th Article of the Tripartite Treaty, it did not involve an obligation on the guaranteeing parties to go to war. Still less did it bind us to interfere on behalf of the subject populations. (In fact—not to put too fine a point on it, my Lord—you do not see that it binds us to anything in particular.) The Government had done all it could to prevent war, short of fighting, or threatening to fight. It was forced to be neutral, because the country wouldn't stand fighting for the Turks. It couldn't urge the Russian terms of peace on the Turks in the summer, because they thought then they had a chance of getting the best of it. And, in short, the state of things contemplated in 1856 and 1871 is a state of things which has ceased to exist; and our business in the Conference will be to do our best to bring about a settlement in a European, and not an exclusively Russian sense, one that shall be durable, as far as we can make it so, and that shall hold the balance fairly between different races and creeds. But we must not be such fools as to suppose that the Conference will have an easy task before it. (Are there such fools?) We will do our best to bring about a satisfactory result; but what the result will be, it would be unwise in any man to attempt to predicate.

A *douche* of cool, if somewhat faint-hearted, common sense, highly unacceptable to Lord DUNKAVEN and other Lords of the fighting sort.

(*Commons.*)—Mr. GERARD NOEL gave the satisfactory assurance that the building in progress in Hyde Park is nothing more formidable than a new tool-house.

Mr. SMITH told Mr. ASHLEY that H.M.S. *Rapid* has been already authorised to carry off from the coast of Epirus women and children in danger of outrage. A *Rapid* act which all sides must applaud.

Captain BEDFORD PIM—that "simple sailor"—wanted

to know if the Government were going to do anything to carry out the prayer of the Thames Watermen and Lightermen that they would take steps to assert the dignity of the Empire! The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER not unnaturally "shrank from answering a question raising such very large political issues."

Mr. RYLANDS moved to postpone Committee on County Government Bill six months, on the score of the centralising tendencies of the Bill. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL—strange bed-fellow for the Member for Warrington—amid unextinguishable laughter, broke out in a wild wail over "this most Radical, democratic measure, this crowning desertion of Tory traditions, this supreme violation of political honesty." In short, Lord RANDOLPH fairly took everybody's breath away, partly with amazement, partly with laughter.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN followed Mr. RYLANDS' lead.

Mr. SCLATER-BOOTH, evidently not prepared for this shower of red-hot shot from both sides of the House—the hottest from his own—weekly sat and bore it.

Mr. CHAPLIN thought that Lord RANDOLPH had only been poking fun at the House, and himself meant to support the Bill. So did Mr. STANSFELD. A ruck of speakers for and against succeeded. Altogether, what between those who think the Bill goes too far, and those who think it does not go far enough, it is evident that Mr. SCLATER-BOOTH is like to have his hands full.

Meantime—the steam, *pro* and *con.*, blown off—as Mr. McCULLAGH TORRENS reminded Honourable Members, it is clearly time the House took to discussing the provisions of what Mr. SCLATER-BOOTH *Uriah-Heepishly* called his "umble" measure.

Friday (Lords).—Earl DE LA WARR, concerned for Peace, asked when the Treaty would be laid on the Table. Lord DERRY could not tell him. But the Conference is to be held at Berlin, not Baden. The stakes are beyond the *maximum* allowed at the Baden tables in their best days, and now, play being forbidden there, and the Conference being a toss-up, and its issue possibly *nil*, if not a great deal worse than nothing, it is considered demoralising to hold it in a place where all the associations are with *pair et impair* and double zero.

The Archbishop of YORK asked and got, a Select Committee—the third in the last four years—to inquire into the law and practice of the sale of Church Livings. As the traffic in the cure of souls is also traffic in a very substantial and saleable property, the Lords, who hold most of it, naturally object to have episcopal or other fingers put in their pockets. It is, with them, simply a case of vested rights, for which the owners mean to be compensated, let the Non-conformists out of the Church, and the Bishops in it, howl never so loudly. This Select Committee will go the way of other Select Committees, examine witnesses, report, prepare a Bill, and there an end.

(*Commons.*)—The House declined to be turned into a debating society for the benefit of Mr. BLUNNERHASSET on Minorities, so, after Mr. COURTNEY had had his say, and while Mr. PARKER was having his, some practical person put all these clever young men in a minority, by counting them out before eight o'clock. Better a night gone by the board than given to the bores.

HEADSTRONG ALLEGORIES.

SOME clever fellows have been suggesting in certain newspapers that the predicted designation of the new POPE, *Lumen in Cælo*, is fulfilled by the lily and the comet emblazoned on the Pecci arms. But then were not all his ancestors who bore those arms, and are not all his relations likewise now bearing them, *Lumina in Cælo* too? Is a fleur-de-lys morally or physically luminous? To be sure a scutcheon may have a "field azure"; but is even that heaven? Does a heraldic comet shine except as *lucus a non lucendo*? Can it throw the least light on any subject whatever? Still, as mere emblems, these may pass, if LEO bears out his bearings—but that remains to be seen.

Pro Nono's prefiguration by *Cruz de cruce*, is variously said to have been verified by the crosses he has undergone; by the cross issuing from a cross, the cognisance of the House of Savoy, with which he was remotely connected by blood; and by the detachment of dominions effected by the Cross of Savoy, so to speak, from the Cross Pontifical. But can diverse interpretations be all right? And might you not, dear friends, as well say that his late Holiness was at cross purposes with VICTOR-EMMANUEL?

The legend for the penultimate Pope was "*De balneis Etruriae.*" In *L'Avenir*, a brochure published at Brussels in 1860, it is surmised that these words may mean "*De l'Ordre des Camaldules.*" the supposition of course implying that he belonged to that fraternity, one which originated in Tuscany, a part of ancient Etruria, whereof the baths were formerly much renowned. But those baths existed a great way off, and a long time ago. Does not the reference derived from them to GREGORY THE SIXTEENTH seem a little far-fetched? And would not a more appropriate motto perhaps have been "*In vino veritas*?"

PIUS THE EIGHTH was foretold as *Vir religiosus*. Had he been other he would have belied his name. Besides, can "The Religious

Man," or "A Religious Man," possibly be a distinctive title for a Pope? Surely Holiness *ex officio* ought to be devout.

The terms which LEO THE TWELFTH came in for were *Canis et coluber*, "Dog and adder." What did he do to deserve being called those uncomplimentary names?

The title prophesied of PIUS THE SEVENTH was *Aquila rapax*. NAPOLEON BONAPARTE walked him off into France. Now, the French Flag was the Imperial Eagle. This has been called "a curious coincidence." Wouldn't *Aquila raptus*, though, have been nearer the mark? Or say Ganymedes—but no, that would hardly have done, for BONAPARTE's eagle didn't exactly carry the poor Pope up to Heaven.

POPE PIUS THE SIXTH had, as everybody also knows, been likewise walked off into France. His motto is not given in *L'Avenir*—but wasn't it *Peregrinus Apostolicus*? This has been interpreted "Pilgrim Pope," which he hardly was, for pilgrims are volunteers. Translate it "The Pope Abroad," or the "Pope in Foreign Parts," and it may seem a "curious coincidence." But wouldn't the coincidence have been more curious and more correct if the Pope had been a foreigner? And, on the whole, can these symbolical predictions concerning the Popes, viewed in relation to the Tiber, be considered much less "headstrong," than Mrs. Malaprop's allegory on the banks of the Nile? May *Lumen in Cælo* prove an allegory of which it will be easier to make head and tail.

PHONETICISM IN THE NEW FOREST.

MR. PUNCH, ZUR,—



HE rason I maks bold to drap 'ee a line, is as follows:—

"A Phonetic Society is about to be started in Lymington."

I kopped the above out o' one o' our kun-tree peeaapers. Tho I bain't no skollard mezelf, I've a ben told wot fonetik—that's the rite way to spel't—manes by them as be. "Yaa," pepul ool zay as doan't no no better, "A fonetik Zoziety started in Lim-muntun! That's Prawgrus, that is. That's Impruvment. That there's the March of Intalekt in the rhwood of spel-lun Refarm. There's

a gwiun to be a nu sart o' game in the Nu Vorrest—Fonetik Spellun Bees, and p'raps Wopses and Dumbledores."

But, Loramassy! fonetik spellun bain't nuthun nu in the Nu Vorrest fur nobody as can spel at all. They most on um spels as they spakes, and zo do I as ni as I can. Onlee them Lancasheer and Yark-sheer chaps be that pig-headed they wun't believe but wot their own's the tru squake o' the pig, and zo be the Dandeas and the Coknees as 'ool hav ut they aloan talks proper, and as sez "mawster" fur maaster and calls a door a "daw." Zo many waaays o' spakun and spellun, so many fonetik dixunaries, instead o' wun, and any feller must zee it stands to razun as that oodn't make ut no moor azier fur un to larn how to spel and pernounce his nativ tung. Or els, in time, wen Vreneh and Jarmuns and vorreners in genneral all on um kum to be sivulized and gie up their gibburish, mankind bimebi med all agen be o' wun spaitch like they wuz afour the Tower o' Baabul, and all the wurd over spake what fokes calls the langwidge o' SHAKSPEER and BEEAACUN. This here is a spesimun o' the langwidge o' BEEAACUN, and likewise fonetik spellun, both o' witeh in coorse kums as nateral as a grunt a'most to yure ropral Reader,

A HAMSHIRE HOG.

To Our Jehu.

(By an ardent Russophobist.)

"Why tarry the wheels of his chariot?"

BRITANNIA Eastward sets her warlike face.

Why does brave BRACONSFIELD's war-chariot lag?

Let him, if he would go the patriot pace,

Get rid of that confounded Derby drag!



SEPARATE INTERESTS.

Husband. "Hi! MARIA! TAKE CARE OF THE PAINT!"

Painter. "IT ION'T MATTER, MA'AM. IT 'LL ALL 'AVE TO BE PAINTED AGAIN!"

THE COUNTRY AND THE GOVERNMENT.

At a Meeting of the Society of Ancient Codgers, held at the "Goat and Compasses," Leather Lane, the following Resolution was carried by acclamation, and ordered to be forwarded to Downing Street:—"We, the Ancient Codgers, in Common Leet assembled, declare that we have the most perfect confidence in Her Majesty's Government, and believe that the Cabinet would not act with more spirit and wisdom were it selected from our own ancient and festive Corporation."

The Beadle of Little Peddington having asked permission to attend a Meeting to express confidence in Her Majesty's Government, in uniform, has been requested not to carry his staff of office into the Town-hall. It has been intimated from the Home-Office that it is highly undesirable at the present moment for any municipal functionary to take part in anything that might be construed into a hostile demonstration by any of the foreign Powers.

The Cadet Corps belonging to Dr. BIRCH'S Establishment for Young Gentlemen have signed a paper offering to go anywhere the Government may wish to send them, except during the Easter and Midsummer vacations.

Sub-Lieutenant JONES, of the 247th Middlesex, has offered to take the command of any expeditionary Volunteer force Her Majesty's Government may think it advisable to send to the East. The suggestion is believed to be under consideration at the War-Office.

The following is an extract from a letter addressed to the British Lion Comique, by the Private Secretary of a distinguished Cabinet Minister:—"I am charged by Lord — to inform you that he cannot sufficiently thank you for your most complimentary allusions to him in your excellent patriotic song, 'Nail up the Flag, the jolly old Rag, and blow all the Rooshians to Blazes,' and that Lord — will be proud to accept the dedication of your spirit-stirring lyric."

A large and influential Committee is in course of formation for

the collection of a Fund for the Payment of Fines imposed upon Patriots who break other people's windows.

We are informed that the following letter has been received at the Mansion-House:—

"MY DEAR LORD MAYOR,
I gratefully acknowledge the patriotic offers of the City functionaries. The Cabinet will consider how the services of the Mace-Bearer, the Common-Crier, and the Recorder can be utilised with most advantage. The offer of the City Marshal to take charge of a brigade has been submitted to the War-Office. Mr. SMITH informs me that he will have much pleasure in adding the names of the Men-in-Armour to the list of the First-Class Reserve.

Yours most sincerely, BEACONSFIELD."

ST. JINGO!

(Vice St. George superseded. A Patriot Psalm.)

THE Roman might boast of Bellona and Mars;

A Briton cares nought for such classical lingo;

Old England, henceforth, when she goes to her wars,
For her slogan will sing out "St. Jingo!"

"Saint George"? That was obsolete Chivalry's cry;

We must have a new war-cry when we in to win go.

Hooray! How the Cossacks will scatter and fly
At the terrible shout of "St. Jingo!"

The Music-Halls gave us our new Patron-Saint;

'Tis there you must go for the right patriot stingo.

Stand fast and stand first, and when foes get the worst,
They will own there's no Saint like St. Jingo!

COUNT SCHOUVALOFF'S WAY OF PUTTING IT—"Polish Doctors hanged by General GOURKO"? Nonsense! Only polished off!



OLD FOES—NEW FRIENDS.

(Peace signed, Monday, March 4th.)

"Yesterday the EMPEROR received from the SULTAN the following telegram:—

"I avail myself of the occasion offered me by the anniversary of your Majesty's accession to transmit to you my congratulations, and I take this opportunity to renew our friendly relations."

"The EMPEROR answered as follows:—

"I thank your Majesty for the wishes you express. They reached me together with the news of the signature of the preliminaries of peace between us. I am happy to see in such a coincidence an augury of durable, solid, and friendly relations."—*St. Petersburg telegram, March 6.—Daily News.*

STRAPMORE!

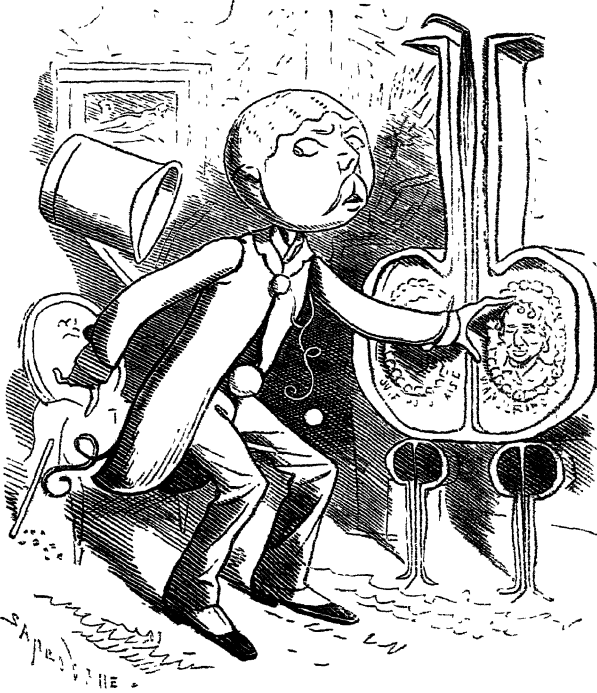
A ROMANCE

BY

WEEDER.

Author of *Folly and Farini*, *Under Two Rags*, *Arryadn'ty*, *Chuck*, *Two Little Wooden Jews*, *Nicotine*, *A Horse with Glanders*, *In Somers Town*, *Shumdross*, &c., &c.

CHAPTER II.—The Swoop of the Witcher.



LOST five thousand last night at Chicken-hazard, to SKINNER," said ALF, piteously; "and to pay him I had to borrow of STRAPMORE."

PINTO looked grave. "I would rather you had borrowed of any-one than of STRAPMORE," he said.

"Why? He is one of your set, and he was once a Captain in your Regiment!" ALF protested.

"STRAPMORE an officer in the First White Guards!" exclaimed PINTO, with a smile of the deepest irony. "No, never!" he said, emphatically.

"Ah, then, it was in the other corps!" murmured his young brother, meditatively—"in the Second Black. He served first in the Fortieth Welshers, I know. Of course, so it was. I hadn't thought of that till now."

PINTO smiled wearily, yet with a tender, kindly expression in his eyes as he bent over the lad, and then, as if ashamed of showing any emotion

—for emotion was contrary to the traditions of his lineage, and to the rules of his Order—he slightly pressed his perfumed embroidered handkerchief to his finely-chiselled nose, and lounged into his *chambre à coucher*, which was concealed from view by a heavy drapery, which the pretty *portière* who had attended him in chambers when he first came, had worked for him with her own fair hands, and had, in spite of the jealousy of her husband, the *portier*, who cleaned the boots and shoes, presented as a token of affection and esteem to their gallant and distinguished tenant.* It was "SWEETIE'S" destiny to win all female hearts wherever he met them, and he fulfilled it to the letter.

ALF watched his brother pass through, and disappear; then, quick as thought, the boy, with panther-like eagerness, sprang to the Mosaic cabinet, and, on his pressing a small diamond button above the *serrure*, the door flew open, and, with one nervous, trembling clutch, he possessed himself of some twenty or thirty Bank of Elegance notes, that were lying in a little heap at the side. Instantly closing the cabinet, he resumed his seat on the hearthrug, as PINTO entered, carrying an embroidered tobacco-pouch.

"There, little one," said the elder brother, "there are two thousand-pound notes for you!" And he shook them from the bag, out of which at the same time dropped fifty or sixty sovereigns, and rolled on the floor. A white-and-blue Japan kitten that had been curled up asleep in a corner, pounced on the shining playthings, pursuing them under sofas and chairs, and *causeuses*, and chasing them into the intricacies of the rugs, wraps, and draperies as though she had never had any better pastime all her life than money-hunting.

"You will find another three thousand about somewhere, *très cher*," said the Whiteguardsman, languidly, "if you will take the trouble to examine the porcelain tobacco-jar, of the fishing-tackle case, or one of my boots, or—somewhere. I've looked in the sponge-bag in my dressing-room, and in my old stockings, but only drew blank." So saying, he lounged

* *Editor to Authoress (by telegraphic despatch).*—We have ventured to annotate "*portière*." Surely, *portière* is a heavy curtain or some drapery suspended before a door. At least, such is our impression. We have ourselves lots of 'em at home. Shall we alter this? *Portière* is hardly the wife of the *portier*. Is she?

Authoress to Editor (by special wire from Naples).—Don't alter a word. Who said the *portière* was suspended before the door? Not I. Why take away an honest woman's character (just like you men!) by intimating that the *portière* was not the wife of the *portier*? She was his wife, and in paying a tribute to "SWEEPERS" good looks, she did but exhibit a capacity for artistic appreciation which, Heaven knows, is quite compatible with the most exalted virtue. May not the *jardinière* admire the rose in the *jardinier's* garden? Excusez M. le Rédacteur-en-chef, mais je sais tout ce que je sais. *N'en parlez plus. Allez vous promener! A la vôtre!*—W.

once more lazily on the ottoman, and drawing from a side-pocket, every button of which was a diamond of the first water, a handsome *montre au navel*, he said to himself, "Ah! Time to show on horse-back!"

By this time ALF had collected all the notes and money he could find in the various receptacles.

"Good-bye, PINTO, you're a trump!" the boy said, half sobbing, with tears of real gratitude in his eyes, which he vainly tried to suppress.

PINTO laughed, and waved a glittering epaulette gaily in the air. "A trump, am I? Well, little one, *très cher*, don't expect too much when you've only got one trump to rely on. But, little one, beware of STRAPMORE. He is a friend of mine—a dear friend, a very dear friend, as you too are likely to find him if you go on at this pace. *Au revoir, très cher!*"

At this moment the *reveille* rang out clear and strong.

"I'm a trump, and there's another!" he exclaimed, laughingly, as he lightly vaulted into the saddle, and reined in his richly-caparisoned charger with one hand, while he dashed over the splendid animal, the very model of a Whiteguardsman's horse, the contents of a quart of A Double Ees-bouquet.

"Faugh!" he exclaimed. "Her very trappings smelt of the stable, but now caparisons are odorous. Ta-ta, little one, *très cher!* Bye-bye! Go and play!" And with a flash of his burnished sabre, so dazzling as to cause several of the bystanders to lose their heads for a minute, the gallant Whiteguardsman gaily raised his plumed sabretache to several carriages filled with the most elegantly attired, most aristocratic-looking Ladies, and bending to his saddle-bow, slightly touched his charger's glossy hocks with his gilt spurs, causing her to give a bound that would have sent a less accomplished horseman over her head, but which only gave PINTO the opportunity of alighting, laughingly, astride her mane, whence, with an agility acquired in the *haute école*, he sprang up into the air, and seated himself once more in the saddle, only, this time, as the traditional gallantry and *ancienne politesse* of his House and Order forbade him, when galloping away, to turn his back upon the Ladies, he sat saluting right and left, with his bright, handsome, careless face towards his noble steed's tail, as, cheered by the crowd whom he despised as *canaille*, applauded by the men in the bay-windows of the Clubs, whose envy delighted him, and enthusiastically encouraged by the plaudits and the laced *mouchoirs* waved to him from every beauty in every verandah, from every belle on every doorstep, from every fair hand from every window, from goddesses below to goddesses of Grecian type above, from area to attic, dashed down Pall Mall at full speed, the hero of the hour, SWEETIE of Her Majesty's First White Guards.

CHAPTER III.

Atra Cura! Post flagellate!

THIS *jeu de vilain à l'haute école** was nothing to a man who could have rivalled the great DU CORBET himself in the Cirque

* *From Editor (by telegraph to Authoress abroad).*—Please, Ma'am, what is the *jeu de vilain*?

Reply (immediate from Authoress to Editor).—Dépêchez, péchez et cherchez!

From Editor.—We have cherché'd. It's "horse-play." Is that right?

Reply.—Oui-dà.—W.



A REFINED ÆSTHETIC EXQUISITE.

"BEEN TO THE OLD MASTERS, MR. MILLEFLEURS?"

"A—NO—A—I—A—GO IN FOR HIGH ART, YOU KNOW!"

[What does he mean? We don't know, no more does she, no more does he. Nobody knows!]

Impérial. But behind that glittering horseman on whom the world smiled, and who smiled on the world, sat *Atra Cura** whispering to him, "You have given all your money to your brother. Why give more? You haven't a penny in the world. Where will you dine to-day? How cold it has been! Regrettez. Put an end to it all. No more coughs or colds, or other ailments."

And as the idea passed, like a dark cloud, across his shining cuirass, the name of "STRAPMORE"† rose to his lips. Why? Was it a presentiment? If so, of good, or of evil? Are we the creatures of our own impulses, or are our impulses the creatures of ourselves? Does destiny guide us, or do we guide destiny? Are we as a grain of sand to the power of an infinite, restless ocean, or is the infinite, restless ocean as the power of a grain of sand to

* *Atra Cura*—The Black Curate. In old times, when a prisoner was condemned he was taken to the gallows on horseback, and beside him sat a clergyman, who was engaged in reading him a sermon the whole time. From this office the parson so employed was invariably known as "The Black Curate," or, as the French have it, "*Le Curé Noir*."—[Well, we never knew this, but it is evidently correct.—Ed.]

† "*Strapmore*."—*Editor* (by telegraph to *Authoress* abroad).—Glad you've mentioned STRAPMORE again. He has only been alluded to once before. We've had a lot of letters since the first Chapter, asking, "Where is STRAPMORE? When is he coming on the scene?" You see, my dear Madame, the Romance is called *Strapmore*, and so it is not unnatural for the Public to make some inquiry regarding the chief personage. Congratulate you. Bring him out. Don't hide your STRAPMORE under a bushel. In almost all those charming works of yours we have had the pleasure of perusing, the chief character in the *dramatis persona* comes in early and leaves late. So why this departure from your rule?

From *Authoress* to *Editor*.—Il y a des reproches qui loutent et des louanges qui médisent. J'ai bonne cause. Tenez, très cher Monsieur le Rédacteur. Je vais reculer pour mieux sauter. Faites lever le rideau. En voiture! Allez donc!—W.

us? Who shall tell? Who knows? Who can say? Do we get wiser as we become less foolish, or is our diminishing folly but a consequence of our increasing wisdom? Do we take our hat off to the whirlwind, or is it the whirlwind that takes our hat off for us, and so saves us that trouble, at all events? Alas! these are life problems that everyone must answer for himself or for herself according to their experience. "SWEETIE" of the First White Guards knew that he had drawn post-obits on every one of his relations, and Lord MAZAGON had laconically refused his last request for an addition to his income. "*Rien de plus, pas un magot*," the proud old nobleman had replied. For he had always hated the elder son, and favoured the younger. SWEETIE could ill afford the money he had that morning bestowed on the Little One. Sooner or later he knew that ruin must come; that one night harpy-clawed, onion-breathing Hebrews would tear him from the very midst of a throng of foreign Princesses with whom he was flirting, or rush into the smoking-room of his Club, drag him away from his iced sherbet and gossamer gossip of town scandal, and bring him in chains, an executed prisoner, to some loathsome dungeon below the very deepest depths of Houndsditch. He knew this, and smiled. The languid, devil-may-care training of the *Peeze aller* Order never allowed him to be for an instant—or, at least, for more than an instant—disturbed.

Yet, though unable to picture to himself in vivid colours a *dégringolade*, or to realise a *chute des anges*, and though smiling to the gay throng, and lifting, from time to time, his plumed helmet in acknowledgment of some meaning glance, or more than gracious salute from the many Princesses, Duchesses, Countesses, and beauties, titled and untitled, who perfumed the atmosphere of the admiring circle of which he was the centre of attraction, he was unable to repress a certain pang of momentary anxiety for the future of the bank-notes he had given the Little One, and despite his careless smile, despite his gay bearing, he was most anxious to meet STRAPMORE.*

The State Ceremony lasted a long time. The White Guardsmen grinned and fretted in their saddles. The heat became oppressive. SWEETIE's charger, with the thermometer at 90° in the shade, grew visibly thinner and thinner, and SWEETIE himself felt that a semi-unconscious dreaminess was coming over him, against which he was unable to contend. In the struggle to retain the possession of his senses, he moved his legs, and the sharp spurs pricking the noble charger's sides, caused him to give such a shake of dissatisfaction as to altogether unfasten the already yielding girths, and in another second, obeying the sound of the clarion, the well-trained steed marched steadily on, leaving his master seated in his saddle as he fell fainting to the ground. A thousand golden-topped scent-bottles gleamed in the air, two thousand fair hands were stretched out to assist the swooning Guardsman, when a form of Herculean strength, broad-shouldered, but with a waist of almost waspish slimness, strode towards him, and lifting SWEETIE in his arms as easily as though he had been a child, carried him up the steps of the Aluminium Club, and deposited him in the smoking-room.

* So are we.—Ed.

FOR SPEAKING HIS MIND OF MR. LAYARD.
—SERVEE, served out.



BY PRIVATE WIRE.

Mr. Basinghal (City Merchant). "MOST CONVENIENT! I CAN CONVERSE WITH MRS. B. JUST AS IF I WAS IN MY OWN DRAWING-ROOM!—I'LL TELL HER YOU'RE HERE."—(*Speaks through the Telephone.*)—"DAWDLES IS HERE—JUST CAME FROM PARIS—LOOKING SO WELL—DESIRES TO BE, &C., &C." "NOW, YOU TAKE IT, AND YOU'LL HEAR HER VOICE DISTINCTLY!" *Dawdles.* "WEALLY!"

A NOBLE OFFER.

HOUSEMAIDS' wages in an upper middle-class family are—*Punch* understands from his excellent *Judy*—from £18 to £20 a year, with board and lodging, followers, and beer.

What should be fair pay, think our readers, for a Daily Governess to educate four sisters in English, history, geography, and arithmetic, for five hours daily? We are glad to be able to inform them, if any of them have daughters to teach. £24 a year without board, or about half the cost of a Housemaid.

It is *Punch's* special trade to joke, but when he writes this he is not joking—honour bright. Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the following, cut from a *Daily Telegraph* last week:—

WANTED immediately, a DAILY GOVERNESS, aged from 28 to 32, to teach four sisters in English, history, geography, and arithmetic daily, from ten till twelve, and from two till five o'clock, except on Saturdays afternoon. Salary £2 a month, no board.—Apply by letter to —, Hampstead-road. No lady need apply except one duly qualified, and



DAWDLES takes it, and does hear her voice most distinctly!
The Voice. "FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, DEAR, DON'T BRING THAT INSUFFER-
ABLE NOODLE HOME TO DINNER!!"

NATURAL SUCCESSION.—Conclusion of peace, Beginning of war.

living within ten minutes' walk from the above address.

And not only does this precious advertiser expect to find what he, or she, wants for the money, but is so satisfied of the handsomeness of the offer, that a rush of applicants is evidently anticipated, and so a line of demarcation is drawn at ten minutes' walk of the address, beyond which none living need apply. Imagine the crowd of the excluded gazing wistfully from just beyond the ten minutes' barrier, like Moore's Peri—

"At the Gate
Of Eden, all disconsolate."

A Great Gun on the Bench.

At the distribution of shooting prizes to the Devil's Own, Lord Justice COTTON presided. Colonel BULWER said that Lord Justice COTTON was an old comrade, having been an efficient in the Devil's Own for nineteen years, and having in 1867 approved himself the best shot in the battalion. After this, ought he not to be re-named Lord Justice Gun-Cotton?

FAIR-PLAY.

"The truly British love of fair-play!!!"—(*Vide perorators, passim.*)



SCENE I.—*A Park. Rival Mobs (of Britons) assembled to rearrange the order of the Universe. Row, alarums, excursions, flying missiles, general scrimmage.*

Smaller Mob (gaspingly). Oh, I say, look 'ere, this ain't fair, don't yer know! We wos here fust! We've assembled in our thousands to—

Larger Mob (fortissimo). Yah! Gar'n!! There ain't five 'under of yer altogether! Turn it up! Go home! Yah! Up with our side! Down with everybody else!!!

[*Shower of stones, sticks, turfs, and other mob-arguments.*]

Smaller Mob (faintly). Well, if we are in a minority, ain't we a right to— (*Hullaballoo.*) Honnly 'ear

us! We appeal to that British love of fair-play which never—

Larger Mob. Ya-a-h! H-o-o-h!! [*Charges Smaller Mob en masse.*]

Fair-Play (entering). But, my worthy friends, is this exactly fair?

As you love me, pray, pray—

Larger Mob. Yah! Bonnit 'im with a bludgeon! Shet his mouth with a 'andful o' mud!!

[*Fair-Play is bonneted and bespattered. Exit in astonishment.*]

SCENE II.—*A Public Meeting. Advocate of unpopular opinions endeavouring to explain himself.*

Speaker. Pardon me. What I mean is—

[*Chorus of Citizens, Cads, Patriots, Pickpockets, Medical Students, Music-Hall Roughs, and other vociferous champions of their common cause.* Yah! Booh! Shut up! Traitor! Shame! Turn 'im hout! &c., &c., &c.]

Speaker. But, my good friends (*roars*), I appeal (*howls*) to that love of fair-play (*hootings and hisses*) which abides in the bosom of every Briton. (*Shrieks, yells, cat-calls, cock-crowings, and other inarticulate arguments.*)

Fair-Play (appearing). But, really, Gentlemen, the man is right—this is not fair-play; give him a hearing for my sake, for the sake of that British—

Chorus of Citizens, &c. Yah! S-s-s-s! Gar-n-n! Hustle him! Smash his hat! Collar his watch!

[*Fair-Play is hustled and robbed. Exit in despair.*]

SCENE III.—*First-Class Railway Carriage. Mild Enthusiast and several Swells discussing Political prospects.*

Mild Enthusiast. As I was about to say, Gentlemen, though loving my country as much as any man (*groans*), I would yet give fair-play to others. From the Russian point of view—

Swells (in chorus). What have Englishmen to do with that? Most un-English sentiments yours, Sir.

Mild Enthusiast. Well, as Mr. GLADSTONE—

Swells (fiercely). Gr-r-r! Bah! Beast! traitor! Ought to have been hanged long ago!

Mild Enthusiast. But—

First Swell. Fellow's very name makes me sick!

Second Swell. Fellow who'd say a word for him unworthy the name of Englishman and Patriot! Must be some confounded low Cad, or Russian Agent!

Mild Enthusiast. Why, had as Russia may be; let her have that fair-play which it is the boast of Britons—

Third Swell. Bah! Hate to hear an Englishman play the apologist for the enemies of his native land.

Fair-Play (cutting in). But, Gentlemen, it is in doing justice to your opponents that a genuine love of fair-play is tested, and if the complacent brag of Britons is more than—

Omnès. Bah! Unpatriotic fudge! Traitorous trash! Cosmopolitan cant! Snub him! Cut him! Glare him into silence.

[*Fair-Play is severely snubbed, and subsides.*]

SCENE IV.—*Editor's Room of Party Newspaper. Editor, Sub-Editor, and Leader-Writer in Council.*

Editor. Let them have it hot, SMASHER!

Smasher. No fear! But that telegram from Pera? Just a leetle—eh?

Editor. Oh, never mind. Tells 'well on our side, you know. Can but contradict it afterwards if it's wrong.

Sub. By the way, that neat little epigram of which we have made such capital lately. So-and-so writes to say he never used the words, or used them with a qualification which quite alters—

Editor. A qualification be hanged! Can't be bothered with such small deer. Fire away!

Sub. Well, G——, writes to say all that about his egging on the Hottentots to have a cut-in at the SULTAN is a ridiculous lie; wants an apology.

Editor. Apology be——, well, well, stick in something evasive—say we won't press the charge at present, but if——, you know the style of thing, SMASHER.

Fair-Play (entering unannounced). But surely, Gentlemen, this is not that spirit of fair-play about which British Journalists are always—

Editor. Sir, I have not the honour of your acquaintance, and do not desire it. Here, SMUTS, show this Gentleman out.

[*Fair-Play is shown out in a state of collapse!*]

SCENE V.—*The British Coast. Enter Fair-Play solus.*

Fair-Play. I fly these inhospitable shores for ever. Britons love me, indeed! Why I can't show my face anywhere 'without being snubbed as a foggy, hissed as a fanatic, pelted as a non-patriot, bonneted as a bore. I am now denounced as un-English! It is the last straw. I will betake me to foreign parts—say, to the rowdy-ruled West, or the savage-haunted wilds of Central Africa—where I may have the chance denied me in the land of my adoption. Farewell to parks and platforms! and hey for the freedom of the prairies and the pampas, the jungle and the savannah!

[*Departs for distant lands.*]

MODEST SUGGESTIONS.

(*Offered for what they are worth.*)

IN order that the proceedings of the coming Congress may be marked by an extreme cordiality, lead to no untoward results, and be crowned by a brilliant and permanent success, it is suggested—

- (1) That its deliberations be conducted in Welsh;
- (2) That no one be admitted without an olive branch, a calumet or pipe, half-a-pound of mild returns, and a copy of CAMPBELL'S *Pleasures of Hope*;
- (3) That fire-arms, maps of Europe, and Memoranda for prepared speeches be left at the doors;
- (4) That before opening the proceedings, Constantinople be handed politely all round, *pro forma*, and declined with thanks;
- (5) That each of the contracting parties shall claim for the Power he represents as much of Turkey in Asia as he can draw accurately with his eyes shut;
- (6) That Poland shall be reconstituted and its governorship offered, without a salary, to Mr. COWEN;
- (7) That to restore the European balance of power, Monaco shall have Bessarabia;
- (8) That if any difference of opinion arise over this, it shall be instantly settled by the best out of three tosses with a sou of the Principality; and
- (9) That if the matter of the Turkish Fleet by any chance come up again, an arrangement be made with the South-Eastern Railway Company to hire, and run it half-hourly, at reduced fares, between Boulogne and Folkestone, till the closing of the Paris Exhibition.

Oxford Revisited.

"Dr. NEWMAN, having last Christmas been elected Honorary Fellow of Trinity College, where he was originally a scholar, has lately been the guest of the President of his College. During his stay he dined in hall, in his academical dress. He visited Oriel, the College he has done so much to make famous, and had a long interview with Dr. PUSSEY at Christchurch."—*Oxford Intelligence.*

ONCE more in Oriel! Face to face
With scenes to ancient memories due:
Is 't a new man in the old place,
Or is 't the old man in a new?

Beautiful for Ever!

MR. PUNCH, HONOR'D SIR,

I AM a Super what has performed Shakespeer, and 'eld engagements with forrin companis, French and Italian, which I mean Mr. MITCHELL'S, long ago, and Signor SALVINI'S since, and as such give my umble opinion, that it would have been more the correct eard if Mrs. LEVERSON, when she was takin a forin artis's name, instead of RACHEL, had called herself RESTOREY.

I am, Honor'd Sir, yours respeckfully, N. AMLET.

RUSSORUM DELICTA.

(Inclito quodam Russophobo decantata.)



EATI Possidentes,
Insidiis opprimentes
Jura, rura, gentes,
Seu Portæ incum-
bentes
Sive Asiam distra-
hentes,
Palmas præferen-
tes
Sed pistrinam me-
rentes,
Persas per terrentes,
Indos cupientes,
Anglos irridentes,
Ostris illudentes,
Romanis impen-
dentes,
Germanos metuen-
tes,
Italos flocci pen-
dentes,
Congressu inso-
lentes,
Mira pollicentes
Pollicita spernentes,
Hic et illic cres-
centes,
Tam corpora, mores,
mentes,

Quam, gulas, unguis, dentes,
Russi partes Ursorum,

In sæcula sæculorum,
Gnaviter peragentes.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

On "Louis the Eleventh" at the Lyceum, Saturday, March 9th—
Also a Postscript and a Musical Note.

SIR,—What a fine play *Louis the Eleventh* might have been, and what a poor one it is! Its sole merit lies in the opportunities afforded to the Actor who undertakes the part of *Louis*.

That Mr. IRVING should have chosen the character for himself was both natural and judicious; but that he should have been content with the existing piece is, to me, inexplicable. There was far stronger dramatic necessity for altering and amending *Louis the Eleventh* than there was for re-arranging the *Courier of Lyons*.

That Mr. IRVING's *Louis the Eleventh* will be one of his most remarkable successes is, already, a certainty. But this result will be due to the Actor, and not to the play.

The character of *Louis the Eleventh*, considered dramatically, stands, as it were, on so narrow a border line between high tragedy and low comedy, that the startlingly rapid transitions from one domain to the other, incur the risk of bringing into undue prominence a certain ludicrous eccentricity of expressive action, wherein lay the late Mr. ROBSON's remarkable power in such parts as *Daddy Hardacre* and *Desmarests* in drama, and in *Medea* and *Shylock* in burlesque; and wherein lay, also, the secret of his inability to attempt the higher range of sustained impassioned tragedy.

Now, ROBSON, to my thinking, is the very example, of all others, of the kind of Actor whose peculiarities would be exactly suited in such a character as that of *Louis the Eleventh*, with the single exception of the death-scene, where the opportunities offered to Mr. IRVING for painting a companion picture to the death of *Mathias* in *The Bells*, and of *Richard* on Bosworth field, offered a temptation so irresistible, as, doubtless, to have determined him in his choice. With Mr. IRVING this scene is the feature of his performance. It awakes in the spectator emotions of pity for the sufferer, it excites his sympathy; and the sight is so painful, that, when, at last, the monarch falls forward dead, the audience give a sigh of relief, and thank Heaven that his physical tortures are ended at last. Of his troubled conscience, of his craven fear of death, we are shown but little in his last moments. We are witnesses of his bodily torture, but only from their previous acquaintance with his evil life can those who assist at this terrible death-bed, judge of the agony of his soul.

Of course, in dealing with this scene the dramatist has chosen the historian PHILIP DE COMMINES for his guide, who compares the well-merited tortures of the King's death-bed with the numerous cruelties he had inflicted on others. But how much grander and greater scope for Dramatist and Actor would there have been, had he followed the same historian further than Sir WALTER SCOTT did in his Preface to *Quentin Durward*, and shown the fierce conflict between good and evil, and the final penitence of the King, whose

conversion seems to have been effected by FRANCIS of Paula, to whom he recommended his three children, and in whose arms, exhausted by physical suffering, he peacefully died.

The short cut to the character of *Louis the Eleventh*, as popularly accepted, is of course to be found in *Quentin Durward*, and that Mr. IRVING has made a close study of Sir WALTER SCOTT's *Louis* is evident from those excellently-played scenes where he shows himself so familiar with his inferiors and his "gossips." The interview with the peasant's wife (capitally played by Mrs. CHIPPENDALE, than whom no selection could have been better) was a proof of the great attention the Actor had paid to this part, at all events, of the character of *Louis*.

In brief, it may be said that as long as Mr. IRVING was exhibiting physical infirmity, physical suffering, concentrated hate, craftiness of design, abject dread, triumph of cunning, and jocularly with his inferiors, not a fault could be found with his performance. But it was otherwise, when he dealt with that subtle exhibition of the superstition to which the King's fears had degraded his religious belief. Here, in two instances, the Actor was more to blame than the Dramatist. I dwell on one. When, while *Louis* is arranging with *Tristan l'Ermite* for the murder of the Envoy, he is interrupted by the sound of the *Angelus*—(and let me parenthetically remark that this sound was no more like the ringing of the *Angelus* than it was like the Hallelujah Chorus; but that is a detail, comparatively unimportant)—he suddenly breaks off, and holding his cap before him, makes absurd grimaces at the traditional silver images fixed in its front. These grimaces are supposed to represent the King saying the *Angelus*. Now *Louis* was superstitious, but he was no fool: he believed and trembled: he prayed because he feared: he sinned, because his faith was without love. His devotion, the result of his perfect belief in, and abject terror of, an Eternity of Punishment and Reward, was most intense; it never could have been, in outward expression, contemptible buffoonery. To have seen the attitude of *Louis* in prayer would have rejoiced a saint; to have known his heart at the time would have made angels weep. Mr. IRVING can have no authority for this grotesque, nay burlesque, devotion, for had he even been guided by Sir WALTER SCOTT, he would have found that *Louis* "doffed, as usual, his hat, selected from the figures with which it was garnished that which represented his favourite image of the Virgin, placed it on a table, and, kneeling down, repeated reverently the vow he had made."

Mr. IRVING can easily correct this, and it is well worth his attention. I have not time to do more than allude to those two other blots, for which both Author and Actor are equally to blame; namely, the prayer before the image of Our Lady, and the absurd scene of the confession to *Francis of Paula*.

The well-known "prayer of *LOUIS THE ELEVENTH*," as overheard by his own jester, and, as the improbable story goes, related by him in the King's presence, is yet a different affair from even its development by Sir WALTER SCOTT, who, in a note, deemed some sort of apology necessary for its introduction and its treatment in the romance. It was a mistake on the part of the Dramatist to reproduce it in this play: it was a mistake on the part of the Actor to suggest to the audience, by the King's attitude and facial expression, that he was not most intensely in earnest in his attempt to win over the Saint whom he was addressing to his own view of his crimes in the past, and his intention in the future.

But if Mr. IRVING will once more study this very scene in *Quentin Durward*, he will find the key-note of *Louis's* conduct in his turning away from the crucifix. At all this the audience should be compelled to shudder, but never invited to laugh.

I do not think I have dwelt unduly on what appear to me blemishes on an otherwise admirable performance. With the public the whole will be successful. In a work of Art no detail is unimportant. The play is most effectively put on the stage, and the cast throughout is a good one; though as far as the female interest is concerned, in the part of *Marie*, daughter of PHILIP DE COMMINES, there is very little for Miss VIRGINIA FRANCIS to do, more than to play prettily the scene between herself and the Dauphin (Mr. ANDREWS), to whom the greatest praise is due for his performance of a most difficult part. As the *Dauphin*, only sixteen years old, in all the scenes with his father he won the sympathy of the audience, and was most deservedly applauded.

No more, at present, on this subject, from

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—Never shall it be said that Your Representative wittingly or unwittingly does an injustice. Least of all to such a brother scribbler (if I may be permitted to say so) as his friend Mr. W. S. GILBERT. Last week, in remarking on the manifesto signed by Mr. NEVILLE, which had appeared in the papers about the withdrawal of the *Ne'er-do-Weel*, I said, not professing to quote exactly, but giving the gist of the statement, "Ten per cent. of Mr. GILBERT's pieces were adaptations." I find that the exact words of the above-mentioned manifesto were, "Out of more than fifty, only three were adaptations." One of these adaptations was *The Wedding March*, which was quite worthy of the Author of the *Bab Ballads*.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MONDAY, March 11 (Lords).—Lord DERBY, to Lord GRANVILLE's satisfaction and that of Her Majesty's Opposition, at least, confirmed the announcement that our Government has proposed the introduction of Greece to the Conference. England will be glad. So should Europe. Friction is all but inevitable in readjusting that very delicate weighing-machine, the balance of power. A lubricating fluid will be most useful, though no doubt Russia would have preferred bear's-grease to the Hellenic article.

Lord STANHOPE wanted to know whether Lord DERBY would bar a Russian President under any circumstances.

Lord STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL wished to know if the Conference would have power to say Yes or No to any question submitted to it.

Lord DENMAN wanted to know if Parliament couldn't be muzzled while Conference was sitting, or otherwise restrained from making an ass of itself and embarrassing the Government by asking silly questions.

Lord DERBY said the general rule was that a Conference should elect its President, and should deal with the questions coming before it. But what they would be, or how they would be brought forward,

he preferred, for the present, not to communicate to the House, as he was communicating with other Governments.

Their Lordships maintained, by 54 to 36, indirect (by ballot, with cumulative votes) in preference to direct, election of the Metropolitan Board of Works, now Vestry-elected. Would the change give us a better Board? *Punch*, like their Lordships, *advisari vult*, and gives the Board, as it is, the benefit of the doubt.

Lord TRURO wanted the Government to inquire into the alleged Cat-Worrying Case at Beaconsfield. Their Lordships seem indisposed to go into the case, and declare there was no evidence.

It looks fishy. Suppose, as some may suspect, a Cross in the Lords, why doesn't some humane M.P. try CROSS in the Commons?

(*Commons.*)—The House welcomed Miss HELLAS as JOHN BULL's little Partner at the Conference Ball—if it ever get set a rolling—See *Mr. Punch's* Cartoon. "Tis Greece, and Living Greece, once more!" in contradiction to Lord BYRON. Sir H. D. WOLFE asked the question, and both sides cheered the answer. This is as it should be. Diplomacy will have the opportunity of mending one of its own worst bungles—the half-and-half measure given to Greece when the Great Powers last had their hands in the grease-pot.



NOT VERY LIKELY.

Cabby (who has been paid his bare fare before hiring). "BRING YER BOX IN? WHAT, I LEAVE MY YOUNG 'OSS A STANDIN' 'ERE OF HISSELF!"—(With determination.)—"No, I CAN'T LEAVE MY CAB! SPOZIN' HE RUNS AWAY, 'OOS TO PAY FOR THE DAMAGE, I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW!"

In Supply on the Naval Estimates, MR. HERMON spoke the mind of a practical man of business on the uselessness and cost of the returns which Honourable Members are always moving for, and which generally end, as returns are apt to end, in smoke. In nineteen cases out of twenty they serve no end but to help the department to waste time, and the Stationery Office to waste paper, at best to wrap up some crochets that is not worth the cost of printing, to say nothing of the cost of clerks' time in compiling them. There ought to be an examiner of returns to see that none are sanctioned without some better prospect of return than a weight of waste-paper, which overwhelms Honourable Members, and benefits nobody but the buttermilk.

Then MR. SEELY opened fire on the Admiralty from the cellars to the attics, assailing all that is done, and all that is left undone therein, and declaring English Naval Administration miserably inferior to French. How with such Naval Lords BRITANNIA still dares to claim, or hopes to hold lordship of the sea, the next war will show! SEELY's bill of indictment was so crushing, that everybody was at once set thinking—"This is really too bad to be true!"

LORD H. LENNOX opened fire of the heaviest guns he could bring to bear on the *Inflexible*, and said [ditto] to MR. REED with great spirit. MR. REED followed, on the same side, with heavier metal. If words can sink a ship, the survival of the *Inflexible* is a miracle. And if her unarmoured ends and cork stuffing can still float her, after MR. REED's and LORD LENNOX's broadsides, *Punch* can only say, "Bravo, BARNABY!"

MR. GOSCHEN returned MR. REED's fire, and took upon him the whole responsibility of the *Inflexible*, which must, we would think, be even heavier than the armour of her citadel. It would take three hundred hitting shots to destroy her unarmoured ends. Have REED and LENNOX together as many shots in the locker? *Punch* takes leave to doubt, and prefers backing the *Inflexible* to swim, with GOSCHEN, to backing her to turn turtle, with REED and LENNOX. MR. REED's Popoffka prophecies do not strengthen one's faith in his infallibility as Pope of the Naval Architectural Church.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL introduced that old innocent—of many

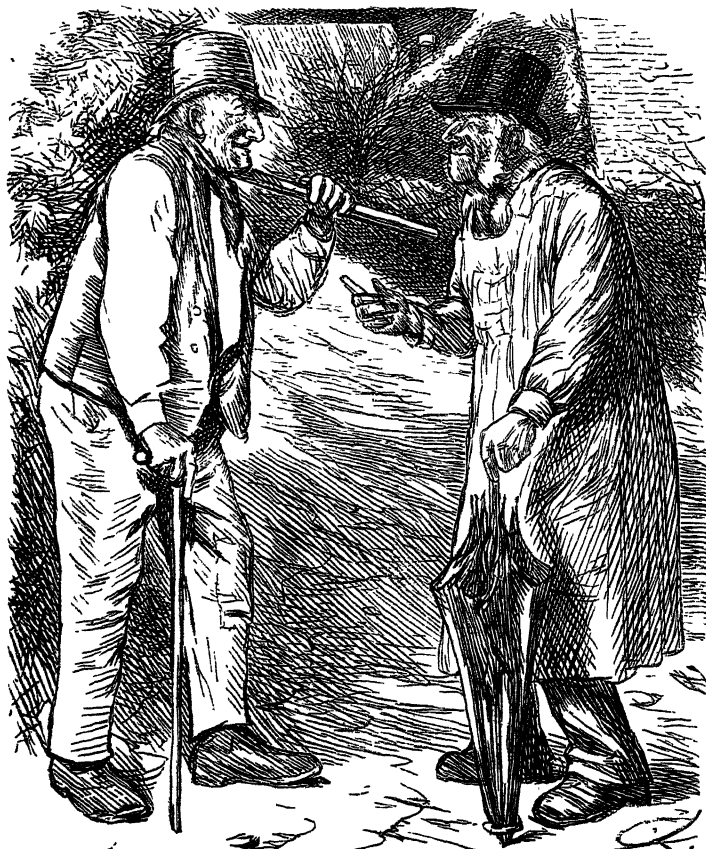
Sessions' martyrdom—the Bankruptcy Bill. May *Punch* pray by anticipation R.I.P.?

*Tuesday (Lords).—*With that perfection of reason which becomes the law, our Divorce Legislation, while empowering the Court to compel an innocent husband, to provide for an adulterous wife, has given no such power against a guilty one.

LORD SUDELEY, the LORD CHANCELLOR assenting, carried Second Reading of the Bill for amending this and other anomalies and absurdities of our Divorce Acts, which has passed the Commons and has the full approval of the Judges.

*(Commons).—*A duel between CAPTAIN NOLAN and LORD EUSTACE CECIL, the gallant Captain armed with breech-loader, the noble Lord with muzzle-loader, came off on the floor of the House, without serious consequences. The systems, guns, and combatants, remain as they were. Our professional authorities hold to their muzzle-loaders, and if their opponents dare them to the deadly breech, they are quite ready to meet them.

Then came on the Great Negroponte Correspondence incident, opened by MR. EVELYN ASHLEY, who moved the House to express its regret at the conduct of a certain Ambassador in relation to certain charges in a certain newspaper based on a certain correspondence between a certain English statesman and a certain Greek politician shown by a certain representative of a certain newspaper to said certain Ambassador at a certain reception, and by him repeated to a certain *attaché* with a direction to mention it to a certain correspondent of a certain other newspaper. There is one certain conclusion to be deduced from this now thoroughly-ventilated bit of certain backstairs history—that if it is not desirable—however necessary sometimes—for our Ambassadors to communicate with the Government by telegraph, it is pre-eminently undesirable for an Ambassador at Constantinople, during the height of a Russo-Turkish war in the Ottoman empire, and a Russophile and Turkophile fever at home, to communicate either with his Government, or his country, by *Daily Telegraph*:—and that, when he tells his *attaché*, if he sees the correspondent of the *D. T.*, to give him the Ambassador's impression of a letter he has just seen, it is not an unnatural inference that the Ambassador means the said Correspondent to make it the text



"NEVER SAY DIE!"

Ned. "MARNIN', TUMMAS! 'OW BE YEROU?"

Tummas. "POOTY 'ARTY, THANKEE. BUT I'M A GETTIN' A OULD MAN NOW!"

Ned. "YE-OO OULD! LOOK AT METHOOSALUM! 'EE WOR A OULD MAN I' YE LIKE, 'EE WOR!"

of a spicy letter to his paper, on which leaders would probably be founded, even spicier than the letter.

It is too late for the Ambassador to disclaim responsibility for the natural consequence of his act within a few days of a motion for a vote of censure wrapped up in the Parliamentary silver-paper of an expression of regret; and it is unbecoming for him to insinuate a sneer in the profession of his willingness to express his regret to the statesman whom his indiscretion has exposed to fierce and unjust attack.

Having thus extracted the Essence of this night's debate (which ended in a majority for Government of 206 to 132), *Mr. Punch* will only express his regret that Mr. GLADSTONE is not more discreet in his correspondence, and Mr. LAYARD in his diplomacy, and leave them both with an expression of his sincere regard and respect for both,—in their discreeter moments.

Wednesday.—Mr. PEASE moved the Abolition of Capital Punishment.

Mr. GRANTHAM moved its retention.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL promised a Bill to amend the law relating to Homicide, but opposed the total grubbing up of the Gallows.

The House was impatient of a debate, its mind being made up, and summarily made an end of the Bill by 263 to 64.

The majority represents not unfairly the overwhelming preponderance of English sense, as at present instructed, in favour of the *status quo* of the Hangman. We keep our Gallows for the brute whom no rope weaker than hempen halter will bind, and no terror less terrible than Tyburn Tree will hold in awe. There are such ruffians; and for them the Gallows is, and will be, kept for the present standing. What other countries do, or leave undone, furnishes no rule to us. There is nothing however, in the experience of those countries in which the "waefu' wuddie" has been out down, to lead us to follow their example.

Thursday (Lords).—Their Lordships discussed the interesting subject of Railway Brakes.

LORD DELAWARE, LORD COWPER, LORD HENNEKER, and LORD CARLINEFORD seemed all of a mind that some kind of effective brake-machinery should be enforced, but that the Companies should not be compelled to adopt any particular kind. Up to this time they have found the best way of evading the difficulties of choice between brakes is to choose none. But the time is surely

approaching when the Public will be tired of permitting the Companies' only form of break-power to be the power to break their own carriages, and their servants' and passengers' bones.

(*Commons.*)—In answer to questions as to the Conference, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER said the Government had agreed in principle to a Congress (Principle to cover Interests); that it was communicating with other Governments as to the bases (the question of Capitals having been decided in favour of Berlin we presume the question of "bases" naturally comes next on the *tapis*); that it would be inconvenient to go minutely into conditions (which are at present "all in the air"); that each Power would preserve its liberty to retire at any moment (this freedom of movement being involved in the very etymology of a "Congress," which you walk into, and of course can walk out of, as opposed to a "Conclave" where you are locked in); that the minority would not be bound by the majority (particularly not in Russia binding); that the Government would maintain its views—(which were not dissolving-views)—and that every Article of the Treaty of San Stefano would be submitted to the Congress (these Articles, hitherto indefinite, thanks to Russian reticence, being laid before the Congress in the most definite form as *Articles de Berlin*, seeing that *Articles de Paris* are for the moment discredited by the untoward catastrophe of the Treaties of 1856.) All this the House cheered very much.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER promised Members three weeks' Easter holidays—from April 16 to May 6—if they would be good boys and work hard.

Adjourned debate on Naval Estimates. The *Inflexible* was towed out once again, but to-night rather for a *feu de joie*, or salute, from gunnery officers, civilians, admirals, and amateurs, all bearing testimony in her favour.

After Big Ben's annual funeral chime—"The Navy is Gone to the Devil," to the air of "*Down among the Dead Men*," Mr. SMITH quietly resisted Mr. SEELY'S Motion for a Committee, and gave reasons for believing that the *Inflexible*, if not absolutely impregnable and unsinkable, is yet about the impregnablest and unsinkablest of Ironclads ever set afloat.

Then Sir ROBERT PEEL rose, and, after the exordium that *we* had no reserve, proceeded to show that *he* had none, by one of his characteristic outpourings, *à l'enfant terrible*. He claimed our own Government as an authority for the admission that "the Foreign Office knew nothing of what was going on." It follows that England, whose only official channel of foreign intelligence is its Foreign Office, knows nothing. *Argal*, argues Sir ROBERT, LORD DERBY, as head of this know-nothing department, is the proper person to represent this know-nothing England in the Congress; no doubt on the principle that two ignorances—JOHN BULL'S and his representative's—may turn out equivalent to a knowledge, as two negatives are equivalent to an affirmative.

Sir ROBERT, with all his belief in the One Lion for whom he aspires to fill the part of private Roarer-Royal, does not believe in LYONS. LORD ROBERT MONTAGU, we are sorry to learn, does not believe in LORD DERBY, but then he believes in nothing but the Turks and England's humiliation in the present, and her decline and fall in the future, if she will not be warned by LORD ROBERT MONTAGU. It is a great comfort to feel that if the worst come to the worst, England will always have at least two Bobs to bless herself with—Sir ROBERT PEEL and LORD ROBERT MONTAGU; with Sir H. D. WOLFF and Mr. CHAPLIN as a reserve.

LORD ROBERT'S protest against "accomplished facts" was grand. But he is inconsistent. He believes in himself, we all know; and where is there a more "accomplished fact" than LORD ROBERT MONTAGU, though it was not pretty to charge his brother BOB with "spitting his venom" on LORD LYONS? When BOB meets BOB, we know now what is like to come of it. But in spite of this little tiff, it is a joy to think that PEEL has MONTAGU and MONTAGU has PEEL to keep him in countenance. They may talk of England coming to the ground between the two stools of Peace and War, but *Punch* feels safe while her war-stool has three such legs as PEEL, MONTAGU, and WOLFF. Let us alter the "*Tria juncta in uno*" of her *seutocheon* into the masculine gender, to fit these "dauntless three" who might have been seen, on Thursday night, holding "the brazen bridge of War" against all comers,—

"As stout HORATIUS held the Bridge,
In the brave days of old."

LORD E. FITZMAURICE and Sir W. HARCOURT might chaff—"It is their nature to"—but the speeches of the three gave a comforting character to the Conference discussion of Thursday, which it would not have derived from the more common-place assurances of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, that we were going into Congress with high hearts, clean hands, minds made up, and six millions at our back . . . in money if not in men. What is the "frankness of BISMARCK and the finesse of GORTSCHAKOFF" to that?

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE accepted Sir ROBERT PEEL's speech as a proof of confidence in the Government. What a blessing is the power of "making the best of it"! It was hardly fair, when he was so pleasant to Sir ROBERT, to be so nasty with Lord ROBERT. As regards the two ROBERTS' opinion of the Government, it really seems to *Punch* a case of "six of one and half-a-dozen of the other."

Friday (Lords).—That extra-gigantic swindle—even among the giant brood of eleemosynary swindles—St. Catherine's Hospital, was brought on the *tapis*. Government rules for management of its revenues, the LORD CHANCELLOR says, are being prepared. It is time they were. A long talk on Desertion, and the feasibility of branding Deserters again with a "D," as of old. These vagabonds ought to be marked men. It seems it can be done without giving pain; and JOHN BULL has a right to have a stamp put on the Queen's bad shillings—as the Bank marks light sovereigns.

Is the Dead Lock in Victoria—where the Council has stopped the supplies, and the Government has thrown all the public machinery out of gear,—picked yet? The Colonial Office is not quite sure (says Lord CADOGAN), but rather thinks so. But telegrams are such difficult reading. Lord CARNARVON thinks, as far as he can understand the telegram—and we don't see who is likely to carry understanding farther—that a compromise has been arrived at. But see *Commons*, where Sir M. HICKS BEACH denied the receipt of any telegram bearing out this hopeful view. "Who shall decide, when Houses disagree?"—at Home or in Victoria.

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE declined to say if Russia had declined to admit JOHN BULL's little partner Miss HELLAS to the Conference Dance.

At last, Mr. SMITH was allowed to introduce the Naval Estimates, like their brethren of the War Office, peaceful, normal, and unambitious, more in tune, seemingly, with the piping times of peace than this "roaring moon of war." Mr. SMITH has all the men he wants, and all the money—and all the ships—built or building. And altogether, poor WARD HUNT's "phantom Navy" seems to have grown into a reality, substantial enough to satisfy the practical mind and business-like calculations of our Westminster SMITH, who now plays the part of Vulcan to BRITANNIA's Ironclads.

With the exception of two votes, the whole of the Naval Estimates were swallowed—nearly eleven millions—in the lump!

Who says the House can't do business? *Punch* had BENNY-DIZZY, the sword-swallower, last week. He might have headed his Essence this week with St. Stephen bolting the Naval Estimates, instead of Mr. GLADSTONE thinking over a new Parliamentary-coat-fit.

FLORA'S ANATHEMA.

BLUFF March, may your Boreas blow cusses,
Confounding the legions of low cusses,
Who swarm in the Parks
For political larks,
And tread down my tulips and crocusses!
Rude Roughs! of respect have they got any?
Of patriot feeling they've not any,
Of taste they've no tittle,
And care just as little,
For Britain's true blessings as botany.
My turf they would ruin by stumping on,
My blossoms they glory in jumping on;
Each cad, coxter, clown,
May Aquarius drown—
The brutes are fit only for pumping on!

What Peace and War Demonstrations come to.

(From the Agony Column of the "Standard.")

DARING ROBBERY.—A Van-load of EGGS, about Ten Thousand, was TAKEN from outside a Shop in Old Street, St. Luke's, on Saturday evening at Seven o'clock. The horse and empty van were found in Dalston Lane. A liberal REWARD will be given to any person giving information to, &c.

ST. LUKE'S!—Eggs!—Hyde Park Demonstration coming off! The connection is obvious. Ten thousand Eggs—equivalent to how many arguments! What will not Patriotism on the rampage dare!

NEW RULES AND REGULATIONS FOR HYDE PARK.



DUCKING in the Serpentine can only be allowed between the hours of two and five in the afternoon.

Dead cats are not to be admitted except when required as the missiles of a national demonstration.

Pickpockets are requested not to tread upon the flower-beds except in discharge of their professional duties.

Should carriage-horses be frightened into bolting by the enthusiasm of a patriotic meeting, the Public are requested to prevent the animals from breaking down or through the Park railings.

During the absence of the Police, habitual criminals, and other persons in official relation with the Force, will be held responsible for the preservation of order.

To save the Park-keepers unnecessary trouble, persons employed in crushing hats and destroying coats are requested not to leave the products of their industry behind them.

Copies of the Rules to be observed for the revival of persons

apparently killed may be obtained at the Receiving-House of the Royal Humane Society.

Persons walking in the Park on Sundays are advised to carry life-preservers.

The Police and the Military have received strict orders to preserve a conditional neutrality during the holding of patriotic meetings in the Park. They have, however, been instructed to prevent the crowd from setting fire to the Powder Magazine.

Persons intending to hold a public meeting are requested to give four-and-twenty hours' notice, so that the Coroner may be in attendance.

The Public are requested not to commit manslaughter on the grass, but to confine themselves to the gravel-paths for that purpose.

As the Park is intended for the recreation of the people, no respectable person will be allowed to walk in it on a Sunday.

By Order of the Home-Office.

(Signed)

SHALLOW,
Justice of the Peace.

Daring Defiance.

"Mr. EDMUND SALT has consented to preside at the Fifty-First Anniversary Festival of the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum."

WHAT do Licensed Victuallers fear?

With Permissive Bills dark'ning the air,
They not only put Salt in their beer,
But even put SALT in their chair!

Appropriate.

THE Grand Duke, when he makes his complimentary entry into Stamboul, after passing by the Valley of Sweet Waters, is to call on the SULTAN at the "Yield-his Kiosk." Could the line of visit be better chosen?

Self-Appraised.

SIR ROBERT's judgment,—who'll assail it?
No one. *Valeat quantum valet.*
He may say, "For what I am worth,
Take me, England!—*Tam worth quam worth!*"

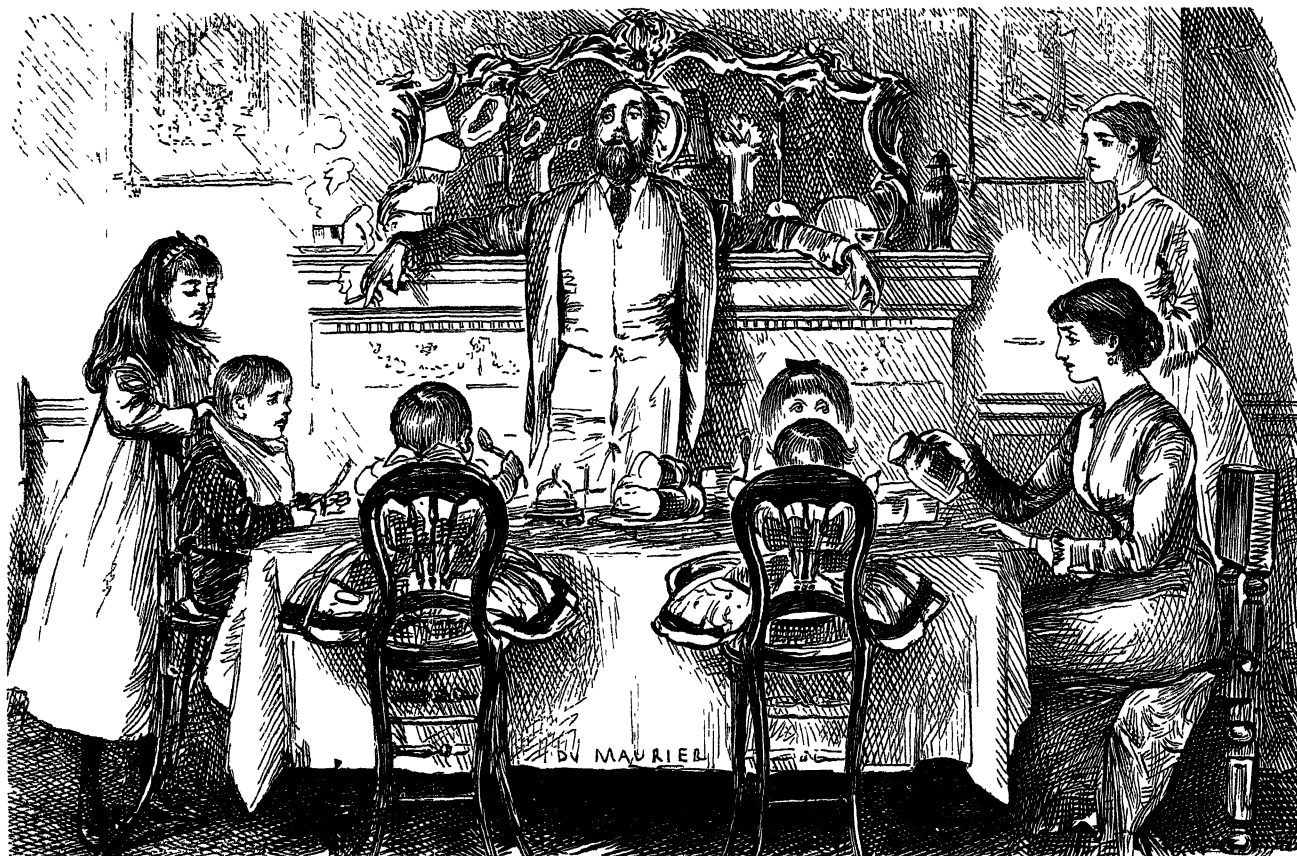
HORATIAN SUGGESTION FOR THE COMING CONGRESS.

"*Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon et Mitylenen.*"

VERY freely translated, "Some of us will cry up clear roads (to Black and Red Seas) and acquisition of Mitylene."

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

A CHRISTIAN Correspondent suggests a new Office for the Emperor of RUSSIA:—"President of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts."



HUMOURS OF THE SCHOOL-ROOM TEA-TABLE.

"DO HELP ME FIRST, MUMMY! DO HELP ME FIRST!"

"WHY SHOULD YOU BE HELPED FIRST, GERALD?"

"BECAUSE I'M WAITING SO PATIENTLY, AND HAVEN'T ASKED!"

MAID OF ATHENS.

(New Version.)

JOHN BULL *loquitur*—

MAID of Athens, ere we start,
Take my arm—I'll take your part.
Be my partner. All the rest
Have paired off as suits them best.
Hear me swear, before we go,
Zóni mou sās áyará.

BISMARCK's bland, but over-kind;
GORTSCHAKOFF would Argus blind;
COY ANDRASSY's coldly cute.
No: such partners will not suit.
You are small, but safe, I trow.
Zóni mou sās áyará.

HOBSON's Choice? Oh, not at all!
I've my business at the ball:
What it is I need not tell;
Attic nous should guess right well.
Come! together let us go!
Zóni mou sās áyará.

Maid of Athens! though alone,
Think not, dear, that I'll be "done."
They've an eye to Istambol,
Fain would leave me in the hole—
Do I mean to let them? No!
Zóni mou sās áyará.

EPITAPH ON LAFITTE.

"Ergo postque magisque viri nunc gloria claret."—ENNIVS, quoted by CICCERO, *De Senectute*.

SOMETHING LIKE A SENTENCE!

(From a Possible Law Report.)

CRIMINAL EXCHEQUER COURT.

(Crown Cases Reserved.)

Before the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE in Banco.

THE proceedings of this Court, which were of the ordinary character, and had been carried on with the usual high death-rate among all concerned, came to a close yesterday, the only remarkable incident during the course of the sitting being a somewhat severe sentence passed in a case of aggravated manslaughter at the close of the day.

The Jury, who were scarcely able to stand, having returned a verdict of *Guilty*, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, addressing the prisoner, said:—

"There is no doubt whatever about your guilt, and as the circumstances of the case are of a very heinous character, I have no hesitation in passing on you the very heaviest sentence which the law enables me to inflict. You have noticed in the course of this trial the depressing and asphyxiating effects on mind and body of the poisonous atmosphere of the Court in which we have all been condemned to sit; you have seen two boxes of Jurymen carried out on stretchers, perhaps never to return; you have watched your own counsel staggering, and at last succumbing on the floor of the Court; you have heard the Usher cry for water, and listened, I trust not with unmoved feelings, to my own gasps and groans as I have struggled to maintain the dignity of the Bench by help of a respirator and a phial of sal volatile. Your crime is, as I have said, heinous, and I can show you no mercy. Your sentence is that you be brought up for judgment every day for the space of a whole calendar month."

The prisoner, who seemed overwhelmed at the announcement, fell heavily into the arms of two turnkeys, and was removed insensible—whether from the atmosphere of the Court or the severity of the sentence did not transpire.



MR. BULL'S LITTLE PARTNER.

J. B. (to MISS HELLAS, before the Conference "Reception"). "MAY I HAVE—THE—AH—PLEASURE OF TAKING YOU IN?"—(Mentally.)—"THERE'S NOBODY ELSE!!"

STRAPMORE!

A ROMANCE

BY

WEEDER.

Author of *Folly and Farini*, *Under Two Rags*, *Arryadn'ty*, *Chuck*, *Two Little Wooden Jews*, *Nicotine*, *A Horse with Glanders*, *In Somers Town*, *Shandross*, &c., &c.

CHAPTER IV.—En Route pour Bohème.



Two women of dazzling brilliance sat in a carriage, spectators of SWEETIE's fall.

"Who's that?" asked the Loo-Loo of her companion the Do-Do, in whose elegant miniature *carte de visite*, with its red ribands, yellow reins, and yellow harness, she had come to see the show. The Loo-Loo was a fresh importation that season, and had only recently appeared in *The Light Gazelle* Ballet on the boards of the Royal Propriety Theatre.

"Not know him?" returned the more experienced Do-Do, who began to be already a trifle jealous of her new friend's undeniable attractions. "Why, bless you, he's no end of a swell! Rich as old Water Creases himself, and proud as a Lucifer that strikes on his own private box," and the *riante* and beautiful young *tragédienne* laughed aloud, as the crowd echoed her mirth, and, recognising her, gave her a perfect ovation, *aux œufs et aux chats*.

"Quite a reception! Wish there was music, and lime-lights, and bouquets!" she exclaimed, in high glee, as she threw herself into one of her best-known attitudes, in which she had been photographed a thousand times, and sang the first line of one of her most popular songs. The crowd went into frenzied transports. They thought they were having a performance for nothing. But the Do-Do knew what she was about. It was only an advertisement; for, in another second, the two neat little Tigers, who were perched up behind, had

descended, and were distributing bills of the Do-Do's Benefit for that day week, among the crowd.

"Always an eye to business, *ma mignonne*," she said to the Loo-Loo, as they drove off at a rapid pace, bowing and smiling to the people, through whose ranks a way was quickly cleared for her carriage by obsequious policemen.

"But his name? You didn't tell me his name?" said the Loo-Loo, who was tired of a performance in which she had played so very second-rate a part.

"His name?" repeated the Do-Do, giving her Maltese toy lapdog a hard slap on the head for venturing to yawn. "His name? Oh, you mean the big fellow's with tiddy waist, eh? Well, the man whom he picked up was PINTO FREEZE, of the White Guards. They call him SWEETIE."

"Yes, yes, I know *that*," interrupted her friend, impatiently.

The Do-Do shot a jealous glance at her out of the corner of her *beaux yeux* daintily outlined with the best *bouillon brûlé* that money could procure. "So, Loo-Loo knew SWEETIE, did she? Very good," she thought; but she only answered carelessly, "And the big chap who picked him up, *le géant des géants*, is STRAPMORE."

"STRAPMORE!" exclaimed the Loo-Loo. "What! not Viscount STRAPMORE, him as were the Lord BUKLYN DE WESCOTT?"

"Yes. *Lui-même*; *pas de bêtise*. You know him?"

But no answer came from her companion. A perceptible shiver ran through that frail form, her mouth trembled convulsively, and with a cry that rang through the Palace Yard, and found its echo in the very centre of the gilded saloons of the Aristocratic Aluminium Club, the fair girl fell fainting on the carriage-rug.

The Household Troops, as the carriage passed along their ranks with its lifeless burden, saluted, and lowered their arms in tender reverence, and placed their forefingers respectfully to their noses, until it was out of sight.

So the Do-Do sat by the side of her inanimate friend. The wind blew fiercely in her teeth as they sped onward towards Bohemia; the dust was in her eyes and hair; the way was long and weary, as she watched for the waking of her unconscious companion, and burned to question her about STRAPMORE.

"*Mystère!*" she muttered, between her teeth. "But I *will* know it." Then she bent forwards towards the coachman.

"Drive," she hissed in his ear, "drive to the Cottage where the Swiss people dwell." The servant touched his cockade. "We are in Bohemia now," she said to herself, as a smile of triumph played over her upturned features, and a very night-light of vengeance illumined her almost childish countenance, as it momentarily flickered in those liquid sorceress-like eyes. "I will see the Gipsy. *Cette fille Bohémienne!* She will be in the tent, or the Cottage; at all events CARL will tell me where ROSA is to be found. Quick! Quick!"

Thus adjured, the obedient coachman produced a second whip, and urged the thoroughbred Arab, the gift of his Grace the Duke of BEDOUIN, into a gallop. They were leaving the lamps of the town far behind them, like so many goblin glow-worms in the gloaming, and the deep, mysterious shadows of night were gathering round them, as they crossed the borders of the dark Wood of St. John.

Suddenly the horse was thrown on its haunches with a violent shock accompanied by the tinkling of bells.

The Do-Do recognised the sound. "*Qui va là?*" she cried.

And the answer came back, in the low Zlang dialect, "*Tame! TIFITI WICHEETA the Gipsy! Watjer liddul gayme?*"

CHAPTER V.—"*Sum menare neri hærem! Justa fumum.*"

WITHIN an hour PINTO had come, refreshed, out of his bath of luxurious *eau des Carmes*, and having been sprinkled all over with *Poudre de Seidlitz*, he lay stretched at full length on a luxurious divan in the Albany Aluminium Club, lazily inhaling the fragrant fumes of a soented cheroot between *les petits morceaux d'un gâteau du bain*, while he carelessly emptied the boiling *thé aux balais de bouleau* out of the Grecian cup with its rare Delphi handle, into the enamelled *soucoupe*, and, with that *insouciance* and real *savoir faire* of his Order, which never forsook him, slightly bending his Apollo-like head, while making a *petite moue* of his aristocratic lips, he rippled the steaming liquid with his fragrant breath, *pour faire adoucir la chaleur*.

The spacious easy chamber, furnished with every conceivable chair, sofa, and divan that the luxurious art of East and West could devise for the comfort of the *fumeurs*, was just now tenanted by a score of men in every imaginable costume—from *robes de chambre en papillotes* to *cosaques de nuit* and *papooshes*,—all *soufflant une nuage*, with every variety of tobacco that money could command,



A BACONIAN INDUCTION.

Tim. "D'YE THINK, SORR, THERE'S ANNY CHANCE AV A WAR WID THE ROOSHIAN?"

Squireen. "WELL, THINGS LOOKED QUEER A LITTLE WHILE AGO, TIM. WHY DO YOU ASK?"

Tim. "SHURE, SORR, I'LL SOON HAVE TO BE SELLIN' ME PIG; AN' IF THE COUNTRY GOES TO WAR, BACON 'LL ROISE'S SHURE'S ME NAME'S TIM O FAER'L!"

from Cavendish-square-cut to Eastern New-Cut, and Sybaritic *tabac au poilu*, inhaled through soft serpent-coiling amber stems; from the soothing *tabac aux retours* slowly burning in real Scotch *Nar-gillies*, to the inspiring and, to some, overpowering, *tabac de foin-sec*, brought, at immense cost, from many a *Heuboden* in the great German Land, or from *les prairies de la Basse-Bretagne*. Fragrant Mantillas,* toothsome *Vevey Fangs*, cheroots, whose cost alone could not have been less than at the rate of twenty-five for a shilling, and the choicest *pique-vignes*, were being handed round by the servants of the Albany, every one of them Albanians, wearing the native dress and moving noiselessly to and fro, obeying without speaking, never replying except when answering the bell, the very perfection of *garçons muets*. Such, briefly described, was the Lounge of Liberty, the Fane of Freedom, the Chapel of Ease, the Home of Fraternity, the Sanctuary of the Sorrowful, the Paradise of the Persecuted, the Mecca of the Mocha, of the Smoker, and of the Joker, the *Salle* of the Sallies, the rock of the Puffin-birds, the Garden of the Weeders—in two words, the Smoking-room of the Albany Aluminium Club.

Opposite PINTO was a tall dark man with the big, loose limbs of a Titan, the head of a Family, the deep, broad, well-packed chest of a *commis-voyageur*, the face of an Angel at Islington, the strength of *une corde des ogmons*, the feet of a Stamp Collector, and the strong hands of a lucky Whist-player. He was standing before the fireplace, his usual attitude; for though, from his magnificent constitution, he could sit up night after night, he never by any chance sat down, and, from this peculiarity, he had received from his brother officers the sobriquet of "The Cherub."

A friendship had sprung up between these two men, "SWEETIE"

* From Editor to Authoress, by special wire.—You mean *Mantillas*, not *Manillas*, surely? I never heard of any one smoking a Mantilla. I merely throw out the hint.—Ed.

From Authoress to Editor.—Quand je dis "*Mantillas*," *Je veux dire Mantillas*. You're thinking of something quite different. I know Club life, *jusqu'aux ongles*, and family life too, *jusqu'aux ongles*! *Allez*!—W.

and "CHERUB," for which neither could satisfactorily account, as each hated the other like poison, and were as mortally jealous of one another as two rival beauties. Fate was ever perversely bringing them together, as on this occasion when the CHERUB had carried the fainting SWEETIE into the Club.

The old Duke of WOKINGHAM, who took life *au sérieux*, had often whispered gravely to his friends the Earl of MUZZBERRY, Lord FITZ-HURSE, and old Sir SKELLITON GASHLEIGH, over their bottle of Beaune, or *vin de Grave*, as they eyed the CHERUB, "Mark my words! One of these days that man will do something wrong." The companions, to whom the old Duke uttered these remarkable words, felt he was right.

"CHERUB, *très cher*!" said SWEETIE, languidly, "Lady REGULA BADDUN is bent on your destruction."

CHERUB laughed.

"Soit!" he replied in his melodious voice, as he spanned his waist with both hands. "You know my sentiments about all women. I am what the world calls a woman-hater, what some call a woman-despiser; what I call a Philosopher," and again he compressed his already tightly-buttoned frock-coat, with a force that spoke the determined energy of the man.

"But for all that," persisted SWEETIE, "Lady REGULA is an exception."

"Who will not prove my rule," growled the CHERUB, to whom the conversation appeared strangely distasteful. "*Passons aux autres choses*."

SWEETIE was silent. He had no fear of this man, yet he experienced, at that moment, a secret mistrust that puzzled him.

"Peste! *mon cher*! Who's for *Dodgerville*?" cried the young Vicomte TOURELLES DE LOURELLES, with the slightest possible foreign accent. "*Peste, mon cher, parole d'honneur, c'est l'endroit où on peut passer un jour heureux*!"

In an instant there were a hundred acceptances. In that gay company acceptances were the rule, and whoever thought of the bills?



ACCOMMODATING.

Customer. "YES, I LIKE THE BONNET; BUT I DO NOT WANT THE CAP IN IT."

Show-Woman. "OH, YOU CAN HAVE IT WITHOUT, IF YOU LIKE. WITH THE CAP IT'S A BONNET, YOU KNOW, AND WITHOUT IT IT'S AN 'AT!"

SACRIFICES TO SLANG.

AMONG British Interests one which may be considered of no small importance is the interest of the English language. In that interest really an answer is due to the question put as follows in a letter to the Editor of the *Times* :—

"Sir,—I do not know how it may have struck your readers, but Mr. FORBES's proposal to call his reconnoitring force 'scouts' rather grates upon my feelings. The proposal itself is excellent; but why not adopt the word 'guides'?—I am yours obediently, H. A."

Consult your *Johnson*, H. A., and you will find the words "scout" and "guide" respectively defined as follows :—

"SCOUT, n. s. (*escout*, Fr., from *escouter*). One who is sent privily to observe the motions of the enemy.

"GUIDE, n. s. (*guide*, Fr., from the verb). 1. One who directs another in his way. 2. One who directs another in his conduct. 3. Director, regulator."

And you will find this further definition relative to the word "scout" :—

"To SCOUT, v. n. (from the noun). To go out in order to observe the motions of an enemy privately."

Hence you may discern that "scout" is exactly the proper appellation for a soldier on reconnoitring service, and that "guide" is not. You say that "scout" grates upon your feelings. Why? Perhaps because you have heard it used in a dyslogistic sense as synonymous with "scamp," which it may have become from being, in Oxford slang, a name for a usually knavish attendant—"Gyp" at the other University. In somewhat the same sense an absurd or improper proposal is commonly said to be "scouted"—meaning reprobated with contempt. But why give in to these modern perversions of words?

Let no sewage soak into the well of Her Most Gracious Majesty's English undefiled. *Nolumus voces Angliæ mutari.*

NEW TITLE FOR IRISH MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.—The Not-at-Home-as-a-Rulers.

"*Peste, mon cher!*" the young Vicomte had said, "*on ne pense pas aux additions, c'est une affaire de la cour de la province.*"

The old Duke of WOKINGHAM courteously offered seats in his coach. He was taking a party to his place at Gravesend. SIR SKELLITON and LORD MUZZBERRY accepted the offer. FITZ-HURSE had his own conveyance; and, being an old man, it was rather an undertaking for him. The younger ones did not like to refuse the Duke, but his coach, on which he plumed himself considerably, was too slow and solemn an affair for them, and they excused themselves as best they could. SWEETIE stopped for a moment to look out for his brother, little ALF PINTO, whom he expected to see in company with the Do-Do and the Loo-Loo.

STRAPMORE walked slowly as far as his stables, where he stood for some minutes, regarding himself in one of the numerous *cheval* glasses with which the stalls were ornamented. He threw open his coat, and placing his hands behind him, with a powerful effort, drew the waistcoat buckle one inch tighter.

"Those who take me," he muttered to himself, "must take me at my own figure. More waist, worse speed. Now, *en route* for Dodgerville, and," he added, in an under-tone, as a dangerous light shot from his eyes, "the Lady REGULA."

In a few minutes more the road was alive with every sort of vehicle, from the Serpentine Drag to the fashionable *machine aux baigneurs*, from the Stage Coach, with its fair bevy of Dramatic pupils, to the open Vampire Trap, with its Lu-Lu like occupant, dreaming only of conquest, all were tooling and teaming on the way to Dodgerville.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO REPRODUCE THE HIEROGLYPHS ON CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.
—By Monolithography.

James Hain Friswell.

JAMES HAIN FRISWELL, a graceful and various writer as an essayist, novelist, and journalist, a genial, kindly, and blameless man, and a strenuous labourer, both in his literary work and his life, for the advancement of all good causes, and the help of all that needed helping, has died, as such workers usually *do* die, in harness, after a lingering illness, the result of the rupture of a blood-vessel nearly two years ago.

He was, *inter alia*, the Author of the "Answers to Correspondents" in the *Family Herald*. It is easy to laugh such a function to scorn, but those who know to what hosts of humble homes that *Herald* sends its messages, and how much of good or bad influence hangs on the spirit in which those message are spoken, will understand that HAIN FRISWELL's work was not of the kind that it is seemly or sensible to pass by slightly.

While other fruit of his labours—in particular the collection of Essays entitled *The Gentle Life*—has been as well-known as widely circulated in connection with his name, this, his *Family Herald* work, however wide-spread, was nameless. Considering the gentle and right-minded spirit in which this work was done, HAIN FRISWELL deserves to be recorded as the Author of it, by *Punch*, fellow-labourer in the same field and, he is glad to think, the same spirit.

The Printer's D—— at the Vatican.

THE Ultramontanes (with an "Ave!")
Prayed, "May Liberals cry '*Peccati!*'"
Choice of new Pope leaves them tetchy.
Dele "*a, v.*"—*remanet PECCI!*

RESPECTABILITY AMONG ROUGHS.



DISCREET MR. PUNCH,

F a fool catches sight of a crowd his first impulse is to immediately run and join it. You, Sir, of course, always take care to avoid a crowd. So do I. So does every philosopher in his rambles, unless, perhaps, he is a casual news reporter. To do so, indeed, is a point of peripatetic philosophy. ARISTOTLE preached and practised it, no doubt; and the same must surely have been one of those things which SOCRATES taught XENOPHON and PLATO.

Whoever observes a mass of mankind assembled, he may be certain that the chances are a thousand to one that he will get no good by going near them. He will probably learn nothing that will even so much as gratify his curiosity. What the British Public are staring at generally proves to be nothing of more consequence than a horse

down. Should it happen to be a biped run over, or in a fit, the Police are pretty sure to carry their fellow-man off to a hospital. Even a doctor can hardly expect to be of any use on such an occasion. He has no prospect of being paid for anything he may do, whilst he runs the risk of being booked to give evidence at an inquest. So does anyone else who interferes, and may also find himself subpoena'd to come forward at the Sessions or Assizes, and have to dance attendance at Court for a week. If a medical man, may he not even, by unsuccessfully attempting to save life, perhaps get committed by a Coroner's jury to be tried for manslaughter?

But of all crowds the crowd to shun is such a one as the late Sunday rabble meeting in Hyde Park, wherein, amidst the tagrag and bobtail—

"Persons were trampled under foot, heads were indiscriminately punched, hats and umbrellas were snatched from their owners, and thrown about, and one of the missiles used was a dead cat, which was tossed everywhere, but chiefly into the midst of respectable people who came to be on-lookers."

Served the respectable people right. They ought to have known better. Experience derived from a dead cat may, possibly, have made a few of them comparatively wise. In future, perhaps, some of these respectable people will at least not be such fools as to mingle with a mob of roughs and rowdies merely to look on. "Red ochre, too, was thrown," we are told, on the respectable people, whose clothes it must have embellished so as considerably to modify their appearance of respectability. Then many of them incurred another penalty to which every donkey must know, but doesn't reflect, that he exposes himself when he joins a crowd. "In the height of the excitement the pickpockets were busy at work." Of course; and Inspector SAYER, of the Detective Police, having seized one of them, on walking him off to the Park station, "the Inspector was instantly surrounded by an angry crowd." He did, however, walk the rascal off notwithstanding the crowd of his sympathising associates. Such rascals, more or fewer, are to be reckoned as constituent elements of every multitude, but especially of demonstration mobs in Hyde Park. Thither they are attracted by those simpletons the "respectable people" whom they expect to find there, and to plunder. If respectable people were to absent themselves, the mob, *minus* pickpockets, would speedily diminish. Disregard of "demonstrations" would probably soon make an end of mobs by whom Sunday is desecrated, trees and shrubs, flowers and turf torn up and trampled down, and Hyde Park defaced. Or, at any rate, the assemblages that wreak this havoc would be reduced to their vile elements. And would not this, if the preservation of Hyde Park as a public pleasure-ground should finally some fine day require the expulsion of a villanous mobility, materially diminish any objection that could reasonably be entertained to dispersing them, if necessary, with "a whiff of grape-shot"? That, too, might serve to give gentlemen of the pavement vociferous for war some little idea of the calamity they howl for.

Although unconnected with the dual house of Devenshire, let me say that my motto is

CAVENDO TUTUS.

HIPPO'S FAREWELL.

"The well-known hippopotamus at the Zoological Gardens died on Monday night. He was caught, while quite a baby, in 1849, on the island of Obaysch on the White Nile, and created an immense public excitement on his arrival at the 'Zoo' in 1850, when the number of visitors rose from 168,895 to 360,402. Down to the time of his death he continued to be a prime favourite with the public, the arrival of his more juvenile mate, 'Adhela,' in 1853, having in no degree lessened his attractiveness."

URM'P! Urm'p! A feeble grunt! I fail apace.

Old Hippo's mighty yet melodious bass

Sinks to a raucous whisper, short, not sweet!

No more that grunt shall greet

The Zoo's *habitués* with welcome glad.

BARTLETT looks grave, my *Adhela* is sad,

And poor old Behemoth is very bad.

Well, I have had my day.

Better indeed had men but let me stay

In sedgy Obaysch, island of my birth.

That cosy lair on White Nile, whence white men

Brought me, a babe, to this close tank and pen.

I dreamt of it last night—the unctuous ooze,

Where one might take one's ease, and bask and snooze,

The warm Egyptian glow, the wap and wash

Of water in the reeds! Once more to dash

Big-bulked through rushy reaches, strong and free!

Methinks 'twould yet revive me. But I see

Kind BARTLETT's boding head-shake. Good old man!

He has done all he can

To make my cage a home for a poor brute,

If in this clammy clime one could strike root.

Ah, well! I've had my triumphs, and am yet

A Public Pet!

At least, I've not outlived my popularity,

And that with Pets is something of a rarity—

Ask W. G.

What *he* thinks of the fate ne'er dealt to me!

Alas! my native Nile's no more a mystery.

Egypt, so long the Sphinxian *Cruz* of History,

Has grown an open book,

As commonplace as the Egyptian Hall,

No more occult than the arcana small

Of MASKELYNE and COOKE.

By STANLEY Africa has been walked over,

And like a bale from Calais shipped for Dover

They've brought Tum's Monolith, to their dull river,

To be stared at and shiver!

Great beast although I be, I vail my fame,

To CLEOPATRA's Needle. Ah! that name!

It is my daughter's, water-born and nursed

By *Adhela*, to lengthen out our race,

(GUY FAWKES the learned blunderers called her first!!!)

I shall not see her soft, expressive face,

And open smile again!

Urm'p! Urm'p! In vain, in vain

Imprisoned Behemoth with Fate would fight.

Weakness subdues me quite.

The times have changed, perhaps 'tis time I went.

That Needle! Urm'p! A nine-days wonderment.

How the great Queen would smile

Like—like my "CLEOPATRA, Queen of Nile,"

As KARSLAKE christened her—the cute Q.C.!

A lovely, lovely child! takes after Me!

May the round darling long prolong the fame

In alien isles of Hippo's honoured name.

Urm'p! Urm'p! I faint, I die.

BARTLETT—be good to *Adhela*—good bye!

Farewell the gazing crowd, the children's fun,

The lavish apple, the superfluous bun,

And all the toothful memories of the Zoo,

Methinks that not a few

Of old and young admirers will be loth,

To bid—Urm'p! Urm'p!—a long and last good-bye,

Piping regretful retrospective eye,

To Behemoth!

"The Pauper's Funeral."

"*The Pauper's Funeral*," quoted from, in a late number of *Punch*, as the work of HOOD, is, *Punch* now learns, the work of THOMAS NOEL, a connection of the BYRON family, and is to be found in his *Rhymes and Roundelays*, published in 1841. As *Punch's* erroneous ascription of the lines to HOOD is a common mistake, he is glad to give to its right owner a grimly impressive poem inspired by a genuinely Christian spirit.

HYMEN, O HYMENÆE! HYMEN ADES, O HYMENÆE!



FEELING no doubt that the British public has nothing better to think about at the present moment than "marriages in high life," the daily papers are devoting their columns to long accounts of the "nuptial ceremonies" of noble lords and fair ladies, with "lists of presents." This is evidently considered very interesting reading for the commoner classes. Why should not the converse hold, and the high feel an interest in the marriage events, ceremonies and gifts of the humble?

Mr. Punch, always ready to follow the fashion at the respectful distance which alone is possible for a plebeian entertainer, is glad to publish his own special description of a late hymeneal event in humble sphere:—

GRAND MARRIAGE IN LOW LIFE.

The marriage of CHARLES BATES, Esq., to Miss ANNE DODGER, was solemnised yesterday morning at the parish church of St. Giles's. The church was well filled, and amongst those present were, Mr. FAGIN, Mr. WILLIAM SIKES, gun. (the bridegroom's cousin and best man), Corporal JONES of the Tower Hamlets Militia, Mr. and Mrs. DODGER (parents of the bride), JEREMIAH DIDLER and NOAH CLAYPOLE, Esqs. (of the Detective Police), with their good ladies, and many others of the *élite* of the Mint and the purlieus of Drury Lane.

On the arrival of the Bride she was received by Mr. BUMBLE (Beadle of the Parish), who, at the request of her parents, gave her away. The fair *fiancée* wore a princess dress of the richest white calico, trimmed with pink and yellow bows, but she wore no jewels, with the exception of a large necklace of imitation gold and coralline—the gift of the bridegroom. The three bridesmaids (the youthful Misses DODGER (2), and Miss BATES, sisters of the bride, and sister of the bridegroom), wore pea-green alpaca costumes. Each bridesmaid wore a Britannia-metal brooch, with imitation Scotch pebbles, of chaste design, the present of the bridegroom. During the ceremony Signor BELLOWSINI presided at the barrel-organ outside the church, and played a short selection of appropriate music, a barrel with "Pop Goes the Weasel" and "Haste to the Wedding," having been introduced for the occasion.

After the Bride, Bridegroom, Mr. and Mrs. DODGER, and others of the company had signed their marks in the Register, the wedding party adjourned to the "Pig and Whistle" for refreshments.

Late in the afternoon Mr. FAGIN (whose remarks were incoherent from emotion) proposed the health of the Bride and Bridegroom, to which the latter was understood to respond, "For self and pardner."

The wedding presents were very numerous. The following is a list of some of the principal gifts:—

Mr. Fagin. A collection of silk handkerchiefs of the time of QUEEN VICTORIA, and two electro-plated spoons, marks erased.

Mr. de Cutnach. A complete set of street-songs of the day, original editions (from the wall).

Jeremiah Didler, Esq. Twenty-seven pawn-tickets for various useful articles, with equity of redemption.

Corporal Jones (of the Militia). A very curious pint pot of pewter, with the inscription, "The Butcher's Arms," partly erased.

Mr. William Sikes, Junior. An antique Cutty-pipe, beautifully coloured.

Signor Dodgerini. An assortment of Relief Tickets, redeemable at the offices of the Mendicity Society.

Mr. Bumble and Lady. A "Harlequin dinner-set," consisting of two soup-plates of imitation willow-pattern, an egg-cup, two odd tea-cups and three saucers.

The Misses Dodger (2). A *papier-mâché* tea-tray, beautifully painted with a red man in a blue boat sailing in a puce sea to a scarlet and yellow island.

William Sikes, Esq., Senior (per the Governor of the House of Correction). A jemmy, a lantern, and a beautiful set of cracksman's implements by the first makers.

Melter Moss, Esq. A collection of imitation British coins, including sixpences, shillings, florins, and half-crowns, in a fancy device on a *fond* of Brummagem fivers of admirably perfect design.

Master Dodger. A set of chimney ornaments, representing a Parrot and a Highlander, in *Plâtre de Paris*, gorgeously coloured *au naturel*.

Mr. A. Sneaker. A table-cloth marked "Mrs. SMITH, 22, Araminta Villas, East, kitchen, 2."

Mr. A. L. L. Prigge. An antique effigy of a North American Indian taking snuff and smoking a cigar, from the collection of a well-known tobacconist.

Mrs. Dodger (the mother of the Bride). A mangle, slightly out of repair.

The Bridegroom. A brass ring, a bead bracelet, a brooch, earrings, and necklace of rich lacquer and foil, with diamonds of cut glass (*en suite*), a sample case of spirits (one bottle of brandy, one bottle of rum, and one of gin), and his ticket for the annual gooseclub at the "Goat and Compasses," Liquorpond Street.

And Mr. Artful Dodger (father of the Bride). The Family Umbrella—an heirloom.

The happy pair will spend the honeymoon at the residence of Mr. WILLIAM SIKES, Senior, who has kindly put his lodgings at their disposal during his official visit to the House of Correction.

TO LESBIA.

"In England the varieties of the humming-bird, which amount to about four hundred, are only known from the fact that their stuffed plumage is largely used as an ornament for ladies' hats. The demand thus created for stuffed humming-birds has led to a sort of war of extermination, and in the more frequented parts of our West Indian colonies the humming-bird has practically become as extinct as in England are the raven, the great bustard, the hoopoe, the golden eagle, the ring ouzel, and the kite. This being so, it is gratifying to be assured that some of our West Indian colonies are taking steps to follow the example set by English legislation in the recent Wild Birds' Protection Act, and to put a stop to the indiscriminate slaughter of humming-birds which has of late years been ruthlessly and unsparingly carried on. . . . Ten years ago a lady appeared at a ball in Paris with a dress which was ornamented with the stuffed skins of twelve hundred humming-birds. Thus more than a thousand of these exquisite little living things had been sacrificed to deck out a handsome woman for a ball."—*Daily Telegraph*.

FAIR LESBIA, as you read these lines,

Are not your cheeks aglow?

To sympathy your heart inclines

With all things here below.

Let thought of brightest birds that fly

Slain *à la mode*, stir to a sigh

That breast as white as snow,

Where Fashion, despot though she prove,

Should leave a little room for Love.

The sapphire flash, the ruby glow,

The glint of emerald sheen,

Show glorious, darting to and fro

Through depths of tropic green.

But, stuffed and still, in LESBIA's dress,

The charm is spoilt, the splendour less—

(Nay, drop that *moue mutine*!)

How foolish, then, and vainly cruel,

The slaughter of the winged jewel!

Yes, Beauty has imperial claim

To tribute, homage, aid;

But your sweet face should blush with shame

To help a heartless trade.

Bright humming-birds, by thousands slain,

For hunters' hucksters' bloody gain,

That you may be arrayed

In borrowed plumes! Ah, cruel thought

Of splendour by such ravage bought.

Abjure such aid to Nature's dowers—

You lack excuse of need—

And leave the birds among the flowers,

To flit and flash, not bleed.

If bright bird-beauty may not move

Your heart to pity born of love,

That heart is hard indeed.

Come, prove yourself EVE's truer daughter,

And set your face against bird-slaughter!

COCKNEY CON.

'Arry (*loquatur*). Wy does Mr. DELA'UNTY object to one-pound notes? 'Cause 'e loves 'is specie.

MOTTO FOR HOLY RUSSIA.—"Let us prey!"



MUSIC AT HOME.

("T'Y SUCH BASES DOES DO WE COME A SUST.")

Hostess (whispering, to Distinguished Amateur) "I WANT YOU TO SING NEXT!"

Distinguished Amateur (whose Voice is not quite what it used to be) "I THOUGHT I WASN'T TO SING TILL QUITE AT THE END!"

Hostess, "YES—BUT THERE ARE NOT ICE ENOUGH—AND I WANT SOME OF THE PEOPLE TO GO!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MONDAY, March 18 (Lords).—Lord BEAUCHAMP reintroduced his Four Bishoprics Bill—which disappeared after Second Reading last year, not particularly lamented. The creation of Bishoprics is not a form of the creative art that is likely in these days to excite special enthusiasm, though creating a Bishop *after* the creation of a see should be pleasant enough—both to the creator and the created—the pleasantest way, in fact, of putting one's friend into the See. Lord BEAUCHAMP proposes to create four Sees—of Liverpool, Newcastle, and Wakefield in the province of York, and Southwell in the province of Canterbury. The last is to comprise Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire. There is to be an internal communication of these newly created Sees with Sees already existing, as complete as that of the great North American Lakes. Thus, the See of Chester is to discharge into the new See of Liverpool at the rate of £300 a-year; the great See of Durham is to pour £1000 a-year into the new See of Newcastle; while the comparatively small See of Ripon is to discharge £300 a-year into the new See of Wakefield; and the two Sees of Lincoln and Litchfield are to have channels of communication with the new See of Southwell, one pouring in £500, the other £300 a-year. Except these overflows from existing Sees, the new Sees are to trust “to voluntary contributions.” May

they never fail; and may our sons hereafter boast that there are as good (Episcopal) fish in the new Sees, as ever were found in the old ones. Nor may the Bark of St. Peter ever be seen on these our English-Church waters!

(Commons.)—It seems the opponents of the Irish Sunday Closing Bill have been getting up “duffing” petitions, with sham signatures; one from Naas, purporting to be signed by more than the whole population of the town and country twenty miles round, and another from Dublin, with an adult male population of 70,000, purporting to bear 90,000 adult male signatures. PADDY, *ma bouchal*, why can't you be aisy, and keep your enthusiasm within limits of the census, any way?

Sir CHARLES FORSTER said the Committee would perhaps make a special report on these remarkable expressions of Irish opinion.

Mr. WATKIN WILLIAMS—who seems determined that the other side should not have the monopoly of unwise questioning—quoting the Treaties of Paris and London, wanted to know if the presence of the British Fleet in Turkish waters was not an infraction of those Treaties; and if not, why not?

The CHANCELLOR—not smiling—“put the question by.” Her Majesty's Government consider they are perfectly justified in



REGULAR IRREGULARITY.

Passenger (in a hurry). "IS THIS TRAIN PUNCTUAL?"

Porter. "YESSIR, GENERALLY A QUARTER OF AN HOUR LATE TO A MINUTE!"

keeping the British Fleet where it is. So does JOHN BULL, as at present advised.

MR. MACDONALD, moving the adjournment of the House, that he might call attention—not before it is needed—to the loss of life in mining accidents, threatened if Honourable Members opposite would hear him, he would speak but a few minutes, if they interrupted him, he would inflict a good deal more of his tediousness upon them. The SPEAKER pointed out to him that threatening language addressed to Members is out of order. MR. MACDONALD was hot, but excusable, considering that he had to call attention to what all feel to be a horror and a scandal—the great annual loss of life from mine explosions. There had been, within a very brief period, nine explosions, causing a loss of five hundred and thirty-five lives. "The only proper name for this scandalous waste of human life was murder." No, MR. MACDONALD, there is, unfortunately, another name that would cover only too much of it, and that is suicide.

MR. CROSS temperately pointed this out to the Member for the Underground Population, reminding him that no Acts could prevent rash and reckless men from running risks by their own carelessness, and that if mines were to be worked at a minimum loss of life, "care and caution must be exercised by all concerned," a truth that MR. MACDONALD ought to use his influence to bring home to his black diamonds of constituents. No safety-lamp will save hewers and putters who, even if they take their Davys (to the contrary), are ready to pick their lamp-locks to get a light for their pipes, let the end of never so many lives be at the end of that lucifer.

On going into Supply, Captain PRICE moved to establish a pension-fund for the widows of JACK and JOE, partly by contributions from our Seamen and Marines, partly by Government aid. If it be true, as the gallant Captain says, that Government annually makes £65,000 a year by the money commutation in lieu of rations not drawn, better it should go in this way than in making the ships look smart.

LORD C. BERESFORD backed the Captain like a trump, a blue-jacket, and an Irishman, as he is. The pension scheme would check desertion, and save us hundreds of thousands a year that now are lost by Queen's bad bargains. He knew thousands of seamen who supported their mothers and sisters, to say nothing of their wives and children. These were JACK's and JOE's sheet anchors; keep our blue-jackets and marines to them, and there would be so much the less going adrift.

MR. CHILDERS advocated a scheme; the difficulty was to hit on the right amount of contribution.

MR. SMITH, as in Treasury-Bench-duty bound, urged the need of caution. It was easy and pleasant to give, but not so easy to say where to stop giving. But if the Captain would not press his Amendment, he would promise to look into the matter, with the strongest desire to find a way to enable JACK and JOE to make provision for their widows. When MR. SMITH makes such a promise, *Punch* and the House both believe it means something, and wait hopefully to see what it will come to.

MR. DILLWYN lectured the Treasury on the danger of turning over unexpended balances from one sub-head to another; and MR. O'DONNELL lectured the House, the Government, and England in general, on the proper way of dealing with the South African rebellion.

SIR M. HICKS-BEACH poured official cold water on the glowing eloquence of the Member for Dungarvan. *Punch* would rather trust SIR BARTLE FREE any day than a glib Irish grievance-monger.

A long sitting on Supply, with lively incidental discussions of, *inter alia*, the drainage of Marlborough House, and the purchase of Clockmill Estate adjoining Holyrood; the expenditure on public offices, and light-houses, legal draughtsmen and pauper lunatics; the cost of Parliamentary reporting, and public prosecutions; Queen's Colleges in Ireland—attacked by MR. O'DONNELL as "a great institution for degrading public instruction;" and defended by MR. PLUNKETT, as having "educated the Member for Dungarvan." Surely the £231 voted for medals and prizes at these Colleges is a cheap payment for *that* result, were there no other.

Tuesday (Lords).—The Government does not intend to take up the red-hot poker of Patent Law Amendment, which it dropped last year. The difficulties thereof are patent, not so the gain.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON, having already in hand one measure for stamping out Cattle Diseases, introduced another for the alleviation of human ailments, in the shape of a Medical Bill, which does everything but deal with the great want, a uniform system of Medical Examination, guaranteeing a minimum of accomplishment for all admitted to physic and operate on *Mr. Punch* and his fellow-subjects. The new Bill requires all on the Medical Register to be qualified both in medicine and surgery, enables holders of Colonial diplomas to be registered here, and provides for the examination and registration of Lady-practitioners. All very good as far as it goes, but lacking the corner-stone—a uniform standard of examination qualifying the holder for practice in all Her Majesty's dominions.

(*Commons.*)—The first Morning Sitting. SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, in answer to SIR ROBERT the Second—as we say NAPOLEON the Second, in contradistinction from "the Great"—said that England would not be represented in the Congress by her Foreign Secretary, because, the whole Cabinet being responsible for England's Foreign Policy, our Foreign Secretary would be merely its agent, like any other Plenipotentiary.

MR. O'DONNELL—we all know who rush in where beings of a higher order fear to tread—called attention to the very grave question of the Indian Government's Bill for gagging the vernacular Press, which has been passed, double-quick, at one sitting. So have mischievous measures before it, on the principle, "the more haste the worse speed."

MR. GLADSTONE reminded MR. O'DONNELL that as the House had before it neither the exact provisions of the Act nor the motives of the Government, it was hardly in a position to discuss the subject. Of course that was not likely to have occurred to MR. O'DONNELL. *Il n'y regarde pas de si près.* Even the India House, said LORD G. HAMILTON, had neither the text of the Act, nor the report of the debate upon it. But when SIR G. CAMPBELL and MR. FAWCETT joined in deprecating discussion as premature, MR. O'DONNELL must, one would think, have felt that his motion rather smacked of "raw Haste, half-sister of Delay," and so been fain to withdraw it, with his intellectual tail between his legs.

The rest of the afternoon the House spent on the useful, but not amusing, labour of Supply—or of Demand and Supply, as it should be called, considering the questions elicited on the various items.

In the Evening Sitting, a fight over the Post-office

Contracts. It seems that the Postmaster-General has given a joint contract to the Cunard, Inman, and White Star Companies, on very favourable terms for them, according to Mr. ANDERSON, who moved, and Mr. LEWIS who seconded, a Resolution condemning the contracts. Mr. MACIVER naturally defended the arrangement—*Tous les orfèvres, Monsieur Josse*. Several Honourable Members showed no indisposition for such an application of the contract system as would benefit their constituents, but there seemed a strongish set against this particular contract, no constituency being interested in it.

Lord JOHN MANNERS said he couldn't help himself. He couldn't work the mail-carrying on a system of free competition. This was not a contract, nor a subsidy, but a year's pay for a year's service.

Wednesday.—The day was wasted over two Irish Bills, which even the impracticablest of the Home-Rulers denounced as impracticable. One was Mr. MARTIN's, to give house-tenants the same claim to compensation for improvements in houses as the Act of 1870 gives agricultural tenants for improvements in land. This was speedily settled by 258 to 17.

The other was Mr. DELAHUNTY's, to do away in Ireland with what that energetic Member called "those infernal one-pound notes." "The time has now come," Mr. DELAHUNTY thinks—he calls it thinking—"when Ireland ought to possess the power, now enjoyed by England, of having a specie circulation, so as to render money plentiful and abundant." Happy English, "*sua si bona norint!*" So he proposes to enrich the Green Isle by abolishing her one-pound notes. For, thus reasons DELAHUNTY—"In England and France, where there are no one-pound notes, there is an abundant specie-circulation, while in America, the land of shin-plasters, things are going from bad to worse, and in Hungary the paper circulation is at a discount." One has heard of currency-doctors who believed that printing paper-money can make a country rich, but DELAHUNTY is the first, as far as *Punch* knows, who ever dreamed of reaching the same end by the simple expedient of doing away with one-pound notes. His Bill was talked out.

Thursday (Lords).—Ah, if Lord STRATHEDEN were but Prime Minister—may our patriots now say—with Sir ROBERT PEEL for his Foreign Secretary, what a proud position would BRITANNIA be in at this moment! Till now, Lord STRATHEDEN, like the people who write about the air of the Law Courts, has been chiefly distinguished for his heroic, but ineffectual attempts to get his views of the Treaties of 1856 "ventilated." But last night he got beyond ventilation—into full blast. Never was a grander historical picture than Lord STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL's of "*Britannia before Congress*," with her back to the Treaties of 1856, her right and left hands on a mobilised Army and Navy, and accomplished facts under her feet. Lord STRATHEDEN has his own table of "measures," and his own standard of "weight," but neither these, nor his daring, if discursive, essay on duality in foreign policy, Tom Cox's traverse as worked by the British Fleet in the Sea of Marmora, the "melancholy and overwhelming circumstance" of the abandonment of the Turkish lines of defence, the desirableness of the PRIME MINISTER concentrating the Foreign Office in his own hands, and of Lord DERBY performing a last despatch—the "happy" one, in Japanese fashion—with the final tableau of the friends of peace, "protected by a constabulary force from the well-founded resentment of their countrymen," produced any other effect than some good-humoured, if contemptuous, chaff from Lord GRANVILLE, and an unparliamentary description of the oration as "nonsense;" a grave rebuke from Lord HAMMOND, worded with more regard to the *bienséances*, as becomes one trained in the fine courtesies of the Foreign Office, (apparent enough from his lingering belief in Turkey,) and a good word for Greece from the last mouth whence we would have expected it; a groan over Russian designs and aggressions from Lord DUNRAVEN; a declaration of satisfaction with the line taken by the Foreign Secretary from the Duke of ARGYLL—i.e., according to his own survey of the line—and from Lord DERBY a quiet denial of Cabinet dissensions, and a distinct reiteration of England's refusal to enter the Conference as one in a game at "blind hookey"—(See *Punch's* Cartoon).

(*Commons*).—A night of miscellaneous chit-chat, including an ill-timed question from Mr. WATKIN WILLIAMS about the presence of the British Fleet in the Dardanelles, answered by a well-deserved snub from the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

A business-like discussion in Committee of the Scotch Roads and Bridges Bill, following on an unusual and unbusiness-like grumble against going into Committee from its opponents, who don't like to have the maintenance of roads thrown on proprietors instead of passengers, i.e., defrayed out of rates instead of tolls. Colonel ALEXANDER rates the Bill, because the Bill rates the land-owners, but all depends on how the rates are levied.

Friday (Lords).—The Duke of RICHMOND brought in a Bill for amending the lot of Scotch weans, on the principle of no work under ten, "no skule, no work," between ten and thirteen, and in other respects extending a protecting hand of law over wretched little waifs and strays now cast on the streets to sink or swim.

Great excitement on learning that the War Office means to submit the Mutiny Act to a Select Committee of the House of Commons. "The Service is going to the Devil," then?—or to the House of Commons—'tis all one!

(*Commons*).—The House resolved itself into a thinly-attended Discussion Forum, or Cogers' Hall, for a very well sustained debate on the question, "Should private property at sea be exempt from capture in war?" *Affirmative*.—Opened by Sir JOHN LEBBOCK, supported by Mr. GOSCHLEY, Mr. GRANT DUFF, Mr. CALTWHRIGHT, Mr. COURTNEY, and Mr. BRIGHT. *Negative*.—Opened by Sir W. HARCOURT, supported by Mr. PERCY WYNDHAM, Mr. Serjeant SIMON, Mr. R. YOBKE, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. Verdict, without a Division, "As you are!"

SEVEN WONDERS OF THE MUSICAL WORLD.



1. A Prima Donna, who will condescend to take a secondary part to oblige a Sister Singer.

2. A Wagnerite, whose admiration for the Music of the Future will permit him to enjoy that of the past, and still more that of the present.

3. An Amateur Performer on the fiddle, or the flute, or the bagpipes, or the ophicleide, or even the piano-forte, who, while practising, is not a nuisance to his neighbours.

4. A young Lady, who has mastered German and Italian, yet can sing plain English words without a trace of foreign accent.

5. A young Gentleman, who, being blest with what he thinks a deep bass voice, can abstain from trying songs which have many notes too low for him.

6. A musical Critic, who never mystifies his readers by allusions to sharp sevenths, or transitions to the tonic.

7. An Amateur Composer, who gives himself no airs, when he has somehow invented one that threatens to be popular.

BLIND HOOKEY.

JOHN BULL, *loquitur*.—

TAKE a hand? Well, at any legitimate game I am good for a turn, with respectable players; High stakes I don't funk, and I think I've a name for being, when at it, the toughest of stayers. But this is a game I don't quite understand; Its name, you'll admit, is equivocal, slightly; And, as I've a weakness for seeing my hand, Pray excuse my declining politely.

Suspect? Nay, the tricks of the Heathen Chinese Who'd expect at a Christian Caucasian table? But cards with the face down, I think you'll agree, May baffle the player most honest and able. I say "Walker" to "Hookey"—especially "Blind"—And if yours is a game to keep dark I'm not in it: A rubber above-board is more to my mind, And for that I'm your man in a minute.

THE VENTILATION OF THE LAW COURTS.

No wonder this is difficult—particularly when what is sought is to cleanse the air both from noxious qualities and foul particles—from its dirt, as from its offensive odours. A hard task, with any London air—but with the air of a Court of Law!

DEFINITION ANAGRAMMATICAL.

"THIS Eastern Question."
"Is quite a hornet's nest."

"BETWEEN YOU AND ME" (says Roumania to Russia).—"You Remain 'ere? I Remain 'ere."

CORDIAL RELATIONS.

*(How they Managed the Visit at last.)**From the Sultan, Constantinople, to the Grand Duke, San Stefano.*

8 A.M.

I HEAR that your Imperial Highness is thinking of honouring us by a visit. To avoid the chance of any disagreeable manifestations, would your Imperial Highness have any objection to assuming the dress of a howling dervish, having your head shaved, wearing a false nose and moustache, and to being, thus disguised, brought in to our presence in a clothes-basket? Under some such arrangement as the above, we should be pleased and gratified to see you. Name any hour you like between two and three P.M.

From the Grand Duke, San Stefano, to the Sultan, Constantinople.

9 A.M.

THE Grand Duke NICHOLAS of Russia presents his compliments to the SULTAN, and desires to inform him that he will call on him to-morrow afternoon at five, accompanied by fifty thousand men, five brigades of artillery, the bands of five crack Russian regiments playing the Russian National Anthem, and the largest staff he can possibly get together at this short notice.

The Sultan, Constantinople, to the Grand Duke, San Stefano.

10 A.M.

PLEASE don't. Never mind the nose, and don't have your head shaved, if you really don't like it; but do try and manage the clothes-basket. If you are seen here with a military escort, it will be safe to bring LAYARD down upon me. I'm ready for a compromise.

The Grand Duke, San Stefano, to the Sultan, Constantinople.

GLAD to hear it. Get into a sack, and meet me somewhere privately, say San Sophia? You'll know me. I shall be on horseback

in full General's uniform, with a mere personal staff of three hundred. There, I can't say more than that; can I?

The Sultan, Constantinople, to the Grand Duke, San Stefano.

You are most kind. Can't you get yourself and escort made up as a travelling Circus? Please do—just this once. Or would you all come in boxes, labelled "Figs," and dine with me afterwards?

The Grand Duke, San Stefano, to the Sultan, Constantinople.

1 P.M.

BOTHER the Circus and fig-boxes! This is trifling. Look here! Do you understand? I'm going to CALL on you with the force becoming my position. There! And you had better take care to be at home. So look out!

(And then they exchanged cards much, to Mr. LAYARD's disgust.)

MARKED MEN.

WITH a view to prevent the crime of desertion and fraudulent re-enlistment Lord CARDWELL some time ago proposed that officers and men alike should, on entering the Service, be tattooed with some distinctive mark, as for example V. R. A Committee of Officers, to whom this suggestion was offered, did not seem to see it. Of course no officer and gentleman would like to be marked with Her Majesty's initials on the nose; but what disfigurement would they cause inside the upper arm? So far from being any stigma, the royal cypher would be not only a distinctive mark, but a mark of distinction. There really seems no reason why a device which would render fraudulent re-enlistment simply impossible should not be adopted; while in case a rascal had to be drummed out of his regiment, the letter V. might be



"VAPID VEGETABLE LOVES."—"The Talking Oak."

SCENE—Tea-Room at Fancy Ball.

Uncle John (who is chaperoning his Niece). "WHAT ARE YOU, MY DEAR?"

Pretty Niece. "OH! I AM A SALAD, UNCLE JOHN! SEE, THERE'S ENDIVE, AND LETTUCE, AND SPRING ONIONS, AND RADISHES, AND BEETROOT. NOTHING WANTING, IS THERE?"

Uncle John. "H'M!—AH!—PERHAPS A LITTLE MORE DRESSING, MY DEAR!"

crossed out, and R. only left to stand for Rogue.

THE MEASURE OF PATRIOTIC SPIRIT AT THE MUSIC-HALLS.—A Gin "go."

A black and white woodcut illustration depicting a group of men in 19th-century attire. On the left, a man with a beard and mustache, wearing a dark suit and a top hat, is seated in a chair, looking towards the right. Standing next to him is another man with a beard, wearing a dark suit and a top hat, who is looking down at something in his hands. To the right, a man with a beard and mustache, wearing a dark suit and a top hat, is seated in a chair, looking towards the left. Standing next to him is another man with a beard, wearing a dark suit and a top hat, who is looking down at something in his hands. The background is simple, with a few lines suggesting a room. The style is detailed and characteristic of Victorian-era political cartoons.

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STRAPMORE!

A ROMANCE

BY

WEEDER.

Author of *Folly and Fervor*, *Under Two Rags*, *Arryodality*, *Chuck*, *Two Little Wooden Jews*, *Nicotine*, *A Horse with Glanders*, *In Somers Town*, *Shamdrass*, &c., &c.

CHAPTER VI.—A River Bank Holiday.



HE dinner was over. A *tristesse* had fallen over some of the party, while others were jubilant in the heat of the glorious sparkling *vin groseilleux*, and glowing with the fire of youth, and the energy of speechless incapacity. To them, *pour le moment*, as the witty old Frenchman said, "*Les skeetelles!—c'est la vie!*"

It was the hour when nobody knew exactly anything. It was the hour when all that made Life liveable and loveable, the Life of the Old Gods on earth, was mingled in one rose-coloured, delicious essence, that perfumed the night-air with intoxicating narcotics; when valour bade adieu to discretion, when the bouquets faded, and the *bosquets* were lit with a thousand additional lamps; when the *paré* echoed no more the cry of the gay *garçon du boucher*, and a thousand pulses in the dim area palpitated at the approach of the gallant *homme policé*, whose soft footfalls mark the beat of his own heart; when all that glittered was not golden, but silvered over by the gentle touches of the electro-platonic moonlight. It was the

hour of night, and but a few of that gay party knew precisely what o'clock it was.

Leaning over the balcony, the Do-Do and the Loo-Loo, the young, the unlimited Loo-Loo, were trifling with *des radis exotiques*, and emptying dishes of almonds, almost priceless at this season of the year, and raisins of the rarest hot-house growth, purchased in Covent Garden at ten guineas apiece, and listlessly throwing them into the stream below. SWEETIE, sitting between them, was inhaling a scented *pique-vigue*, and listening to the sweet notes of the mud-lark. Below him, on the terrace, stood Lady REGULA, surrounded by her thousand butterfly admirers.

STRAPMORE sat apart. A bitter, scornful sneer was on his handsome lip, a sneer that would have well become the countenance of the cruel Roman Emperor ZERO himself, when he sent forth his edict for stopping the gaming-tables at the Baths. His eye glanced from the voluptuous form, the pearl-white teeth, the deep crimson lips of the Lady REGULA, full and rich as if fresh from a Circéan banquet, and the radiant masses of heavy golden locks that would have roused the admiration of a divine Brahma, and that had long ago excited the envy of LA TEDDINGTON, and fell on a small man who, by the aid of a night-light and a pair of spectacles, was quietly reading the evening paper in a corner.

"Who is that?" asked young MOAKE of the Fewsillier Guards.

"That?" echoed CHERUB, "That is the Honourable Mr. MERES HADDOW, the [husband of the Lady standing there on the terrace. She keeps her own name as being her title in her own right. You know her, of course, *très cher*?"

"Oh!" lisped young MOAKE of the Fewsilliers, "Everyone knows her. You mean Lady REGULA BADDUN. Ah, yes!" And the boy sighed.

"He, too, is wounded!" muttered the CHERUB, sardonically. "What little game is this for her? Has she no higher flight?"

She had; for at that moment she smiled the intoxicating smile that had sent men raving by hundreds, and caused women to tear their hair with rage.

Her eye fell on SWEETIE. In an instant he had kicked over the table, forgotten the Do-Do and the Loo-Loo, and had leapt over the balcony, to kneel at the feet of the Circéan sorceress.

A dark smile stole over STRAPMORE'S face, and a sudden pain encircled him. "*C'en est trop!*" he muttered to himself. Then furtively he placed both hands behind his back, and stooping forward, carefully loosened the buckle *au dos de son gilet du soir*. After this his heart beat with a freer movement. He could look up now without wincing. He could move in his cold satiric manner. The agony had passed.

"Never again must I take twice of those confounded *côtelettes de porc aux violettes* du

printemps," he said, with regretful determination, "*c'est dur, mais c'est absolument nécessaire. Jamais de la vie!*" Could I have sprung over the balcony as did, a minute ago, that idiot PINTO PEEZE, and have knelt at her feet? A few moments since I could not have done it; now, perhaps, I might. Yet"—and he regarded himself in one of the Dodgerville mirrors, with which the Gardens were hung, and shook his head—"it won't do," he said. "There is a Dutch roundness, *qui n'est pas le fromage*, where the outline should be fine and classical."

Was this the cause of his ever increasing cynicism? Was it indeed true, that this man, STRAPMORE, the sought after, the envied, the admired, was a prey to one secret dread? Was it this man, with the ambition of a WOLSEY, who was daunted by his own shadow?

"What is this?" he said, as, while earnestly regarding the mirror, he ground his teeth in impotent rage. "The mirror is held up to Nature; and Nature—great, good Nature—what does she say? Coming events cast their shadows before them!" He shuddered. "Is it possible that I shall ever be a DANIEL LAMBERT? I who have the daring of a Lucifer, the ambition of a WOLSEY! Ha!"—and he paused as the poet's line flashed across his memory—"he was a man of most unbounded stomach!" STRAPMORE, who would have been undaunted before a million foes, quailed before this reflection in the glass.

He turned. The husband was still reading in the corner. Lady REGULA and SWEETIE were sitting on the terrace; the Do-Do and the Loo-Loo had gone back to their admirers, and were, like a couple of Cleopatras, drinking each a purl. All were gambling, smoking, laughing, dancing to the sound of the mellow tangerine, or lying about dressed in white satin, crowned with roses, and pouring over one another libations of the deep rich red burgundy. "*A bas les blanchisseuses!*" they cried, as they squeezed over their *fronts de chemise* the golden juice of blood-red wall-figs, and scattered in every direction soft, pulpy, dainty peaches, *poires endormies*, and ruddy ripe tomatoes, in one gay, careless, riotous confusion.

CHAPTER VII.—The sound of an *Asp irate* in *Helysium*.

ONCE more STRAPMORE turned in the direction of SWEETIE and Lady REGULA, and a bright flush passed over his pale face, and his chest heaved, and a choking sensation seized him at the sight. SWEETIE had stepped into a boat, where he was reclining insensuous, lazy, enjoyment; while REGULA, on the bank, leaning over towards him, her basilica-like* eyes shooting glances of liquid fire into his, while her inviting lips seemed to tempt his kiss as she held *aux lèvres* two white-heart cherries on one stalk, laughingly *jouant Robert-cérise*.

STRAPMORE leaned against the balustrade, his heart bounded, his bosom heaved; the strong man, the cold, disdainful, haughty sceptic was shaken, and, once more, passing his hands behind him with the convulsive effort of an agonised man, whose presence

* *Editor (per Wire)*.—You don't mean "basilica-like," do you? Surely it should be "basilisk." Of course, you may be right from your point of view, but isn't it a trifle too subtle for the public?—Ed.

From Author to Editor (by Wire).—*Vous ne devriez pas dire ce que je veux dire, moi. "Basilica-like" means "queen-like." Réveille-toi donc, mon vieux! Allez! hoo!—Yours, W.*



A RECOMMENDATION.

"MET YOUNG FITZFLUKE T'OTHER NIGHT."

"AW?"

"DOOCID NICE FELLOW—LOTS OF TIN—UNCLE'S JUST DEAD!"

of mind has not yet forsaken him, he unloosed another buckle of his *gilet du soir*, and breathed again.

She had seen him, she, the enchantress, the Circe, had seen him, and determined to conquer that cold, proud man at all hazards. And another, too, had watched the scene, the Loo-Loo. Concealing her emotion with a light laugh, she raised her jewelled hand, and, with a dexterous aim, hurled a twenty-guinea peach that went *pour les beaux yeux de Monsieur*.

It succeeded in its object, for it attracted his attention to her for whom he had once pretended to care; for whom now he cared no more than the rap he had just received.

A low voice from the terrace whispered, in the Zlang dialect, in his ear,

"*Twiggum spoonin in the boat! You would separate 'em? He telyerow.* Cross your poor gipsy's 'and with silver."

STRAPMORE bent his head, and listened to the low-tongued, soft-voiced Bohemian, and a strange unwonted fire burnt in his eye.

"I will!" he exclaimed, in answer to her whisper. And rushing up the steps, he gained the room, where, among a hundred gamblers, reckless with the exciting vapour of *Red ordinaire* and *pique-viques*, and crowned with garlands of the choicest flowers, stood young ALF PINTO throwing the dice, and staking more than all he had in the world. At the door was the Loo-Loo, flushed and panting, with roses, and *fleurs de Colli*, twined in her perfumed hair.

"See!" she exclaimed extending her fair, well-rounded, diamond-covered arm to STRAPMORE, "the notes young ALF PINTO gave me this morning to buy jewelled sweets with. Will you take them, or shall I make cigarettes of them?" And her dimpled, rose-tipped fingers twisted up one note for ten thousand pounds with some scented fragrant mixture of rare *choufaine* within.

STRAPMORE snatched them from her.

"Take the boy away," he whispered hoarsely in her ear, "and marry him. My brougham is at the door. You love him. I know it."

The Loo-Loo bowed her head meekly. She knew that when STRAPMORE spoke, he must be obeyed. A few minutes after and the brougham had left for town with ALF PINTO PEEZE and the Loo-Loo.

STRAPMORE descended to the terrace, and peered over into the lime-lit space between the shadows and the moonlight.

"*Ah, mon gros bébé, mon ganache, v'lan! que vous êtes bête!*"

The words were low, and the voice was sweet and rich. The speaker was worthy of the voice, this *blonde aux yeux noirs*, as she lay on the bank, leaning amongst a heap of Indian rugs, rare *châles de Paisie* and yielding cushions.

The Lady REGULA BADDUN's eyes were as long as her sight; they were deep and full, and as lustrous as the hidden light that issues from the darkest lantern, or as the light from the Boopis among the ancient Heathen Divinities, and beamed, as the rays fell to the right or the left of her, most dangerous to all, as none could tell in what direction her glances were being shot from those masked batteries, that fired their deadly needle-darts, scattering lovers, like foes, in every direction at once. Her skin was as dazzlingly white as the crystal snow-sugar that crowns the summit of the *gâteau du soir douzième*; and yet, supernatural as was this striking beauty, there was a reality about the cheek with which Nature had most amply gifted her, which, while it might have startled an ascetic, would have enthralled the voluptuary, would have conquered the æsthetic with its delicate *venus-aux-carottes* bloom; while her hair, which was not exactly auburn, nor yet strictly golden, was of that strange *demi-et-demi-monde* mixture, a sort of *sceau-heaux bizarre* tint, that I have only seen once in my life, and shall probably never see again, in fair France, or in France, at a fair, long ago, when the price was *six centimes pour entrevoir La Beauté merveilleuse aux cheveux d'un cheval-pie*. Her nose was long, and she had a trick with her, a sort of playful movement, by which, in expressing disdain or incredulity, she could seem to lengthen it at will, yet without for one moment detracting from its just proportions. Her lips were soft, full, and luscious, as though she were always fresh from feeding on moist oil cakes of vermilion colour, framing a mouth that smiled superfluous destruction. It was a face that an Old Master might have painted; it was a face that she herself, without being an Old Master, could paint to perfection.

She was still toying with SWEETIE in the boat as STRAPMORE looked over the balustrade. In an instant, in a lightning's flash, with her right eye fascinating SWEETIE, she shot a beseeching, captivating, ravishing glance from her left, that went with deadly aim to its mark, to STRAPMORE's heart.

"He shall be mine!" she thought to herself, as, unseen by



"LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY."—Old Song.

Mistress (who does not allow "Followers" in the House). "WHO IS THAT YOU WERE TALKING TO IN THE KITCHEN, MARY?—OH, BUT I CERTAINLY DID HEAR YOU TALKING TO SOME ONE,—AND I THOUGHT I HEARD, INDISTINCTLY, I ADMIT, A MAN'S—"

Mary (making a clean breast of it). "WELL, YOU SEE, M'UM, ME AND MY YOUNG MAN 'AVE STARTED A TALLYPHONE, M'UM—BUT HE NEVER COMES NEARER THAN ROUND THE CORNER OF THE NEXT STREET, M'UM!"

SWEETIE, she took a silver tube from her girdle and blew a cherry-stone at STRAPMORE. "A cherry-stone for him," she said to herself; "but my right eye is my PEEZE-shooter," and she glanced at PINTO dawdling in the boat.

STRAPMORE approached and bowed coldly, as a *shiver de freeze* passed through his iron frame.

At the sound of his footstep, PINTO jumped up, and stepped on shore.

"Let me introduce my friend to you, Lady REGULA," he said. "This is Lord BUKLYN STRAPMORE."

Their eyes met, and STRAPMORE's heart swelled out with a big sigh, as he made his most exquisite bow. He felt something crack with the resonant snap of a heart-string, or of the last chord that breaks the camel's back. He nearly fainted in her presence where he stood. The last waistcoat button but one, and the last buckle of his *gilet du soir*. There had only been three.

"I must speak to you at once," STRAPMORE said, in a low tone, to SWEETIE.

"What is it?" asked his friend.

"This!" replied STRAPMORE, showing him the Bank of Elegance notes that he had obtained from ALF PINTO.

SWEETIE uttered a sharp cry, and staggered forward.

"Oh, the Little One!" he cried, piteously. "*Le très cher!*"

And from the river bank, from among the soft eider cushions, came up the sweet low song of the enchantress, as she murmured the refrain, "*Ils le font, tous! Ils le font, tous!*"

(To be continued.)

Something Like Champions;

Or, La jeune fille bien gardée.

"WAR be bothered!" cries BRITANNIA.

Who with me dare measure swords,
While Wolff-guarded in the Commons,
And Strathedened in the Lords?

BY HEAT MEASURE.

"An interesting Paper was read at the last meeting of the Royal Society, on 'Experimental Researches on the Temperature of the Head,' in which the writer, Dr. LOMBARD, showed that mental activity will at once raise the temperature of the head."—*Spectator*.

"MENTAL activity?" Good Dr. L.,
This is a somewhat startling tale you tell.
It once was thought that mind the temper steadied,
And that the emptiest fools were most hot-headed.
Suppose you tested our War Party's *crania*,
When in their fits of what cool heads call mania;
If it is mental effort makes *them* hot,
Lord! what extraordinary minds they've got!

An Admirable Test.

For Payment (of Reading Lessons) by Results.

READ at sight the Russo-Turkish Treaty, Articles 1, 3, 6, and 13, defining the boundaries of Montenegro, Servia, and Bulgaria, and the new Turco-Russ-Armenian Frontier-line.

Self-Centred.

PTOLEMY thought our little whirling ball
The all-important centre of the All.
Who'll save us from the egotist abyss
Of purblind Ptolemaic Patriotism?

"ONE DOWN T'OTHER COME ON!"

JUDGING by the way Mr. SMITH has been buying up foreign Iron-clads, we should say it is a case of Purchase System in the Navy *v.* Purchase System in the Army abolished.

THE NEWS OF THE WEEK.

OXBRIDGE, Monday.



THE Eight went out for practice this morning, and took a spin up to Bolter's Reach. Number Four coughed twice, and it was noticed that Bow was decidedly lumpy. Considerable excitement was caused by the report that Number Five was to be changed—the training was said to be too much for him. Later in the afternoon it was ascertained that he

had eaten two pounds and a half of rumpsteak, and had walked eighteen miles in less than the two hours. The rumour was, therefore, evidently without solid foundation.

CAMFORD, Tuesday.

The Stroke tried his new crew with gratifying results. Number Seven is rather short in the wind, and Four scarcely put his back into it. The coaching was done from the bank on horseback.

OXBRIDGE, Wednesday.

An important alteration has been made in the boat. Number Five has changed places with Number Four. This arrangement has caused a profound sensation, and nothing else is talked about.

CAMFORD, Thursday.

Number Three has a slight cold, and, therefore, his place has been taken by Brown, of St. Tooting's. The banks were occupied this afternoon by the whole of the University, who watched the practice of the crew in the storm from the shelter of umbrellas.

OXBRIDGE, Friday.

The Stroke having left the University to inspect the various ships building for trial for the race, the rest of the crew went out in pair-tubs. SNOOKS coached from a steam launch, and complained that the style of Numbers Two and Seven was wanting in stamina and form. It is hoped that the sudden death of the Aunt of Number Three will not cause the loss of the services of that accomplished Blue to the 'Varsity on the day of the race.

CAMFORD, Saturday.

Number Six has a slight cough, and Number Four a sick headache. Number Five scarcely pulled his best to-day, owing, it is rumoured, to a sore finger. Stroke has returned, and took a spin up to Bunkum Bridge. The Crew was coached from the towing-path.

A PROBLEM FOR PETTY JURYMEN.

"Strong hereditary predisposition to insanity, epileptic attacks, absence of motive, unwillingness to attempt to conceal the guilt, delivering himself up to justice, and a previous history both in youth and manhood not consistent with sanity are sufficient to justify an acquittal on the grounds of insanity. It is not, however, to be expected that a jury of farmers would be able to consider in detail the facts elicited in evidence in support of the various substantial proofs of his mental state."—Dr. L. S. FORBES WINSLOW on "Criminal Responsibility."—*Times*.

SCENE.—A Withdrawing-Room at a County Assize Court. Jury Retired to Consider their Verdict.

Foreman. Well, gen'l'm'n, I s'pose there can't be no doubt but what the priznur done ut?

First Jurym'n. Noa. Only queschem fur we to considder s'ims to be whether or no 'twuzn't what ye med call icousabul homyside, and we oughtn't to 'quit 'un on the ground o' insannuty, cause at the time 'a done 't 'a wuz out o' his mind.

Second Jurym'n. Out o' his mind? Yaa! No moor out o' his mind nor out o' his skin. No moor out o' his mind than you be. He know'd preshus well what 'a was about—he did.

Third Jurym'n. Praps 'a did. But disen't mind what the doctors zed? They all agreed as how 'a cummitted the act under the inference of an accountabul impulse.

Foreman. Not onaccountabul, nibur, oncounterollabul. That wuz the doctors' word.

Third Jurym'n. Well, 'tis all one. Oncounterollabul manes onaccountabul don't ut?

Fourth Jurym'n. Ees; manes 'a caan't help hisself.

Third Jurym'n. And the doctors s'ore they belayed the priznur coodn't.

Second Jurym'n. The doctors? Shee! They med zay what they likes. What I sez is I belaves he know'd what 'a wuz about.

Fifth Jurym'n. Can a feller possabul know what 'a's about, when 'a's lost 'a's wits?

Sixth Jurym'n. Ees, at laste zo I onderstand the Judge should say, as long as 'a can tell the differ'nce 'tween right and wrong.

Seventh Jurym'n. There be some loonatics as can do that. Did 'ee never hear o' the chap as sed as how 'a wuz only mad narth-west, but when the wind was sutherly 'a know'd a hawk from a handsaw?

Eighth Jurym'n. If 'a didn't know what 'a'd ben and done, what did 'a goo and gie his self up for?

Third Jurym'n. The doctors thinks that there one o' them very things that shows 'un a madman. If so be 'ad ben in his senses they sez in coorse he'd a tried to consale the deed. Then what did 'a do 't for. Nuthun, simmunly, to spake of.

Second Jurym'n. Doan't tell me. He know'd what 'a wuz about.

Third Jurym'n. 'A hadn't got no gridge agin 'un. 'A didn't rob 'un. Then dree or vour of his uncles and aunts had ben put in a maddus. It run in the fam'ly. He his self was subject to vits—apoplepsy or epilepsy didn't the doctors call 'um? as proved disaze o' the brain. Doan't that show 'a wuz cracked?

Second Jurym'n. Half-cracked 'a med 'a ben. But 'a know'd what 'a was about.

Ninth Jurym'n. Aivun spose a wuz mad, what then? Hang 'un all the same. 'A'll sarve for an ixample as well as are another one to them that be none the wiser.

Third Jurym'n. If we hangs a feller when we didn't ought to, shan't us murder he too?

Second Jurym'n. Doan't thee be so partickler and pigheaded. What I sez, and what I sticks to is—he know'd what 'a wuz about.

Tenth Jurym'n. So I thinks.

Eleventh Jurym'n. As far as I could meak out the Judge's summun-up, 'a sim'd to tell us plaainlee to convict 'un.

Foreman. Gen'l'm'n, the rool to goo by at all times is most votes carries the day. Another good rule is gie and take, and split the 'differ'nce, like. Doan't ye think our best way 'ood be fur to find 'un guilty but recommended to massy?

Jurym'n. Ees, ees. That's about it.

Third Jurym'n. Well, I wun't be obstinate. I gies in.

Foreman. Gen'l'm'n, Gen'l'm'n, be ye 'greed upon yer vardiet?

Jurym'n. We be. We be. We finds 'un guilty but recommends 'un to massy.

Third Jurym'n. I hopes there bain't no fear that they'n hang 'un for all that.

Second Jurym'n. What if they dooz? Nuthun wun't never persuaad me but that what 'a well know'd what 'a wuz about.

Curtain.

"THE SEA! THE SEA!"

We welcome with delight this announcement—

"NEW FAST TRAIN FOR THANET.—The London Chatham and Dover Company are about to confer a great boon on the visitors and inhabitants of the Isle of Thanet. It is their intention, on and after April 1, to start a special express every afternoon at 3.15, which will perform the journey to Westgate-on-Sea in one hour and forty minutes. The train will proceed to Margate and Ramsgate at the same rate of speed. There will be a like fast train from Ramsgate every morning at ten o'clock, which will call at Margate and Westgate on its way to London."

As a suggestion of this nature has been offered more than once to the London Chatham and Dover Company in *Mr. Punch's* politest manner, he most willingly inserts the following lyric sentiments—being a few railway lines, written expressly for this occasion, to be set to any fresh air on the sea-coast—from the pen of Our Own Out-of-Town Traveller:—

A healthier place in this little planet
Cannot be found than the Isle of Thanet.
For Margate, for Ramsgate, for Westgate-on-Sea, }
A daily train, at a quarter past three, }
After April the first, on the L. C. and D., }
The run in a hundred minutes will make }
That used a hundred and sixty to take. }
The boon will be great when the weather is fine.
May the L. C. and D. be the *L. S. D.* Line!

Our Out-of-Town Traveller adds a Postscript, which is worth the Company's attention. He writes briefly, "How about Sunday? Couldn't we be got down to the same destinations between nine and eleven on Sunday mornings? Just in time for the Church by the Sea! Another chance for a Boon!"

Yours,

O. O. T. T.

"TRUST INVESTMENTS."—The Ritualists' Motto.

WIND AND WEATHER.

ETHEOLOGICAL
IDYL.

"THE Sun bursts
out in frequent
blaze;
Shade flies, light
flashes o'er the
world.
But yet in air
there hangs a
haze,
And, what can
make it blow so
cold?"

"The Steeple Cock
points beak due
West;
His tail the other
way turns he.
Though that, me-
seems, is where
his crest
In such a breeze
as this should
be.

"So cold has Christmas seldom been.
It ne'er was colder, e'en in May.
Why does the wind's edge cut so keen?
Turn, pensive Shepherd, turn and say."

"Stranger, yon vaporous mountains note,
Cumuli, Alps on Alps, up there!
They're frozen clouds, aloft that float
As icebergs in the sea of air.

"Their rimy crags illumed, how fast
See how they change, and surge, and grow;
Whilst Zephyr apes an Eastern blast,
Because the sky is full of snow."

"Thanks, Guardian of the fleecy flock.
How rare, how pleasing, 'tis to find
'Mongst rustics reared from lowly stock
A cultured and observant mind!"

"Kind Stranger, scant's the labourer's hire
In this inclement atmosphere;
And welcome—pardon the desire—
To his parched lips a draught of beer."

"Nay, Shepherd, breathe not that request;
Banish strong drink from downs and plains:
Where Science wears the Bumpkin's vest,
Let Temperance rule contented Swains."

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(A few Words about Mr. Carl Rosa's Opera Company, and the
Faust, as lately given at the Adelphi.)

SIR,

ARE we an "unmusical people?" Look at the daily advertisements of Academy Concerts, of Monday Pops, of Chamber Concerts, of Saturday Pops, of Soirées Musicales, of Philharmonic Concerts, of Concertina Concerts, of Pianoforte Recitals, Crystal and Alexandra Palace Concerts, and so forth. Travelling eastward from the Choral Society's performance at the Albert Hall, on the way to an Oratorio at Exeter Hall, you may stop on your road in Piccadilly, where under the same roof, and at the same time are being given, "*With Verdure Clad*," and "*Kiss me, good night, Mother*," followed by the "*Blue Tailed Fly*," with Tambourine and Bones accompaniment by the Christy Minstrels, who have solemnly vowed never to perform out of the Hall, dedicated to one of the St. James's, whether the Greater or the Less, I do not know. Who shall say we are an unmusical people? Not, I hope, MR. CARL ROSA, whose season is now coming to an end. He has done admirably; and every one operatically interested hopes that if not at present rewarded, like Miss DINAH, with—

"A werry large fortune in silver and gold,"

he may, at all events, be on the high road towards that consummation, devoutly to be wished, and also towards establishing a permanent

Operatic Entertainment in English, that is, in a language "under-
stood of the people."

How rapturously the entire House, with its crowded pit, and well-filled gallery, applauded the Soldiers' Chorus, and the March in *Faust*! How discriminating was their praise awarded to Mr. JOSEPH MAAS as *Faust*, who began better than he went on, to Miss FECHTER as *Marguerite*, who finished far better than she had commenced, and to Mr. LUDWIG as *Valentine*, who was good throughout, from first to last. Dramatically, he was one of the best *Valentines*, if not the best, I've ever seen. Did HERR MEYER LUTZ train him at the Gaiety?—for it was there, I believe, that Mr. LUDWIG started. Miss MARIE FECHTER looked the German *Gretchen* to perfection; and if she commenced nervously, she showed herself quite mistress of the last and most difficult situation, in the Prison scene, which, both operatically and dramatically, is the critical point for any *Marguerite*. The audience were evidently most anxious for her success: there were old familiar associations about the name of FECHTER in connection with the Adelphi Theatre. I am speaking of the second performance, not the first. Mr. CELLI's *Mephistopheles* was not sufficiently diabolic. That the "Prince of Darkness is a Gentleman," I am aware; but *Mephisto* is only that Black Prince's Lieutenant; and Mr. CELLI made him more like a fallen Life-Guardsman, who had picked up his manners from a friendly counter-jumper, than a cynical wily Satanic agent. The make-up was not good. Mr. CELLI's memory, perhaps, does not reach back so far as Mr. CHARLES KEAN's *Mephistopheles*. There could be no better model for a "make-up" than that. He has not yet mastered the awfully devilish laugh in the Serenade; but a little careful study will soon set this all right. Considering the limited resources of that very un-Lyric Establishment, the Adelphi, *Faust* was admirably put on the Stage.

I should imagine that of all the Operas in Mr. CARL ROSA's repertoire this is the most popular. The Play itself has always been a favourite, a stock piece, whether in town or country. With all the characters in it every audience is familiar. But there is another reason why this English version of *Faust* goes so well; and that is, *there is no spoken dialogue*, it is all recitative.

The blot on the English version of *The Merry Wives* is the "spoken" between the music. The blot on all English Operas is the dialogue. However good the dialogue may be, it has the air of patch-work. It is not musical in itself, and you have come to hear music. Singers' speaking voices are proverbially unmusical, and, clever as their acting may be, they do not seem at home in dialogue. It never comes naturally either to them, or to the Opera. Miss JULIA GAYLORD is, on the whole, an exception to this rule, but even this clever and bright young lady cannot, in speaking, get rid of a certain twang of Americanism, which is scarcely in keeping with the character of *Mrs. Ford*. All this disappears, as does stammering, in singing. Mr. CARL ROSA should banish dialogue from all his libretti.

During the reign of Italian Opera, he and his company visit the provinces, to return I hope in the winter season before Christmas, and make another step towards permanently establishing his excellent Opera-in-English Company, as a thriving institution, in one of our London theatres. If the frequenters of the Pit, Gallery, and Upper Boxes only knew where the St. James's Theatre was to be found; that house might suit the purpose. Unless Pit and Gallery go in for the entertainment, the high life below stairs, I mean in the Stalls, which only associates music with Italian names, unintelligible language, white ties, late hours, toothpicks, lorgnettes, and lobbies, will never have sufficient energy to support it, having scarcely the energy to support themselves, without the aid of crutch-handled black sticks, which press painfully on the toes of—

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

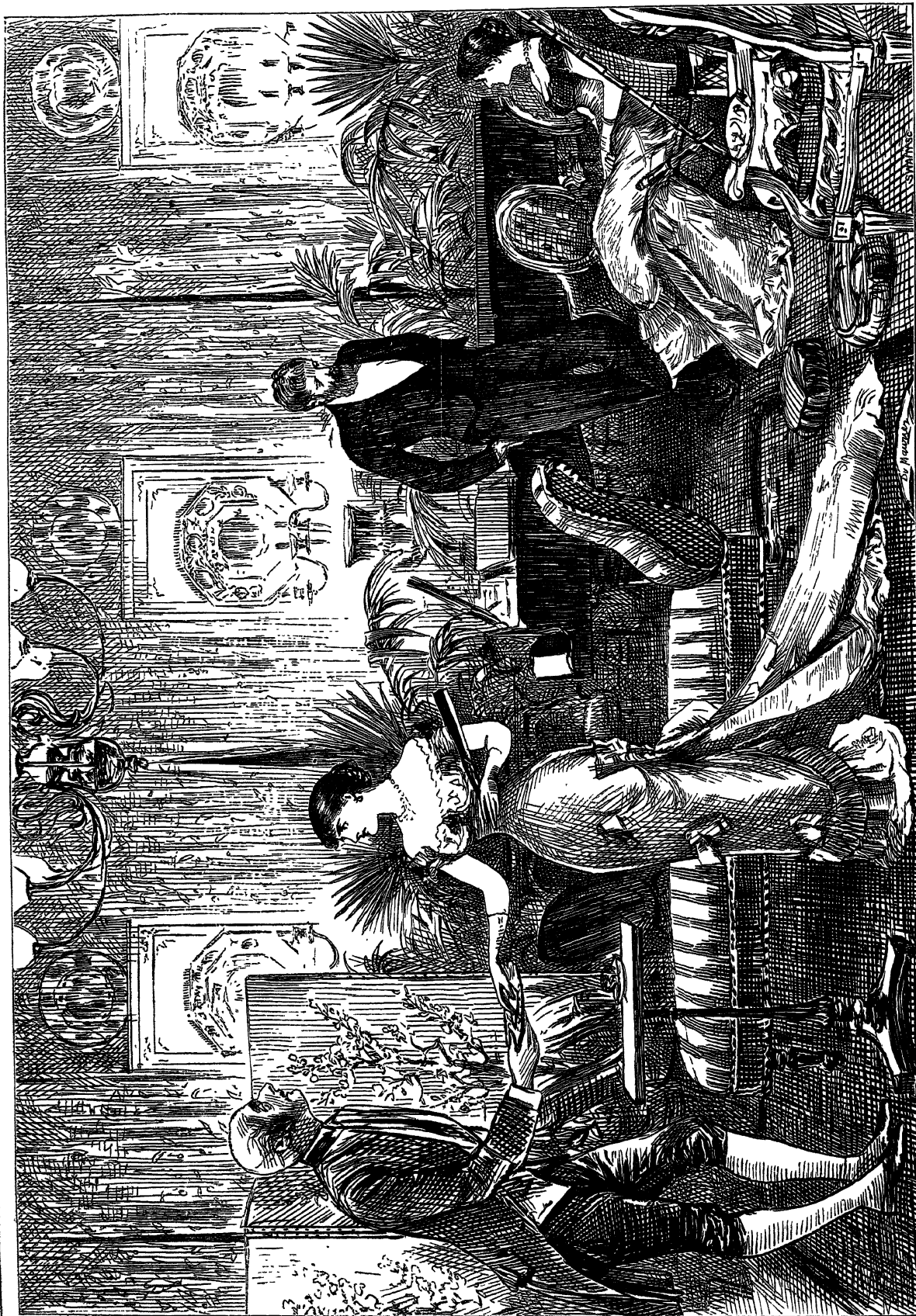
A New Line.

"HARD up" is the motto of many an elegant young gentleman not born to fortune, in these days of competitive examinations and over-crowded avenues to employment. Impecunious swells, qualified for fellowships at All Souls as "*bene nati, bene vestiti, et mediocriter docti in arte musica*," will find a new line of livelihood chalked out for them by this quotation from the advertising columns of the Times:—

A PERFECT GENTLEMAN, middle-aged and non-smoker, desires a really refined HOME in a Lady's house at the West End. Would not object to furnish dressing and bed-rooms, and devote his time to the business matters and amusement of the family as part equivalent. Early breakfast and late dinner only required. Mutual references.—Address, &c.

A TRULY ODD FORCE.

MRS. MALAPROP, during the late hard weather, was heard to inquire whether the cold was in any way supposed to be occasioned by positive, or negative eccentricity?



MUSIC AT HOME.

Hostess (to new Footman, after the Guests have departed). "BY THE BYE, JAMES, YOU BROUGHT IN THE TEA JUST AS SIGNOR PAPAGENUCIO BEGAN TO SING. HOW COULD YOU MAKE SUCH A MISTAKE AS THAT?"
New Footman. "BEG PARDON, MA'AM, BUT THE COMPANY NEVER LEFT OFF TALKING TILL THE SINGING BEGAN, AND I WAS AFRAID OF INTERRUPTING THE CONVERSATION."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



A WEEK of shipwrecks—First of the *Eurydice*: next, of the hopes of peace, founded on Lord DERBY's presence in the Cabinet.

Monday, March 25 (Lords).—Lord SALISBURY whitewashed Mr. OLIPHANT. He had been dismissed from the Secretaryship to Sir SALAR JUNG—Prime Minister to the Nizam, and Cook *Salmo Salar* of Native Statesmen—but he had been dismissed without a stain on his reputation. When a man has been kicked down-stairs, it should be a comfort to him to know he has left the best of characters behind him.

Lord ELPHINSTONE confirmed the sad story of the capsizing of the *Eurydice* off the Isle of Wight, with three hundred and twenty souls aboard. Some of *Punch's* correspondents have had the bad taste to send him puns on the name. He, with a heavy heart, referring to his Fourth Georgic, found this *Sors Virgiliana* singularly applicable—*tempestas* only substituted for *dementia*—"storm" for the "madness" thereof—

*"Jamque pedem referens, casus evaserat omnes,
Redditaque Eurydice patrias veniebat ad auras,
Quum subita incautam tempestas cepit."*

"Now, 'scaped her cruise's perils, o'er the foam,
Eurydice was gaily bowling home
When sudden the squall struck her, off her guard!"

Such a catastrophe falls, like a private grief, on every home and heart in England.



THE LOWER WALK OF LITERATURE.

Housemaid (to jaded Literary Man, who has just finished a hard day's work).—
 "OH, IF YOU'RE NOT BUSY, SIR, WOULD YOU MIND JUST LOOKING OVER MY
 HARRICLE FOR THE FAM'LY 'ERALD?"

Lord GRANVILLE and the Duke of CAMBRIDGE—the Earl, as Warden of the Cinque Ports, glad to do a good turn to his neighbours, and to provide a harbour of refuge besides; the Duke, as Commander-in-Chief anxious for the strengthening of our Channel Gibraltar—questioned Lord BEACONSFIELD on the Government intentions with regard to the improving of Dover Harbour.

Lord BEACONSFIELD put the Government abandonment of the Bill for the proposed improvements entirely on the score of expense. But it looks as if the Government saw reasons to doubt the feasibility and wisdom of the proposed plans, quite independent of their cost. Captain CALVER, one of our most experienced nautical surveyors, has had a good deal to say on the subject; and as he has, by good right, the ear of the Authorities, he may have made them sensible of the weight of his objections.

Is the Government prepared to spend any money on a complete and chronological collection of casts? asks Lord WHARFCLIFFE. No, says Lord BEACONSFIELD. The Government has not even a single cast in its eye, much less a collection of casts. How should it have money to spare for smaller casts, having just spent Six Millions on the greatest of all casts—the cast of War.

(Commons).—*Minima* may be *maxima*, if they are Irish; and we believe the Chief Secretary, who dared declare that the Law cares not for the least of Irish grievances, would not soon hear the last of it. Thus the case of Mrs. SPINKS, for twenty-eight years matron of, and now a pauper in, Cavan Workhouse, the Guardians having refused her a pension, becomes a matter of grave inquiry by Mr. KAVANAGH, and of grave answer by Mr. LOWTHER. The Guardians have been hard on the poor old lady; but the Irish Local Government Board can't force them to be generous, or even just.

The KEOGH row is also among the *minima* that become *maxima* because they are Irish. Mr. Justice KEOGH has been speaking his mind to the London-derry Grand Jury on the mischief of party-processions in Ireland. Considering that ninety-seven prisoners were awaiting trial for party-riots, it would occur to few Englishmen that the Judge was to blame. But it seems to Mr. SULLIVAN that the Judge has been treating St. Patrick's Day disrespectfully, and ought to be pulled over the Parliamentary coals for it.

Mr. O'CONNOR POWER called Mr. Justice KEOGH a religious and political firebrand, though his denunciation of party-processions seems more like the act of an extinguisher.

Altogether the evening was "more Irish and less nice" than was agreeable. Besides the Cavan Matron, and Mr. Justice KEOGH, the Petitions for and

against the Sunday Closing Bill, to which there seems to have been wholesale forging of signatures, afforded occasion for Irish recriminations and obstructions, in which a great deal of precious time was wasted.

The row over the Mutiny Bill wound up the evening with quite a Donnybrook-Fair flourishing of oratorical shillelaghs, in which Dr. KENEALY, Mr. O'DONNELL, Mr. O'CONNOR POWER, and our old friends, Messrs. FARNELL and BIGGAR, handled their bludgeons (of speech) to their hearts' content, keeping the House at it till near two in the morning, and goading the chivalrous but not always patient War-Secretary into a bellicose mood, and even within an inch of ill-temper.

After this tempest in a tea-cup, there seemed something like profanity in Mr. SMITH's reading of the QUEEN's telegram expressing her grief at the loss of the *Eurydice* and her heartfelt sympathy with the afflicted parents and relatives of the lost ship's company.

Tuesday (Lords).—The genial Lord HOUGHTON tried in vain to get Lord BEAUCHAMP's Bishoprics Bill thrown overboard—apparently from a prejudice against "one horse" Bishops, "supported mainly by voluntary contributions," which may be all very well for hospitals, but not for Bishops, who ought to be dignified scholars and gentlemen, settled in their sees to enjoy their libraries and entertain their neighbours, and to employ what may be left them of leisure from these pleasant occupations in the secondary business of looking after their dioceses.

The Archbishop of CANTERBURY gave a different view of episcopal duty, and their Lordships seemed to agree with Dr. TAIT rather than with Lord HOUGHTON.

So the Bill was Read a Second time.

(Commons).—Another Donnybrook-Fair night over the Mutiny Bill. This time the fight was over the flogging clauses. But the row was happily cut short by a count, the Irish combatants not having been careful—able—to keep a house.

Wednesday.—The system of Irish—as well as English and Scotch—Municipal Elections, is now under consideration by a Select Committee. So is the Mutiny Bill—in effect. But shall this prevent Irish Members from having their say on either? Perish the thought! So Mr. GRAY moved Second Reading of a Bill to Elect Irish Guardians by Ballot, which Mr. FORSTER thought better than by voting papers. Perhaps it is. But, at best, it looks like a choice of evils. The Liberal Members took this, as they take every opportunity of showing that they are ready even to strain a point in support of the Home-Rulers, and enabled them to divide in the unusually respectable proportion of 164 to 208.

Thursday (Lords).—No cloud in the air betokened the storm that was to burst over their Lordships' decorous benches any more than that which so suddenly sprang up to overwhelm the hapless *Eurydice*.

But when watchers from the standing-space about the Throne saw Lord DERBY seated below the gangway, a murmur crept from mouth to mouth, and ear to ear—"Resigned." And so it was.

In a speech of much feeling, though of most studied reserve, Lord DERBY announced that the blow which cooler heads have so long feared had fallen, and that he no longer held the Seals of Foreign Secretary. He had not dissented from his colleagues on the line to be taken about the Congress. He thought it better the Congress should not meet at all, than that it should meet only to break up "*re infecta*." But the measures which his colleagues had thought it right to take on the falling through of the Congress, were not such as he thought prudent, in the interests of European peace, necessary for the safety of the country, or warranted by the state of matters abroad.

Lord BEACONSFIELD followed in a speech of equally creditable feeling and not less studied reticence. Henceforth he is free to work his will in the Cabinet and the Country. Does that will tend to war. And if war with what allies, and for what stakes? The Reserves are to be called out. And so the first move to—if not in—the great European "Kriegspiel" is taken. H.M.S. *Britannia* has cast off her peace-buoy, and is drifting—whither? The crisis is too momentous for jesting.

As Lord BEACONSFIELD sat down—

"There was silence deep as death,
 And the boldest held his breath
 For a time—"

And then came the buzz of pent-up feeling, and those who had heard the news separated to spread it, with the grave sense that England was one step—and a long one—nearer to “the brazen bridge of war.”

(*Commons.*)—After an interlude of trivial questioning—to which nobody listened, absorbed as all were by the tidings that had overflowed from Lords to Commons, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, in answer to Lord HARTINGTON, read the closing of the correspondence between our Foreign Office and the Russian Chancellor.

Question.—“Will you so communicate the Treaty of San Stefano to the Congress, that it may examine and consider the whole Treaty in its relation to existing Treaties?”

A question to be asked.

Answer.—“The Imperial Government leaves to the other Powers the liberty of raising such questions as they may think fit to discuss, and reserves to itself the liberty of accepting or not accepting the discussion of these questions.”

An answer—in the opinion of our Government—not to be accepted. And yet, if Russia is not to have this liberty? And must the discussion needs be useless, even if Russia decline to accept it? Is the balance of power to be resettled without discussion—by collision, not of diplomatic wits, but of brute forces?

After this, and the news of Lord DERBY's resignation, no wonder if a wrangle over the Mutiny Bill, aggravated by Mr. CATENDISH BENTINCK's explanations, was felt to be intolerable, though it had to be endured.

And then, sequel of the earlier news of the night, came Mr. HARDY's announcement, that a Royal Message will be sent to the House—probably on Monday—to announce the proposed calling out of the Reserves, and to be followed by a Proclamation for that purpose.

Friday (Lords).—The House not yet recovered from the stunning effect of yesterday's storm. The discussion of the Queen's Message, calling out the Reserves, is fixed for Monday week.

Lord PENZANCE objects to making even guilty husbands provide for guilty wives. He knows best. So the clause giving the Court power to compel such provision was struck out of the Matrimonial Causes Bill.

The canny Scots have thus far been content to leave their charitable endowments in the control of the “pious Founder.” Is this because Scotch pious Founders have been so uncommonly far-sighted, or Scotch Managers so uncommonly “canny,” that they have managed to work the machinery that in less knowing hands, would have come to a stand-still? Any way, the Duke of RICHMOND has brought in a very necessary Bill, giving them power to fit the pious Founder's machinery to the needs and knowledge of the time.

(*Commons: Morning.*)—Mr. COURTNEY, with that spirit of self-dependence which distinguishes him, contended against the doctrine that treaties cannot be altered without consent of their signers.

In supply, Mr. O'DONNELL renewed his unnatural attack on his Irish *Alma-Matres*—it needed many to ripen such a son—the Queen's Colleges.

Mr. RIVERS WILSON has been allowed by the Government to take part in the Egyptian Financial Inquiry on the KHEDIVÉ's application, not to satisfy creditors, but to prevent complications. Will the turning on of our Rivers be sufficient to cleanse the financial foulness of old Nile—or will *ex Nilo nil* be still the motto of the KHEDIVÉ's creditors?

Evening.—Lord HARTINGTON, in the name of the Opposition, wishes to know whether England stands alone on the ground she has now taken—in insisting that the Treaty shall be submitted *en bloc* to the Congress—and if so, how it comes about that no other Power has been found to stand beside her? Is the country in circumstances of “imminent national danger” or “grave emergency”?

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER said the House had already had before it the pith of the correspondence with Russia, but the forthcoming papers would give our latest communications with other foreign Powers. The Government could not consent to go in to Congress without seeing the cards. This the rules of Brag and Blind Hookey do not permit. Therefore they had declined to go into Congress to play either of these games.

The House was Counted Out at twenty-five minutes past ten, only one question occupying all minds—What is the situation? And its ominous answer: War—with all Reserves.

In a Ball-Room.

Smith. Who's husband, pray, to yon décolletée Madam?

Brown. Believe he's here. Don't know him, though, from Adam.

Smith. That he were Adam one could half believe,
For one might well mistake his wife for Eve.

RE-CHRISTENED.—Ireland, under its new Chief Secretary: Lower Arcadia.

SAD NEWS OF OUR SALMON.



AMONG the less pleasing phenomena of Progress is numbered the Cattle-plague. To that visitation may now be added a Salmon-pest, which has broken out in the rivers of Cumberland and Westmoreland. In some streams this, having been found confined to “kelts” or spawned fish, was supposed to be a disease incidental to pisciform par-turition, but:—

“In the Eden, however, a more serious state of affairs exists. Large numbers of Salmon—not only kelts, but clean fish lately arrived from the sea—appear to be affected with an epidemic which destroys hundreds of them. The head and tail first, and gradually the

whole body is attacked by a disease which appears to eat away the flesh, turning it white, and giving the fish the appearance of being affected with leprosy. Such fish are entirely unfit for food. Correspondents describe them as leaping out of the water, as if in pain and in frantic efforts to escape; some return to the sea, but many perish in their attempts to reach the salt water. The Salmon caught in the estuary are not diseased in this way, and, as the epidemic is said to be spreading to the Trout, it would appear that some peculiar condition in the fresh water is the cause of the remarkable phenomena.”

Yes, as the *Times* says, the condition of the fresh water in the Eden is probably peculiar. Its peculiarity, we fear, does not consist in that special freshness which ought to belong to a river of Paradise proper as contradistinguished from one connected by tributaries with lead-mines, paper-mills, dye-works, and the other profitable sources of pollution and pollutions of sources. Is it really impossible to prevent the poisoning of rivers without destruction of industrial enterprise, or must salmon as well as trout, be finally sacrificed to Mammon, in the temple of the Almighty Dollar?

THE “EURYDICE,”

(CAPTAIN MARCUS HARE.)

Capized with all hands but two off Dunnose Head, March 24.

In sight of home, almost in sound of hail,
With a stern-wind the good ship sped along,
And her three hundred tars, young, lusty, strong—
Beneath her belling clouds of snowy sail.

Eight bells! A darkness fell. With icy breath
Leapt from its sudden cloud the sudden blast,
Smote on full sails, and open ports, and past—
And ship and sailors had gone down to death.

Past—and sun shone once more on cliff and lea,
Sea smiled again, and sky got back its glow,
But all that life lay still and stark below,
For all the shine of sky and smile of sea.

And here and there, up from that ocean tomb
One rose, and fought with wind and wave, and fell,
And two of the three hundred live to tell
How swift that passage was from life to doom.

And now as hope, against hope cherished, dies,
And they that 'scaped a sea-grave, sleep on shore
Among the loved ones they shall see no more,
A still small voice to check our wailing cries,

“Think not these lives crowned with this death in vain,
Nor deem destruction falls with random sweep;
That they who past hence to that sudden sleep
Had been more glorious, in battle slain.

“Afloat, ashore, Old England's sons, each one,
Must hold life low as they hold duty high,
And ask not how or when 'tis theirs to die,
So they but die like men, their duty done!”

BY OUR OWN MISOGYNIST.

ONE Profession the Ladies are not likely to invade—the Church. They prefer giving, to taking, Orders.



RAISING FALSE HOPES.

Ethel (looking at her Card). "WHAT DOES 'DA CAPO' MEAN, I WONDER?"

Malcolm. "'DA CAPO'? OH, IT'S FRENCH, AND IT MEANS 'SUPPER,' YOU KNOW!"

THE IMP OF ISTAMBOUL.

"The Demon of Lies seems to be let loose in Constantinople."—*Daily News Correspondent.*

THE sea-wind o'er Marmora's wavelets blew cool,
And night's shade was closing o'er distant Stamboul,
Where aperch on a minaret's height,
Sat a sooty and sinister Imp of the Pit,
Whose eyes through the gloom glowed like lucifers lit,
And made blacker the blackness of night,
Whilst thus the misshapen and mischievous elf
On his shadowy pinnacle spoke—to himself.

"Ha! ha! Just to think how, this couple of years,
I've been setting the half of mankind by the ears,
By the power of sheer taradiddles!
By Jingo—the imp whom for Saint they have chosen—
Why men are so easy to gull and to cozen,
To me is the greatest of riddles.

But my trade ne'er before thrived so fairly, I know,
Till its fruits come so thick, and its branches so grow,
That it taxes my powers to follow them.

'Mong my agents or dupes all the world I comprise,
The work of one half is to fashion the lies,
And that of the other to swallow them.

I've bitten them all, from Ambassadors down
To the paltriest scribbler who earns his half-crown
By saucy and scurrilous squibbing.

There is little to choose twixt the Russ and the Turk,
Who are past-masters both at lie, quibble, and quirk,
And now honest JOHN must take part in the work,
Of free and unscrupulous fibbing.

Stamboul is my great central hatching-ground, where
I can play up, unchallenged, my cantrips and capers,
But London's my surest emporium; there
The biggest canards I can hatch or inspire,
Conveyed through the post or the telegraph wire,

Are sure of a welcome that nothing can tire,
From all the head-centres of patriot ire,

The Clubs and the partizan papers.
Old Nick! What egregious muffs are these men,
Who, blessed with two eyes, will see all things askew,
Twist facts by the sleight of the tongue and the pen,
And only believe what they wish to be true.
To lie away honour and safety and fame,
A nation's good faith or a statesman's good name,
Seems work that is strictly infernal,
But now such proceedings are quite *à la mode*,
And violate not the peculiar code

Obeeyed by a patriot journal.
I shall feel much chagrin and no little surprise
If the love of this New Propaganda of Lies,
Inspired by selfishness, quickened by fears,
And nurtured on prejudice, purblind as hot,
Doesn't set all the nations at last by the ears,
And probably ruin the lot.

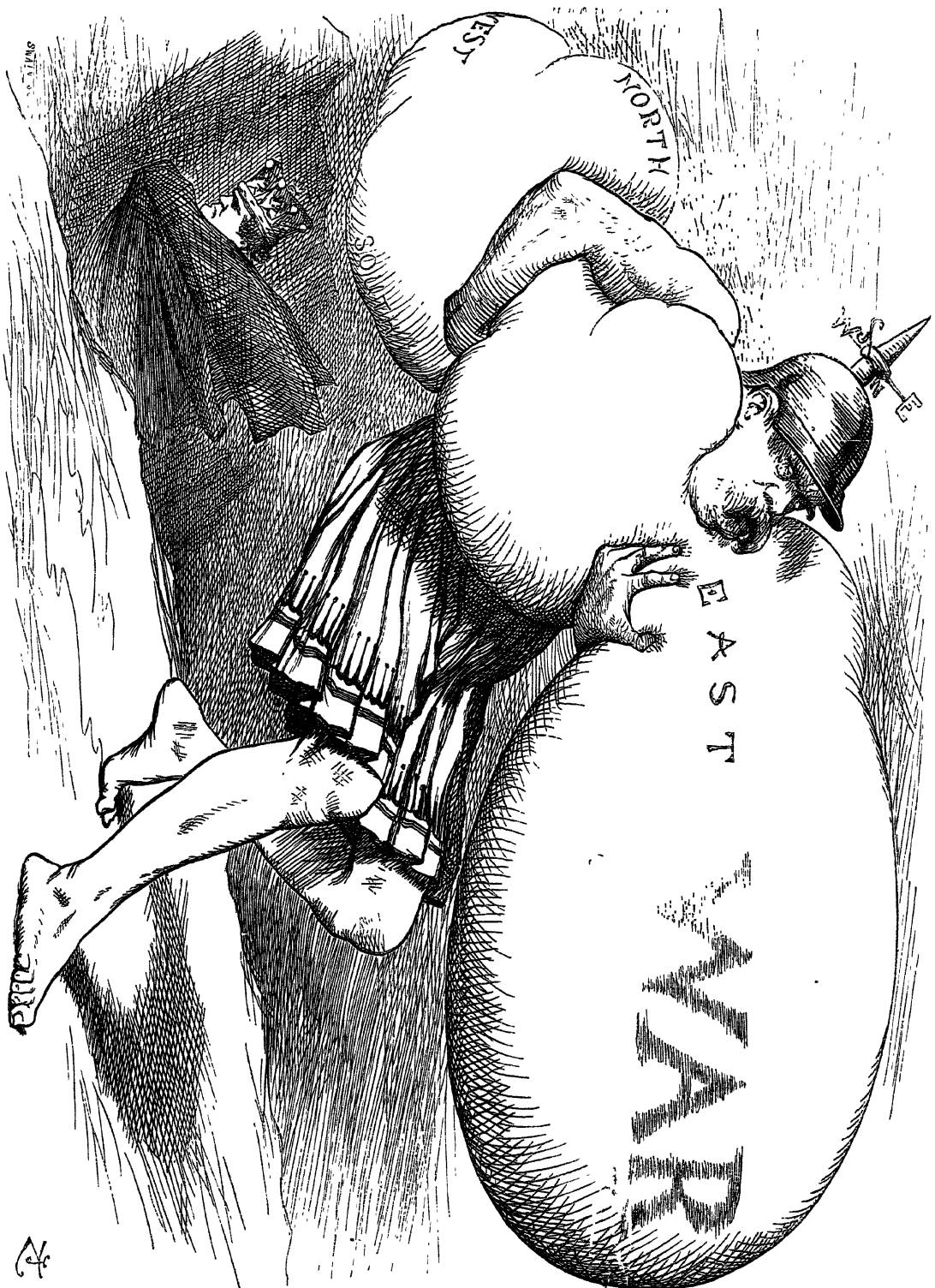
They are shortsighted fools, but it's excellent fun;
I know *who'll* be pleased at the work I have done,
With its promise of tumults and slaughters!"

Here the Imp gave a twirl, and shot off through the air,
Direct for—Perhaps there's no need to say *where*,
And reported himself at head-quarters.

Not the Real Article.

THE so-called "Spanish Students" who invaded Paris *en troupe* during the Carnival, and were received as what they professed to be, real "Estudiantes" of the land of *Gil Blas* and *Don Quixote*, now turn out to have been Barnum-bred shams—Spanish, perhaps, but Spanish show-folk instead of Spanish students—in fact, A Delusion, not An-dalusian.

THE EASTER(N) QUESTION:—Who'll win the Boat-Race?



“ÆOLUS.”

(RULER OF THE STORMS)

“CONFOUND THIS EASTERLY WIND! IT’S GETTING TOO MUCH FOR ME, AFTER ALL!”

STRAPMORE!

A ROMANCE

BY

WEEDER.

Author of *Folly and Farini*, *Under Two Rags*, *Arryadn'ty*, *Chuck*, *Two Little Wooden Jews*, *Nicotine*, *A Horse with Glanders*, *In Somers Town*, *Shandross*, &c., &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

"*Cunne rides ille?*"

"*Jam inopes, sed dic, uno noti tellus!*"



HEN STRAPMORE drew PINTO aside, and showed him the notes.

"*Très cher*," he said, grasping his hand, "I wouldn't have believed it, if I hadn't seen it; but I have seen it, and—and—"

"And you do believe it!" exclaimed SWEETIE, awaking to the horror of the situation.

"What can I say?" pleaded STRAPMORE. "Here are the Bank of Elegance notes; here is your name to the bills with which your brother has paid me; and here is my name to bills with which your brother has paid somebody else. All forgeries."

"What is to be done?"

"*Très cher, il n'y a qu'un pas; accrochez-le! aussitôt que possible.*"

"And my brother?"

"*Qu'il aille au diable!*" replied STRAPMORE. "*Il en a déjà fait un verrou avec La Loo-Loo!*"

"It will break the heart of my father, or it will break my father's heart," murmured PINTO, as his thoughts wandered back to dear old Ollendorian days, when he and his brother had taken first lessons in French together.

STRAPMORE shrugged his shoulders, but carefully, for he remembered that even the best of buttons cannot bear too great a strain.

"The police are here," he whispered.

Giving a hurried glance round, SWEETIE took two steps backward, and cleared the river at a single bound.* On the other side was waiting MATT TOCK, his faithful servant, with eight horses and a box of disguises. SWEETIE rapidly assumed one of them; high patent leather boots, short jacket with bells, buckskin breeches with gay ribands, and a pointed hat similarly adorned; then he leaped on to the centre horse, and gathering up the ribands of all colours, he cracked his whip, cried aloud exultingly, "Hoop-la! tehk!" and dashed away, standing on his bare-backed steed, and driving eight horses at once, in the dress of a Courier of St. Petersburg.

Thus he commenced his flight from England, and turned his back on the land where he could no longer show his face.

The police were after him; fortunately, a long way after him. In perpetual disguise was his only safety until he had crossed the Italian frontier.

At the first station the faithful MATT TOCK met him with a new dress. It was in the character of *Mr. Pickwick*, still driving eight horses and riding on a bare-backed steed, that he urged on his career. *Bien grisé comme Sieur GLADSTONE* he rode on his hacks, and avoiding Greenwich, was received, now made up as the Earl of LOTHIAN, by the thoroughbred Mayor of Dover, who gave him a back as far as the Custom-House, and introduced him to one of England's proudest naval piers. After this, to cross the Channel, he appeared

* *Editor (to Authoress).*—At a single bound. Isn't this rather too much of a stretch? Mind, we only suggest reconsideration; just to look before you make him take such a leap. EH?—ED.

Authoress (to Editor).—All depends on the width of the river and his athletic capacity. What more simple?—W.

Editor (to Authoress).—True.

as a sailor with flags, then as a *gendarme* (with a song), then as a British soldier,—MATT TOCK accompanying him all the way, running by his side, and throwing him up the things from time to time as occasion required,—until, as a merry Swiss boy, he faced the mountainous range, and, as a last trial, brought himself up before the *Judge and Jura*, and found himself in Italy.

Free at last. Free indeed. But dishonoured, lost to society, lost to his Order by his brother's act.

And on the river's bank in England?

The moonlight shone on three persons; on two by the river; on a third up above on the terrace. The last shivered, shut his book, called out, "I'm going to take some gruel and put my feet in hot water." Then he sneezed. "Good night, REGULA, don't mind me," and he disappeared. It was the voice of her husband, the Honourable MERES HADDOG, and they heard his sneezes growing less and less audible in the distance.

"And so we meet, my loveliest! It is destiny," said STRAPMORE, in a low fervid voice.

She laughed, that soft, low, cobra-like, cough-nomore-lozenge laugh of triumph, and of mockery.

"Bah!" she said. "Let us be epicurean while we can. Let us see in the philosophies of the Ancients the music of the future! Let us, like the Sylphs of old, live on crumpled rose-leaves, or swing in the sunlight of the Ephimenes, happy and careless as the glorious vine-crowned Baccalaureats of old.* If there is a thread of Life woven in each man's destiny, let it pass from those Fates, Olio, Olio, and Genesis, into the hands of those who can weave their own, and defy the thunders of a Proletarian age. These are the mellifluous poets of silence; these are the joys of love, and the bloom that is on the poet's rye too rural lay! Let us revel and roam, while the Troubadours sing to the Sirocco, and the Vargnar Zaddawg, from his Northern home, summons the Gunther to bring him his armour of ice from the glades of Barklaysquarr. No! let LUCILLUS dine and JUSTINIAN digest his own laws! For me, I would ever rob PETERS of a carriage, to pay PAUL for roses, that are the Pride of Waltham and the Glory of Dijon!"

And as she spoke she drew the roses from her hair, and scattered their dew-tipped petals to the hushed night wind. STRAPMORE smiled.

"I am not quite so Quixotic," he said. "But"—and he took her warm fingers within his own, and meeting the glance that gleamed on him, with the fire of his own dark brilliant eyes—"I love you, REGULA!" And as the image of herself floated in the stream at their feet, the ripple played upon her lips, that seemed to say, "My cold, proud STRAPMORE, I have conquered you at last!"

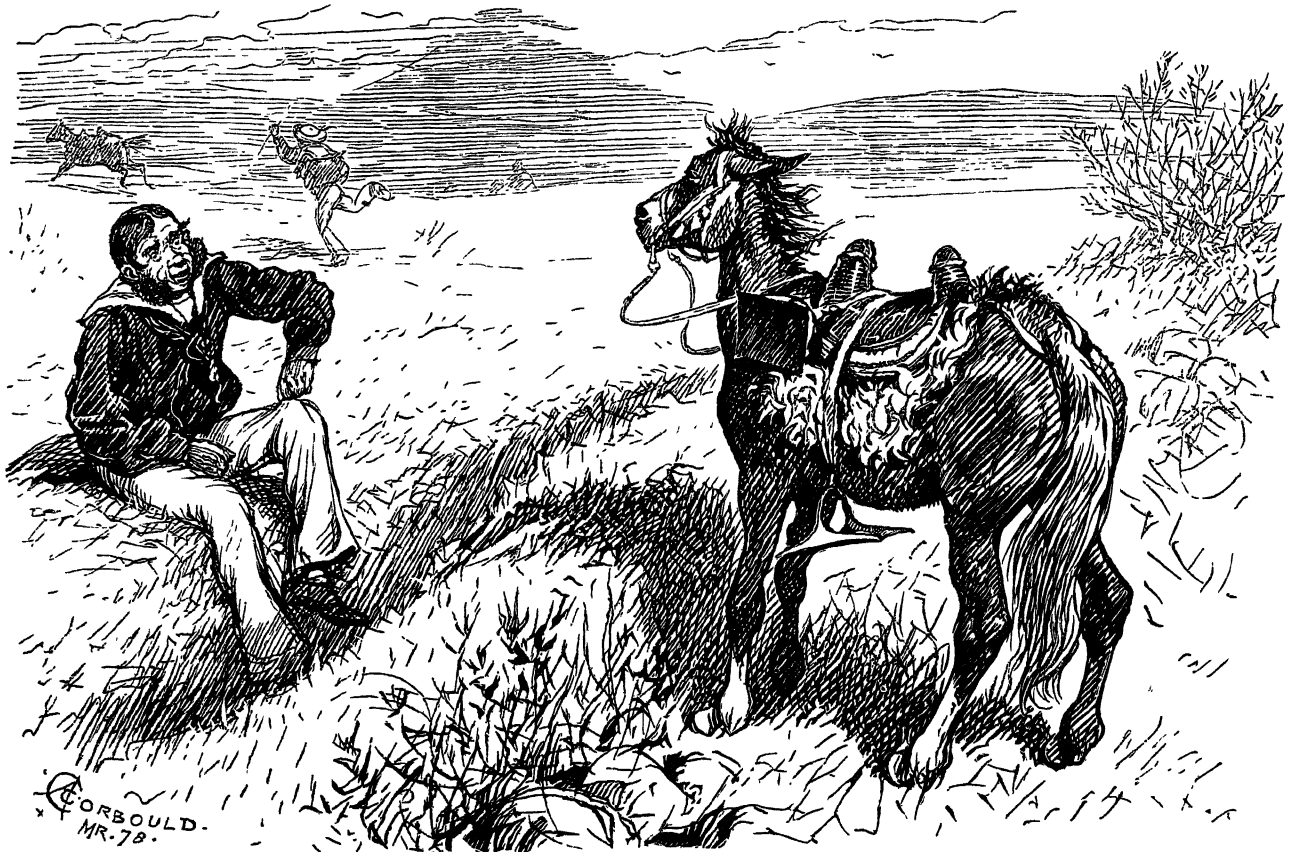
"Ah, BUKLYN!" she said, "I teach you a better, a grander love than that of figure and of form. You laughed at the world, *et tu deviens gros, mon ami*. You curb yourself—you are strait-laced. But now," she murmured, with the caressing sweetness of a serpent-charmer, "now you can unbend; now you need fear no restraints, for I love you! BUKLYN, I love you!"

"And I you!" he cried, and a warm lurid light burnt in his eyes, as he drew her to him, in so wild and passionate an embrace that made the last waistcoat-string give, and the seam crack. But they heeded not. Could he strain after appearances now that the seams were gone? If he did momentarily care, it was but the care of one button, and that was the last. She had conquered, and this was Love! And SWEETIE, the friend, doubly betrayed, where was he now?

* *Editor (to Authoress, by special wire).* Admirable as philosophy, but isn't it a little above the heads of our readers? Who were the Ephimenes? and haven't "Baccalaureats" more to do with the University degree of Bachelor of Arts than with the worship of the Rosy God? Of course we may be wrong, but we only hint, and pause for a reply.—ED.

Authoress (to Editor, by ditto). Don't hint, and don't pause. How high do your readers hold their heads? Ask "any schoolboy" about the Ephimenes. Also ask any other schoolboy about the "Baccalaureats." *Corpo di Bacco!* I ought to know something about the classics. *Mais, si vous avez des soupçons, demandez aux élèves susdits.*—W.

Editor (by same). We will. We will have a juvenile party on purpose. (*Subsequent Note.*—We have had the party. No one admitted over fourteen, or after five P.M. All over by 8:30. Very small and very early. None of them knew anything about the Ephimenes or Baccalaureats, but they've left the house in an awful mess, and broken some of the best chairs, and nearly all the valuable china. This comes of asking "any schoolboy.")—ED.



INTERESTING PROBLEM.

(On Shore at Besika Bay.)

Bluejacket (landed over his Nag's head). "WELL, THIS IS ALL VERY WELL FOR ME, SHIPMET; BUT HOW THE—blank blank—ARE YOU GOING TO GET OVER?"

CHAPTER IX.—"Gout de Tout choux."*

ITTI DUFFA sprang out of a bed two feet up in the air. She was only sixteen—only sixteen all at once—a woman quite. A cock was crowing on her thatch—he said, "How do-you-doo-dle-doo this morning?" every time he crowed.

She opened the window and laughed at the old cock on the thatch. It was so pleasant to be woke by him at three o'clock in the morning. She said, "You jolly old Cock!" and splashed half a jug of cold water over him.

There were two kids in a drawer. There was a thrush in the horse's foot in the meadow. There was a calf and a half calf on the book-shelf. There were bees in her bonnet, "and," the happy child murmured to herself, "there is a big Bee in Belgium, and there are two more Bees in Brabant."

ITTI DUFFA was very pretty.

To judge of her prettiness you had to look at her. No one ever

* Editor (to Authoress, by submarine private telephone). *Chère et très spirituelle Madame*, we've just read this chapter through twice, and want to ask, "Why this change of style?" It is not like the previous chapters.

Authoress (to Editor, same medium of communication). Was that you speaking just now?

Editor (to Authoress). Yes.

Authoress (to Editor). Say it again. (Message, as nearly as possible, repeated.) *Très bien*. But your voice didn't sound the same as first time; and some of your words were changed. How's this?

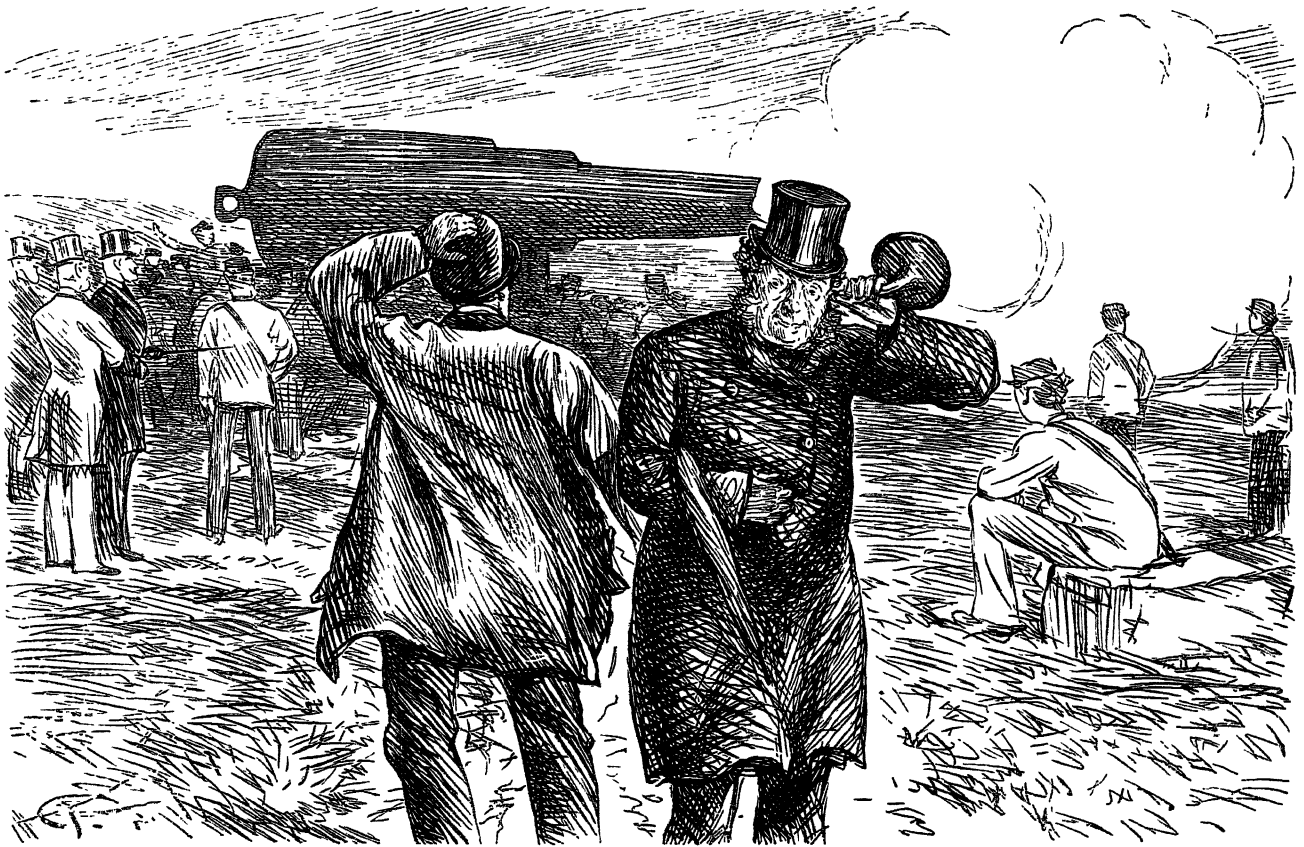
Editor (to Authoress, by same). *Chère et très spirituelle*, we comprehend the sarcasm. Sorry we spoke.

Authoress (per eandem telephonom). *Moi aussi*. I've lots of styles. Have you never read my *Two Little Wooden Jews*, *Folly and Farini*, and *Arryadn'ty*? If not, you've got a pleasure, and a great one, to come. This chapter is something in that style, and whenever I write about my dear little favourite, ITTI DUFFA—a character so true to nature as to attract by its inborn loveliness—I shall, to the end of this Romance, invariably adopt this particular style. On the Lyric Stage—certainly in the Wagnerite Music dramas—is not a particular strain always associated with a particular character? Yes. *Eh bien alors, allez donc!*—W.

denied that. She seemed as if she had lived among the flowers, and had grown like them, only greener. Her walk was her stalk; her hands were like broad shady palms; her feet seemed as if they had just dropped off a boot-tree; each eye was a little daisy. On the First of May, she came out as a Columbine, and some shook their heads and thought her graceful, but somewhat hardy; yet when she went to dance among the village children, she stood like a wallflower. Gardeners loved her, and said she was a good sort. Her hair was like candytuft. Her mouth was tulips. Her ears, auriculas. She was seldom seedy, and then she only suffered from a sort of spring fits, which she called "the convolvuluses." When unable to walk, she hired a green fly. Her dress was fastened with lu-pins. Her happy religion was that of a Spring Buddhist, and living in a small cottage up one pair of stairs, she was considered the first floorist out of Brussels. She said, in her laughing, modest way, "I am better than the fuchsia, for there are few *shier* than I am anywhere." At other times she let the fuchsias fade, and then said, "I care only for the present, I don't trouble my head about the fushure."

JÖE, her peasant admirer, who heard her, gave her a present. But she only accepted it; nothing more.

She thought there were fauns in the fountains, and Pans everywhere. This was her beautiful worship. Art was her unconscious life; she kept little useless Pans in various niches, on shelves, on ledges, anywhere, where she could see, and reverence them. Often she knelt, in pure simple devotion to the deed, with a small Pan in her hand. It was early morning, a few minutes before her plain homely breakfast, and she knelt in front of the rude stove—so rude that it had often made the colour come to her delicate cheek, with its hot fierce breath, and forced her to hide her face, and turn away—on which presently she would place the pan containing all she cared for at that moment. Had a Faun come out of the stream close by, and shaken the shining spray from his yellow locks, it would but have realised what she saw in that little Pan of hers, only dripping. She would steep her bread in that, and if she proposed to herself a toast, before drinking her *chocolat complet*, she would fry the *morceaux graissés* and be happy. She wore a pair of little wooden shoes.



HOPELESS!

Jollyboy (who fancies he's getting a "leelle" deaf, has gone down to Shoebury with his Nephew, to test his new Ear-Trumpet by the 81-ton Gun). "HAS IT GONE OFF YET, CHARLIE!"

Some people objected, and said there was nothing like leather; but she heeded them not. When she sent them to the carpenter's to be mended, and the cobbler thought he ought to have had the job, she stopped at his stall, laughed in his face, and cried, "Soled again!"

She was not like other girls. She said the Flowers had been her godmothers. It sounded well, and some smiled on her and believed her. But many were envious of her good fortune, and whispered that she told untruths, and that if the Flowers had been her godmothers, they must have been Flowers de Lies.

But what cared she? Nothing.

She dressed in a real hood for use, and a false hood for effect, and knew nothing of the Truth, or of The Untruth, for she was unspoiled by flattery, and uncantered by care, and as long as there were marigolds, she was rich, and as long as there was a sunbeam to support the roof of her cottage, she was happy.

She was up early in the morning, for she loved larks.

This guileless creature never stopped in bed one second after she was up and about; nor from morning to night did she ever sit down, as other girls might have done, as long as she was running about. She loved her home; and none ever could say of her that she was in more places than one, at the same time. She was not garrulous, or a chatterer, yet was never silent when speaking, nor was she in the habit of uttering a single word, when she was holding her tongue. When she lay down to rest, she shut her eyes, and went to sleep, unless she kept them open, and remained awake. She lived on nothing but food, sometimes eating, sometimes drinking, as the fancy seized her. When she sang, the neighbours first stopped their ears, then their work, and then sent in to ask her not to go on any more, so ravishing was the sound.

And ITTI DUFFA lived on, loved the flowers, and the sprouts, and the bread and the butter, and the *côtelettes aux pommes de terre*, and the wine and the water, and the biscuits and the fruit, and, fond of gambolling on the turf, she only asked the simple question, that has puzzled many a wiser and a better head than hers, "As long as you are happy, what is the state of the odds?" And when the red sun set, it was even betting; though, for all that, she would

lay from nine to four every night of her life, until the breakfast hour came, when she put the pot on, and went for the field.

Often she walked into her breakfast in the great city of Brussels; she did not care for the grand and gay people, but threw mud or oranges at them as they went by.

When they looked to see whence the salutations had proceeded, they little thought they were indebted to ITTI DUFFA, trudging along demurely, with her basket of sprouts.

She had one friend in the town. He was something in the City. He had a Roman nose, and was a Glover by trade, who lived from hand to mouth, and had a finger-stall, for the season, at the corner of the street.

One morning she went into the town, when a stranger came up, and leaning against the stall, eyed her attentively.

ITTI DUFFA blushed.

(To be continued.)

Note for Noodles.

THE Quingentenary of JOHN WYCLIFFE's rescue from his persecutors at Lambeth Palace in the spring of 1378, was commemorated, on Friday last week, by divers services and assemblies held in sundry places throughout the day, and concluding with a gathering together, under the presidency of Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN, M.P., at the East London Tabernacle, Burdett Road, denominated a "Mass Meeting." Perhaps there are donkeys whom it may be necessary to inform that the East London Tabernacle is not a Ritualist Meeting-house, and that the Mass Meeting which took place in it was an affair not at all inappropriate to the memory of the "Morning Star of the Reformation."

THE SULTAN'S ORDER (ON THE GRAND DUKE'S VISIT).—"Sweets to the Suite."

PROVERB FOR THE COUNCIL OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—"Hanging goes by favour."



RECENT SCIENTIFIC IMPROVEMENTS.

Mistress. "YOU NEEDN'T BE SO FRIGHTENED, MARIA. IT'S ONLY THE PHONOGRAPH."

Maria. "LOE, MUM! I THOUGHT IT WAS A SEWING-MACHINE. AND I ONLY JUST TOUCHED THE HANDLE, AND IT SPOKE JUST LIKE THE VERY MORAL OF MASTER!"

WHOLESOME SEVERITY.

(From our own Sporting Time-Keeper.)

THE Oxford men, who have been strangely late this year in showing on the London water, have at last turned up, and to judge from their first public performance on Saturday, their disinclination to put in an appearance is easily to be accounted for. We have seldom witnessed a more disgraceful exhibition, and from bow, who appears to be deformed, to stroke, who is a great hulking and overfleshed specimen of humanity, there did not seem to us to be a single oar who ought not to have been hooted out of the veriest provincial boat-club.

SMITHSON, of Brasenose [6], struck us as being a particularly ill-looking lump, his "reach" being short, his action sprawling, his slide irregular, and his recovery simply disgusting. No doubt he is a mere make-shift, but we should strongly advise those who are backing the "dark blue" to have a thorough understanding on the matter without further delay.

With regard to PURCELL-BROWN, of Trinity, who is set down at present for 2, and BLINKS, of Wadham [5], we should like to ask both of these "gentlemen" whether they think they are doing credit to the colour they wear, or to the University from which they hail, by rolling about like a couple of porpoises, and so destroying the last vestige of interest in an event, on which good honest English money has been so freely staked?

As to the rest of the crew, we shall have a "word to say" to each of them when we deal with Cambridge, which we hope to do, fully and fairly, to-morrow. From all accounts, a coal-heaver's horsewhip would appear to be a more likely and effective instrument than a critic's pen, if the *Light Blues* are to be dealt with in a fashion to do justice to the public who patronise them. But we shall see. Meantime, we should like to ask the Oxford Coxswain what his *Uncle* was doing in New South Wales in 1839.

A FOOT-RACE OF THE FUTURE.

(Twentieth and Last Day.)

THE twenty competitors were now reduced to SNOOKS and O'MULLIGAN. The former had travelled 2,084 miles, and the latter was only one mile and two laps behind. Urged by their backers, the two men crawled feebly along. SNOOKS was in rather better condition than his rival. His feet were less swollen, and his eyesight had lasted longer. Both competitors were reduced to skeletons, and had long since lost consciousness. The account of the death and burial of "SCUDDER" TOMPKINS (who had fallen down dead on the track on the sixteenth day) had made no impression on either of them.

At half-past twelve O'MULLIGAN, who had taken two hours over his last lap, fainted away. The usual remedies of biting the ear, horsewhipping, pricking with butchers' skewers, &c., having been applied in vain, the luckless pedestrian was carried to his tent. Here he was attended by a doctor, who administered stimulants. Shortly after four o'clock he partially regained consciousness, and was understood to ask for a priest. On learning this, his relatives introduced a lawyer. Having won the second prize, it was desirable that he should not die intestate.

In the meanwhile, SNOOKS had crawled 2,090 miles and two laps. Just as he commenced the last lap he tottered, and would have fallen, had he not been propped up with an iron bar by one of his trainers. It was now a question whether it would be humane to urge him on to further exertion. The matter was referred to the Umpire, who decided that though the race was virtually at an end (having been reduced to one competitor), as the match was intended to try human endurance to the utmost, and thus teach a very valuable scientific lesson, further employment of stimulants would be permissible. A red-hot poker was accordingly suddenly applied to the calf of one of SNOOKS' legs, with gratifying results. The

man suddenly seemed to pull himself together, put on a spurt, and crawled nearly half a lap in something less than two hours.

At this point the stimulating effect of the hot poker seemed to have evaporated. A feeling of great disappointment spread through the hall as it became known that the wonderful athlete could not possibly accomplish the marvellous feat of walking two thousand two hundred miles in twenty days.

At this juncture the doctor (whose services were no longer required by poor O'MULLIGAN) put in an appearance on the track. The matter having been explained to him, he suggested that perhaps a preparation of lunar caustic and oil of vitriol applied to the heels of the pedestrian might do what the poker had failed to effect. The doctor's suggestion was received with thunders of applause. The experiment was tried, and with the most perfect success. Just before midnight SNOOKS finished the last lap of the 2,200 miles, and was taken away more dead than alive, amidst the enthusiastic cheering of a throng of excited spectators.

EX NIHILO NIHILO FIT.

THE oddest recommendation of a showy new Hotel lately opened in the Metropolis is to be found in its advertisement in the shape of a quotation from one of the daily papers:—"Nothing in London approaches it."

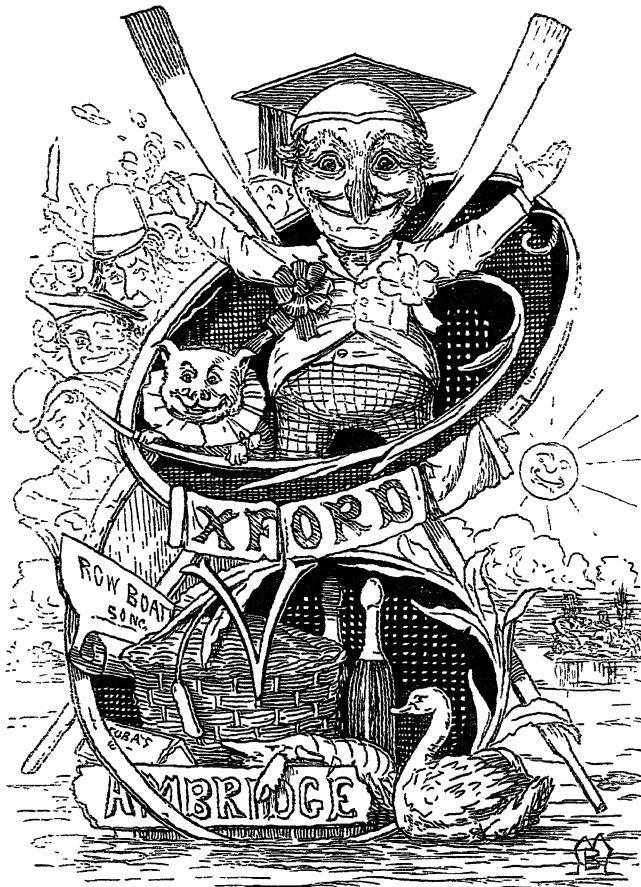
SHAKSPEARIAN REFLECTION (ON THE SIGHT OF A SPRING SALAD).

"THE earth hath creases as the water hath,
And these are of them."

"C'EST MAGNIFIQUE"—(BUT LET US HOPE)—"CE N'EST PAS LA GUERRE."—The Charge of the Six Millions.

THE CORRECT COLOURS.

(Solved.)



"TELL thee what is Cambridge'blue?"
Soar where bright as *Punch's* fun rise
Ridges of divinest hue,
Basking in the golden sunrise!
Mount, and where the glowing day
Pales in azure, till all's blue, love,
Take a yard of Heaven away,
And you'll find that that will do,
love.

"What, then, may be Oxford blue?"
Hover where the sapphire ocean,
Darkening to a deeper hue,
Mirrors Heaven's eternal motion.
Plunge thee, there, a daring diver;
For the surface—no, that's not it.
In the black and blue reviver
Deeply plunge—and then you've got
it.

HARVEY A HUMBUG!

ON Monday, the First instant, a numerously attended meeting of members of the Antiphysiological Society was held at St. Luke's Hall. Besides Anti-Vivisectionists, the assemblage included Anti-Vaccinationists, Anti-Tobacco Leaguers, Compulsory Good Templars, Peculiar People, and other enthusiasts of the same intelligent description. The Chair was occupied by Mr. MOAKE.

The CHAIRMAN said they had met on an anniversary most appropriate to their purpose. ("Hear, hear!") He knew it was commonly called All Fools' Day. ("Oh, oh!") But of course he didn't speak of it as that. He regarded it as the Tercentenary of the birth of WILLIAM HARVEY, the discoverer of the Circulation of the Blood; and there were those who might think HARVEY's birthday and All Fools' Day were very different, because HARVEY was no fool. Well, he would not exactly call HARVEY a fool, for then perhaps he (the Chairman) should be told that he was another. (A titter.) But he would say that he considered him far from wise, for sufficient understanding would have enabled him to discover the circulation of the blood, or anything else, without resorting to vivisection. He certainly thought HARVEY the anatomist a very much over-rated man. There was another HARVEY whom he thought a much greater man than the discoverer of the blood's circulation: he meant the HARVEY who discovered Harvey's Sauce. (Laughter.) Too much had been made of the former discovery and all such discoveries. Patients continued to die in spite of them, and doctors differed. It was argued that HARVEY's—Circulation HARVEY's—discovery enabled surgeons to perform great operations before unthought of, taking up and tying arteries, and so on—things just as well let alone. He didn't believe in doctors, nor surgeons neither—he owned him-

self one of those whose faith was faith alone. (Cheers.) Faith against physic, he said; ay, and against surgery, too. The faith that sufficed for the cure of a fever would be just as equal to setting a broken bone. ("Hear!") Perhaps mere faith had never yet been tried in that case, but whenever it was, of course it would prove no less effectual than in the other. A living faith would nullify any necessity for operations on live creatures. To return to HARVEY, he would suggest that they should endeavour to make him cease to be quoted as an authority for vivisection. They should take measures to destroy the influence of his name. Suppose a prize were offered for the best Essay written with that view. Its title might be *The Unimportance of the Circulation, or The Discovery of the Circulation of the Blood of No Use*. Perhaps even a reward might be held out for the clearest demonstration that there was in fact no truth at all in the theory of the circulation of the blood—which was his (the Chairman's) own private opinion. An astronomer named PARALLAX had proved the earth a flat, and himself too, some said, but satire was no argument. No doubt the earth was also stationary, and so he (the Chairman) suspected was the blood as well. (Cheers.) A further remuneration ought to be advertised for a cartoon of HARVEY dissecting an agonised lapdog, to be copied and posted all over London. A lot of physicians and surgeons were soliciting subscriptions to a Harvey Tercentenary Memorial Fund, for erecting a statue to HARVEY at Folkestone, where he was born on April Fools' Day, 1578, but by far the fittest testimonial to him would be an Anti-Vivisection poster. (Mr. MOAKE sat down amid vociferous applause.)

After a series of addresses from Mr. CRANKE, Mr. CROTCHIE, Mr. LUNES, Mr. LOOSSLATE, and Sir SIMON SNIFE, a Committee was appointed to report on Mr. MOAKE's suggestions, and the Meeting concluded.

A FILLIP FOR THE FAITHFUL.

"Never look a gift-horse in the mouth."—Old Proverb.

[The POPE complains that the presents of the faithful assume too frequently the form of *bric-à-brac*, and too seldom that of hard cash.]

LEO XII. loquitur—

DEAR Brethren! There's nought to a Pontiff more sweet

Than the gifts which the faithful ones pile at his feet,
The signs most substantial, and surest by far,
Of a zeal that's not slack, and of purse-strings that are.
Be sure that his heart, as your gifts you deliver,
Will welcome each off'ring, and warm to its giver.
But, Brethren, one delicate hint we may drop—
We do not keep an Old Curiosity Shop,
Or warehouse of mere *bric-à-brac*, at the Vatican.
The apophthegm old, "*bis dat qui citò dat*," I can
Fully endorse, but I'd fain add to that
"He who gives what's most wanted, gives thrice."
Verbum sat.

Squat Japanese Idols we would not pooh-pooh,
They are all very well—from an Art point of view;
Nor would we discourage our liberal laics
By sneering at "Chromos" or Roman Mosaics,
But butchers and bakers would both hold it odd
If I tried to pay *them* with an ivory god,
While Swiss Guards might look—well, exceedingly
funny,
If offered buhl inkstands instead of their money.
Remember that oft, on this lucre-ruled earth,
Money's handier far than the best money's worth,
And a Pope cannot quite play the usurer's part,
And offer "half cash down, and half works of Art!"
'Tis painful to think that the pagan god Plutus
So deeply should e'en now inearth and embrate us.
But I think the assertion will not be deemed rash,
That the handiest gift, these hard times, is hard cash!
So if you would hit our chief need to a nicety,
Dear Brethren, you've now the straight tip. *Benedicite!*

Somebody's Policy.

(By *Theseus*, King of Athens.)

"STILL shaping fantasies that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends."

Midsummer Night's Dream, Act v., Sc. 1.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



A WEEK of waiting—for discussion of the Marquis of SALISBURY'S Circular, administering a facer, or, rather, a series of facers, to the Treaty of San Stefano. The Government has put down its foot. The Treaty has to go, or the Lion and the Bear must have a fight for it. Even the Budget looms small in the presence of the great question—"Peace or War?"

* *Monday, April 1 (Lords).*—An ominous day for bringing down the Royal Message, notifying to Parliament that "the state of public affairs in the East, and the necessity in connection therewith of taking steps for the maintenance of Peace and the protection of the interests of the Empire, having constituted a case of great emergency (How about style, my Lord B?) within the meaning of the Law, Her MAJESTY has been pleased to call out her Reserve Forces for permanent service." Paws off, Toby!

This is a Royal Message—albeit brought down to Parliament on All Fools' Day—only to be delivered with decorum and received with gravity. Lord BEACONSFIELD so delivered it, and *Punch*, for England, so accepts it. *Punch* renders it into his own tongue in his Cartoon. It brings the Lion and the Bear face to face on the narrow ledge of San Stefano. There is not room to pass. Three courses

remain—Dead-lock, Death-grapple, or Retreat. Which is it to be? England, Europe, and the World, look, with bated breath, for the reply.

Earl GREY—as usual the "Hal o' the Wynd" of the

House of Lords—put the dilemma which next week's debate, it is to be hoped, will resolve. "It is not enough, your MAJESTY and my Lords, to tell us your objections to the Treaty of San Stefano. What do you propose to put in its place? You can't set up his Humpty-Dumptyness, the PADISHAH, again. You refuse to recognise the uncivilised Slav, under Russ rod, heir to the Turks' lands, tenements, and hereditaments. Whom have you in contemplation, as successor to the *damnosa*, but *illicebrosa hereditas*, of the Ottoman?" The Ottoman!—that most troublesome of Dame Europa's pieces of furniture—which everybody wants to sit upon, and which obstinately declines to be sat upon comfortably; which is always in the way, yet can never be effectually shoved on one side; which is by common admission rotten, yet cannot get itself quietly broken up; which serves to wrangle over, to fight over, to break shins over; serves, in short, for all purposes but a comfortable lounge or a quiet place of repose. And now here is poor old Dame Europa on the point, as it seems, of tumbling over it, into the Fire of General War!



HAPPY THOUGHT.

THE GOOD OLD GAME OF "HARE AND HOUNDS," OR "PAPER-CHASE," IS STILL PLAYED IN THE NORTHERN SUBURBS OF LONDON DURING THE WINTER. WHY SHOULD NOT YOUNG LADIES BE THE HARES?

Their Lordships, after the Mountain was delivered of its Earthquake, trifled with a brace of Mice—Scotch Education, and Railway Passengers Duty.

(*Commons*.)—The Royal Message, and the settlement of the Debate thereon, for Monday next, was the first business of the Commons also, which got itself adjusted with some difficulty. Naturally, Budget and Royal Message are two omnibuses which cannot be steered through St. Stephen's Bar in the same week without some difficulty.

It was as gratifying to Mr. Punch as, evidently, to Mr. GLADSTONE, to see Sir H. D. WOLFF so well to the front, in the capacity—if we may be allowed the word—of what Mr. GLADSTONE called "an authentic organ" of the Ministry.

Commenting on the question of the moment, and the last batch of diplomatic polite letter-writing thereon, Sir CHARLES DILKE called attention to a passage in the last Blue-Book, in which Sir H. ELLIOTT stated to Lord DERBY that Prince GORTSCHAKOFF had stated to a "trustworthy person" that Russia would keep the Bessarabian question out of the view of Congress. "Who was this trustworthy person?" asked the inquisitive Member for Chelsea. "A question not to be asked," said Sir H. D. WOLFF, speaking as the *Turveydrop* of Diplomatic proprieties. In the august language of Chancelleries, Sir HENRY explained, "Trustworthy persons" are persons whom Ministers can not name, but can trust.

Order at length taken for the two big 'busses, the House went to play on the Irish Sunday Closing Bill, and kept playing—naughty boys!—at reporting progress and moving that the SPEAKER do now leave the Chair—till seven o'clock next morning.

The night's fun was distinguished from the obstructive nights of last Session, first, by the good humour which prevailed, due to the infusion of a small but eminently respectable English element, both Conservative and Liberal, among the night's Obstructives, which brought up the minority as high as 50 occasionally, and often to 20 and 30; and, next, by a poetical outburst from Punch's old friend and correspondent, Mr. BRIGGS, whom he congratulates on his first appearance in the character of Bard. The outburst was the more remarkable as it was inspired by a LOWTHER; the first time, it is believed, that any member of the family ever served as a peg for poetry—even House of Commons poetry. The explanation of the long night's fun is briefly that the Government has rashly committed itself to the Irish Sunday Closing Bill, which it hates. The Home-Rulers, for some reason best known to the Priests, have chosen to

take up the Bill, with the exception of a knot, who—not that they love Priests less, but that they love whiskey more—oppose it as hotly, Punch's own Major and Mr. MURPHY at their head. Fitting head for such an opposition!—

"For who but the Murphy in front should be seen,
When the craythur they're fighting aginst is Potheen?"

With them is a knot of Liberals, who, like Mr. Punch, decline to have sobriety forced down the public throat by Act of Parliament, and so object to the Bill on principle—as the small end of the wedge. See what unrivalled elements of a pretty quarrel! An Irish question. Irish Members *pro* and *con*, of course. A Conservative Government nominally supporting, but sorely against the grain. Sturdy Conservative Members bitterly opposing. Sturdy Liberal Anti-Sabbatarians and Anti-Sumptuarians in a determined protest. A veritable witches' cauldron of incongruous ingredients, but promising obstruction, both slab and good.

Matter for a fight that shall last till the Day of Doom. The question never can, and never will, be settled. It can only be fought over, even though Mr. O'CONNOR POWER carry out his threat of putting it down on the paper for every night, and bringing it up whenever he gets an opening. Not even *that* Power can carry the Bill. But one thing Parliament has got at last. Exactly the Hobby for Obstruction to ride rough-shod on, over Time, Sense, Convenience, Order, and Use, all together, and, strange to say, rather to a good than a bad end, after all.

Tuesday (Lords).—A hush of horror before business began, at the news of Lord LEITCHAM'S murder. The sentence of the *Vehm-Gericht* was executed in a wild part of far-off Donegal. Lord LEITCHAM has been long known as the most determined assertor of the right to do what he liked with his own, which the Irish *Vehm-Gericht* does not admit. He has been tried and condemned, sentenced, and executed by the Tribunal that sits in secret, but slays openly. Will the Law that is enthroned openly tolerate the Secret Sister that judges in her teeth, and executes in her despite and defiance?

Lord THURLOW opened the Sunday opening of Museums and Picture-Galleries. The question has come to be, not "Is the thing in itself desirable?" but, "Is there a popular pressure for it?" Thus far the Public-House reigns among amusements in sole supremacy of the English Sunday. While Bung has it all his own way, it is not likely he will admit Art or Nature to a share of his Sunday monopoly. But it is something to find a Bishop of London



AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

Shipwrecked Party (who sees his way to supply "A Sketch on the Spot" to the Illustrated Papers). "BEG PARDON, BUT DO YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE SUCH A THING AS A PIECE OF INDIA RUBBER!?"

admitting that the object of those who propose to open Museums and Galleries on a Sunday is to promote the welfare of the working classes. *Punch* notes this Episcopal admission as of good augury for the cause of better, because less bitter and less boozy, Sunday observance; and welcomes the out-spoken declarations of the Duke of WESTMINSTER, Lord GRANVILLE, Lord MORLEY, Lord TREURO, and Lord DUNRAVEN, in favour of Gallery and Museum v. Public-House.

But "public opinion" is not yet ripe. May it ripen to that slow maturity which promises good keeping fruit. Certainly opinion on this point is not like to be of the kind described as "soon ripe, soon rotten."

(*Commons*).—Colonel LOYD-LINDSAY explained how in the event of Line Regiments being sent abroad, the Militia battalions brigaded with them would be embodied as their feeders. Herein *Mr. Punch* sees a grand Historical Picture—say, for the Senior United—a sort of pendant to the once popular Grecian daughter suckling her aged papa in prison—"The Militia feeding the Line." The "trustworthy person" turned up again.

Mr. FAWCETT to a languid House, "small by degrees, and beautifully less," moved his three Resolutions, condemning Sir JOHN STRACHEY's Indian Financial scheme—Salt-tax, Trades' Licence-tax, and Famine Fund to be spent on public works. There is one Resolution which even Professor FAWCETT, with all his pluck, cannot move—that is, the Resolution of the House of Commons not to take an interest in Indian affairs. India is too big and too far off for even the large embrace of our Collective Wisdom. So she is left out in the cold, which she ought to like, being a hot country, while Wisdom cries from the Opposition house-tops through the earnest fauces of FAWCETT, and nobody but *Mr. GRANT DUFF*, Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, and Sir G. BALFOUR regardeth.

Mr. SMOLLETT pitched into everything that is called Indian Administration—the dealing with the Famine, by Home and Local Governments, Indian Expenditure, and, above all, Indian Public Works, which, according to SMOLLETT, means Indian Public Waste.

The question is, ought Salt-tax to have been equalised, as Sir J. STRACHEY proposes, to the muleting of many millions and the gain of more, or abolished altogether; and should trade-licences have been tolerated after Income-tax had been abandoned; such trade-licensing being but Income-tax in disguise, and falling heaviest on the backs least able to bear it? Sir JOHN STRACHEY will probably reply to his critics—"Admitting three-fourths of your strictures, show me any way of raising revenue that would not be open to as much or more objection." This was the plea of Lord G. HAMILTON, who put his case clearly and cleverly.

Mr. FAWCETT took two divisions—87 to 163 on the Salt-tax, 96 to 159 on Trade-licences. The honours of argument are his; but the Strachey scheme stands—and will work, with more or less creaking—all the same.

Wednesday.—The "trustworthy person" run down at last. It was the Roumanian agent at Vienna who told Sir HENRY ELLIOTT what he had been told by the Roumanian agent at St. Petersburg, who repeated what he had been told by Prince GORTSCHAKOFF. A telling revelation!

Shall we deal with fools according to their folly—or bray them in the mortar of penal law, whether their folly depart from them or not under the braying?

Such is the question raised on Mr. PEASE's Bill for limiting the cumulative penalties under the Vaccination Act. Mr. W. E. FORSTER and Mr. GLADSTONE in favour of Second Reading of the Bill. Lord R. CHURCHILL, Dr. PLAYFAIR, and *Mr. Punch* against, and the Bill thrown out—as it deserved to be—by 271 to 82.

Fools cannot be allowed to perpetuate and disseminate small-pox. The only amendment of the Law *Mr. Punch* would sanction would be one authorising compulsory vaccination of children where parents had neglected to protect their little ones from the one plague against which Science has reared an impregnable barrier, behind which—though many from ignorance and carelessness neglect it—only fools that are fanatics, and fanatics who are fools, obstinately refuse to shelter. Consideration to them is cruel wrong to their children. And to prevent this the Law must take order.

Thursday (Commons).—The Budget.—Thus, in brief:—

"To meet our bills, we ask you—
Call not this demand a whacker—
Twopence extra on your incomes,
Fourpence extra on your 'backer.'"

So take the one out of your pocket, MR. BULL, and pay it; and put the other in your pipe, and smoke it.

Sentiment (from Sir STAFFORD):—"There's more where that came from."

Chorus (from the Country).

"We don't want to pay—but by Jingo if we do,
We've got the men, we've got the bills, and they've spent
the money too."

Mr. Punch's verdict is, "Short, but not sweet."

Friday (Lords).—Mauritius planters have a bad name for their treatment of Coolies. They may take the charge coolly, but the mother country is not disposed to do so. Colonial Secretaries, past and present—Lord KIMBERLEY and Lord CARNARVON—are in earnest, and a Colonial Ordinance has been passed, based on a despatch of Lord CARNARVON's, prohibiting further immigration to estates where Coolies have been ill-used, and removing those who are established there already. This is as it should be.

Certification of Deaths Lord (MINTO says) is insufficient and incomplete in Scotland. Is it that canny Scots consider bawbees wasted on a dead man?

(*Commons*).—Dr. KENEALY bearded the SPEAKER. The House howled at Dr. KENEALY. It keenly appreciates the distinction between courage and audacity, independence and impudence.

On going into Supply, Sir U. KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH—a weak Hercules for that Augean stable—moved Resolutions sketching out a reform of Metropolitan misgovernment. He proposes to extend and remodel the Corporation, and to give it rule over all London. Can the LORD MAYOR and Aldermen play Atlas to such a load? Mr. CHARLEY says No. He would have each Metropolitan borough a municipality. Sir MCGAREL-HOGG thinks the Metropolitan Board as good a substitute for a Metropolitan Government as we are likely to get.

Sir S. H. WATERLOW declared, that if the Government would bring in a comprehensive scheme, the Corporation would not oppose, so no hostile hand were laid on mace or sword. This is a comfortable hearing.

Mr. STANSFELD maintained urgency, which Mr. CROSS denied, and objected to deal with Metropolitan Government by abstract Resolution. Certainly, the Minister who undertakes the matter will find it wants a foundation of about as much concrete Resolution as law was ever built on. Mr. CROSS wisely refused to pledge the Government to any plan—it being clear that his own mind was a chaos, if not a blank, on the subject.

The Corporation of the Future is still, plainly enough, in the nebulous stage. In the meantime, *Mr. Punch* comforts himself with the thought, that if Metropolitan Government is not all it should be, it is better than he can remember it. It don't move very fast, perhaps, *E pur si muove*. Looking City-wards and Country-wards, he feels he can still wait for his Corporation.

Doubtful.

HUMPTY-DUMPTY sat on Porte wall.

Humpty-Dumpty got a bad fall.

Will my Lords B. and S., they and all of their men,
Ever set Humpty-Dumpty up again?



"WHICH GOES BACK?"

STRAPMORE!

A ROMANCE

BY

WEEDER.

Author of *Folly and Farini*, *Under Two Rags*, *Arryadn'ty*, *Chuck*, *Two Little Wooden Jews*, *Nicotine*, *A Horse with Glanders*, *In Somers Town*, *Shamdress*, &c., &c.

CHAPTER X.—“*Quid O Bacche! ibi sum; ubi summum.*”



and, only finds, too late, the Inevitable written in the great conundrum of the Past-time. Ah, *mes frères*, if all knew the solutions of these life-problems, which of us would dare to ask the questions? Which of us could do so, and brave the just scorn and indignation of his own fellow-creatures! Were men all Josephs, were men all Millers, there would be little chance of a living for the Joseph Miller, and his Men. No, *mes frères*, there are many now lying silent, for ever, in Earth's clammy embrace, who have been bored to death by a thrice-told tale, or riddled by a spent, worn-out acrostic! *Modus in rebus. Passons aux autres choses.*

Then, bending down, he said to her, "Will you give me one of your sprouts, pretty one?"

ITTI DUFFA answered, in her childish way,—

"I do not give them, Sir; I sell them."

And the old man murmured, "She is right!"

He knew the world. "*Redde, i, redde!*" was his ancient Roman motto, for he was a true Italian; and the pretty little wayward heathen at his side had attracted him.

"Is that your stock in trade?" continued the stranger, a young man, well formed, and manly, interrogating the little sprout-seller.

"Mine is not the stockin' trade, Signor," she replied, looking down at her little wooden shoes.

The old man smiled, and raised his cap reverently. He knew the world and its humour; he had heard that jest before now.

The Stranger seemed amused, and a strange light shone in one of his eyes, wherein was a small round glass. This was how he looked out on the world: this was his window. "It was like having a pane in my eye," whispered ITTI DUFFA to the old Glover. Whereat he raised his cap again, reverently.

The young Stranger took a bunch of sprouts, and put them in the button-hole next his heart. Then he tossed her a gold piece.

"A quid," he said, gaily, "*pro quo.*"

The girl blushed, and quivered.

"Signor," she replied, "a quid is useless to me. I do not smoke."

"But I do," said the Glover, stretching out his hand; but the child had been too quick for him; she had pocketed the coin, and disappeared.

"Who is she?" asked the Stranger, in an apparently careless tone.

The old man closed one eye, and opened the other wide. Then he placed his forefinger, so as to bisect his Roman nose, at a given angle, just at the *pons snorum*.

He said, with all his old Roman wit still fresh in him,

"Take G from Glover, and what remains?"

The young Stranger flung him a purse of gold.

"*Ohhè!*" cried the old Glover, joyously turning head over heels, previous to shutting up his shop for the day. "Now, Sir, what lies in my power I will tell you."

And he told him, as he had said, "what lies in my power."

Then the youth, when he had heard all that the old man had to relate, muttered to himself,

"And this little Goody Two-Shoes, is she a sly-boots, after all?"

CHAPTER XI.—"*Ite! Tite! Æris ago!*"

FOR many mornings after this, ITTI DUFFA was thoughtful. The sparrow grass ran to seed, and fed on its own luxuriance; the lettuces were moist with dewy tears, for their hearts were full; the weeds were smoking themselves in the sun.

The peasants said that ITTI DUFFA was looking wan. She thought she was looking wan too. Being wan, too, she wished she could have added "three, and away!"

But away with whom? Not with the peasant lout, Jôé, who loved her, and followed her everywhere, but who, as old PANTALEONE, at the glove-stall, had said, was a mere Clown. Besides two is company: not so three.

A cow was lowing, away from her, in the meadow; a man was hieing towards her, in the field. Not Jôé? Not PANTALEONE? Who then?

"I'll go bail he comes," she said, as she stood by the wicket.

The goats danced in the frisky worship of their meadow temple, as though they had been in their own Kiddyminster; the lambs bleated, then took three baa's rest, and trotted down to see the old dam in the river. Then ITTI DUFFA threw an egg at quavering PANTALEONE, as he came out of the city, and took his way home; and he saw her, and blessed her. Others she pelted with crab-apples and medlars, from behind a wall, but they only shouted out at her in their rough, pleasant, honest fashion, and passed on. Jôé looked in at the gate with a *dindon*, and a string of sausages, and, grinning from ear to ear, in his clownish way, said, "*Nous voici encore! Comment te trouves-tu demain?*" but she slammed the door in his face, and went in. Poor Jôé was hurt, and coming up with PANTALEONE on the road, blamed the old man severely. The night was sultry. What harm, were she to leave the door open? Who would come to injure ITTI DUFFA?

She took off her wooden shoes, and put on a pair of dainty slippers. They were satin, but they had also been stood in. Then she threaded her hair with a garland, and from the cold soup tureen she took a small paste star—one of a thousand, that had lain at the bottom of her dish of *potage*—and placed it on her forehead.

The moon shone in through the window, and cleared a magic circle for her on the floor.

She paused. Then she approached a cupboard, and, with childish glee, drew forth a box that the old Glover had sold her long ago. Then with a key she wound it up. It was musical, and played *Ombra Leggèra*, or the Leggy Ombra, from



NOT QUITE THE SAME THING.

Merciful Traveller. "YOUR LITTLE HORSE HAS BEEN GOING WELL. WHEN DO YOU BAIT HIM?"

Pat. "AH, SHURE, IT'S BEEN A PURTY LIVEL ROAD, SOR; BUT OI'LL HAVE TO BATE HIM GOIN' UP SLOGGIN DERRY HILL, SOR!"

Dinorah. And the solitary Man in the Moon seemed to enter into the child's whim, and sent a shadow to dance with her on the floor.

Then she flitted about, smiling radiantly, glancing and pirouetting. She imagined, in her innocent way, that the Man in the Moon was an elderly nobleman in a private box, who was admiring her performance, and who would presently throw her a bouquet, and cry out, "Brava, Colombina!"

She listened. Two slaps were given outside the cottage. Was it a signal, or was she watched?

Through the keyhole she saw JÔÉ and PANTALEONE coming up the path together, cautiously. Between them passed a masked figure, rapidly, running.

Her heart beat fast,—faster,—faster!

She had barely time to fly to the casement, when through it shot head-foremost, with hands stretched out, a brilliant flashing form, and in another moment she was clasped in her lover's arms.

Without, JÔÉ grinned with baffled rage, and tried to climb over PANTALEONE's back to the window.

At the sound of the Patrol they cried, "*Voici un sergent de ville qui arrive!*" and fled. And the Lovers were alone: she trembling, he caressing her, in attitudes of ever-varying charm and grace.

"Oh, Mister SPANGLES!" she murmured.

"My name is not SPANGLES," he replied, tenderly. "It is SWEETIE!"

"And I——" she whispered in soft inquiry, with happy eyes, and yet a little startled.

"And you—will be Mrs. SWEETIE!"

She clung to him, crying silently. He wished he had a pocket-handkerchief in the dress, but there were no pockets.

"She does not know," he thought, "that every tear takes the gilt off the gingerbread to the tune of about seven pound ten."

And the musical box played gently one of its many changing airs, "*The One Pound Note.*"

"He *shall* marry her," hissed JÔÉ in the morning to PANTALEONE, "or I will work his downfall," and, therewith, he set to rub the pavement with butter in front of the hotel where PINTO FREEZE—the SWEETIE of the White Guards—was living in exile.

Many accidents happened that day in Brussels. Everybody fell down, and JÔÉ alone was taken up.

During the disturbance PANTALEONE witnessed the marriage of ITTI DUFFA and SWEETIE. JÔÉ was not permitted to enter the sacred edifice dressed as he was, with the head of a *dindon* dangling out of one pocket, his usual string of *saucissons* out of the other, and a glazed hat with a cockade in it, wearing which he gave his word of honour, with his hand on his heart, that he was PINTO's servant. But *Les Suisses* were not to be taken in, and no more was JÔÉ, so he remained outside, and heard the organ peal within, and in his bad heart he wished it were orange-peel without, that the bride and bridegroom might both come down, to his level, on the pavement.

So they started on their wedding tour, ITTI DUFFA in her little wooden shoes, and SWEETIE in his Whiteguardsman's boots, the only remnant of his former rank.

But though the sun shone brightly, the Shadows were creeping up. Slowly and surely. Slowly and surely.

(To be continued.)

Something like an Opening for us at Last.

THE *Istoc*, semi-official Servian organ, announces:—

"Serbia cannot consider the war ended until the Servian flag waves over Prishtina. Europe repudiates the Treaty of San Stefano, and Servia, acting in conjunction with other nations, takes up an armed position to protect her own interests. An opportunity exists for England to acquire influence with the Servian people."

What a chance for England! O ye gods and little fishes! "*Non Angli sed Angeli:*" "*non Servi sed Domini!*"

Question and Answer.

OF Worcester's late election
For a short account suffice it—

Question put, "*Licet-ne?*"

Answer given, "*Non LYONET.*"



AN ORTHODOX DOUBT.

"MAMMA DEAR, FRANÇOISE, THE NEW NURSE, ALWAYS SAYS HER PRAYERS IN FRENCH. DO YOU THINK SHE WILL BE UNDERSTOOD?"

"GIVE! GIVE!"

The Cry of the London Hospital.

HAPPY the Hospital that has a history! For a history means a far past; and a far past means landed and funded property, dating from days when a penny of bequest or rental meant a shilling and often a pound now. Thus a past for a Hospital means property. Look at Bartholomew's, and St. Thomas's, and Guy's.

A Hospital without a past means a Hospital dependent on Voluntary Contributions. Now Voluntary Contributions are wonderful helps. But they sometimes let you down. They are the best Hospital crutch, but cannot be trusted as its stay.

Here is the London Hospital. It has a right to the definite article, for it addresses itself, more than any of its many excellent and useful fellows, to the needs, the labours, and the emergencies of London—as they are concentrated in the East-End, its poorest, densest, most toiling, and most suffering part.

Here, in black and busy Whitechapel—as little of whiteness as of chapel about it now—in a high road roaring with traffic, girt close about with railways and docks and manufactories, with a huge fungus-growth of labour and poverty gathering densely all round it, stands the London Hospital, little more than a century old, having grown from a little nucleus of four hired leasehold houses in Prescot Street, Goodman's Fields, to its present proportions,—a great and well-ordered building, with its wards and waiting-halls, examining-rooms and kitchens, baths and laundries, making up close on 800 beds, with doors open night and day to all who knock in their stress of need, without distinction of race or religion; practically a free hospital, for nearly three-fourths of its patients are admitted without letter or recommendation, save the urgency of the case, medical or surgical, as it may be,—to the tune of some 7000 in-patients and some 48,000 out-patients last year. On the one side, the sleepless labour of London continuously pouring in its accidents and diseases; on the other, the sleepless kindness of the London Hospital taking in and tending this influx of human wretchedness night and day.

And yet, though the London Hospital can boast such a growth,

PUNCH'S PROCLAMATION.

Punchius, R.

WHEREAS, by the Reserve (Moral) Force Acts of no particular date, but of general recognition and universal application, it is, amongst other things, provided that, in case of imminent national danger and emergency, the Reserve Forces of Prudence, Patience, Patriotism, Justice, Magnanimity, Wise Forethought, and Rational Self-Restraint, ordinarily latent in the breasts of the sober, sagacious, and, for the most part, silent portion of the community, may authoritatively be called out on active public service:

AND WHEREAS the present state of public affairs and public opinion, and the necessity in connection therewith of taking steps for the maintenance of peace, and for the protection of the real interests, honour, and fair fame of the Empire, and, especially, of checking the insurgent forces of Pride, Passion, Prejudice, and spurious (if well-intentioned) Patriotism, now and for some time past deplorably and mischievously rampant, in our opinion, constitute a case of great emergency within the meaning of the said Acts:

Now, therefore, We do, in pursuance of the said Acts and of our earnest endeavour for the furtherance of the Public Weal, hereby direct that forthwith all classes of the Reserve Forces above specified be called out on permanent service, and shall henceforth proceed to and attend in their places (in Parliament or otherwise), and at such time or times as may be needful, to serve as part of Our Army of Moral Militancy until their services are no longer required.

Given at our Court in Fleet Street this tenth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight, and the thirty-seventh of our reign.

VIVAT PUNCHIUS!

Predestined.

(See the *San Stefano Treaty Boundaries*.)

THE Greeks held that names are made, like marriages, in a higher state of existence. Does not the name "Bulgaria" support the theory?—It is evidently a compound of "Bulge" and "Area."

and does such a work, and though it has been winged by a Queen and a Princess, its wings want more feathering, that they may fly further on their errand of mercy, and cover more ground in their pelican-work of charity.

Its seven hundred and ninety beds cost £30,000 more than its fixed income. It now seeks these thirty thousand pounds of annual income, to set off against so much pain relieved, and life lengthened. Shall it be enabled to open more beds, or must it close four hundred of those it has now ready?

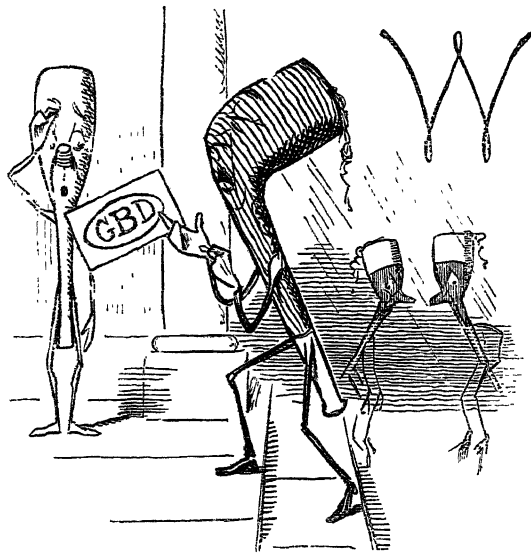
To Mr. Punch's mind, a question not to be asked in this huge, rich City—in the East End, too, the quarter where the bones are ground that make the poor man's bread, and the rich man's money.

Already the question has been asked, and a beginning made of the answer—an answer to the right tune, "That's the way the money goes!" Let all who pick up their gold on that TOM TIDDLER'S ground—they say there's not much for the picking up just now—set a few yards of their claim apart for the London Hospital. Why should not other guilds follow the Grocers, and give the Hospital a wing? It can accommodate as many wings as an Indian idol, and will look all the better for them. Punch rejoices to see the big Brewers—the BUXTONS, and COOPES, the BARCLAYS, and CHARRINGTON and HEADS—putting their shoulders stoutly to the wheel, and coming down with their thousands and five hundreds of annual subscription; and the big money-men and merchants, the ROTHSCHILDS, and BARINGS, the HODGSONS and BARNETTS, the PEEKS and JOHNSONS, tithing and tolling themselves to the same or like amounts for the same good object.

Let the great City Pactolus, of which these are some of the chief tributaries and affluents, turn its main stream in the same channel, and send off some of its superfluous auriferous fluid on the same good work of irrigation, till the London Hospital is out of all danger of being left stranded by the ebb of "Voluntary Contributions." Till it can take thought for opening beds, instead of closing them. Till it can open new wings, instead of closing sadly under pressure of poverty those it has already opened, by the fostering aid of Queen, and Princess, and City Guild.

A CRY À LA RUSSE (to Roumania).—"Bully for you!"

WHERE THE MONEY COMES FROM, AND WHERE THE MONEY GOES.



ELL may NORTHCOTE, to meet war-waste, A Tobacco-tax invoice: Source and outlay are in keeping: This begins, that ends, in smoke.

Irish Road-Scrapings.

(From a Letter recently received from the West Highlands.)

"Thursday was the wildest of many wild days I have seen here this winter—hurricanes of wind and torrents of rain. A schooner has been anchored under the house for a fortnight, trying to get four days' work done in unlading 'road-scrapings' for top-dressing, and has

only finished this morning. These road-scrapings have been brought from Belfast; and the Gigha man who owns the vessel assured me that they were much better for the land than scrapings from any Scotch town—for they are very good against toads and serpents and vermin."

AND after that feat of Saint Patrick's—which gives such virtue to the very road-scrapings of the isle where he made a clean sweep of the "varmint"—Mr. Justice KEOGH dares insult that National Saint!

THE BEAR AND FEW FRIENDS.

"SAVE me from my friends!" may Roumania now say, especially when they are big ones, and Bears to boot. Who is saucy little Roumania that she should set up a will of her own in the teeth and against the claws of Huge and Holy Russia? *A propos* of the Russ resumption of Bessarabia, Roumanian will or deed to the contrary notwithstanding, nothing director has ever been known probably in diplomacy than GORTSCHAKOFF's last—from the very latest Blue Book:—

"Prince GORTCHAKOFF declared to our agent that, notwithstanding our clamouring both at home and abroad, the Russian decision was irrevocable; that she would not bring this question before the Congress, because it would be an offence to the Emperor; that if another Power wished to do so, she would not be a party to it; that it was with us she wished to treat; that if she could not succeed in making us give in, she would take Bessarabia from us by force; that if we made an armed resistance, it would be fatal for Roumania."

Horace for the Cabinet.

"O Navis! referent in mare to novi Fluctus? O! quid agis—"

But Mr. Punch doesn't feel inclined to go on —"fortiter occupa Portum."

At least, not at present.

TRUTH OR IRONY?

TROUT-FISHING commenced on the First of April. Perhaps the old maxim of "a worm at one end and a fool at the other" is true, after all.

FOR THE OXFORD CREW.—The very place for strictly abstemious training: Tap-low.

MRS. GRUNDY ON THE COMING COSTUME.

"It is stated that a fashionable poetess is about to attempt an important reform in female attire. The idea is to revive the costumes of the ancient Greeks, and with this purpose a *soirée* is shortly to be given to a number of the literary and artistic friends of the fair leader of this new movement, at which all the Ladies who are present—young or old—must appear in the costume of Penelope and Helen."—*The Echo*.

DEAR Mr. Punch, do just look here. What's this new-fangled caper, Which, to my 'orror, meets my eye whilst reading of my paper? I don't precisely understand the plan they're putting forrid, But I've my strong suspicions that it's somethink right down 'orrid. Classic! O yes, I know that game, as wants a vigorous stopper. Classic's the name for everythink owdacious and improper. The Poets and the Artises is always sweet upon it. But if they gammons Mrs. G., I'll bolt my Sunday bonnet.

The costumes of the ancient Greeks! A pooty prospect truly! They dressed in—well, not very much, and went about quite coolly. I know 'em from their statys, which is things I do not hold with. Which their dress must have been awfull for ketching deaths o' cold with.

I thought our gals had gone as fur as decency permitted,—Perhaps a hinch or two beyond,—but sense they must have quitted To talk about a style of dress which, even seen in pictures, Is open to my stern rebuke and most sewerest strictures.

Our West-End semi-noodities is bad enough, that's certain, But winding of one's body in a sort of sheet or curtain, With no anctras, 'cos 'twas worn by Pennylope or Helen!—Well there, it is a thing on which it shames one to be dwellin'.

That Helen, as I understand, was scarce the style of lady As we should copy dresses from, her morals being shady; And Pennylope,—well she, let's hope, was all Ulysses thought her, But the westure of Ulysses' wife's no rule for JOHN BULL's daughter!

Better for "dual garmenture" at once go in a cropper, Than ape the old "aesthetic," which seems mostly the improper. Besides, our climate!—don't tell me; in spite of Art's eostatics, 'Tis my conviction Attic tastes would end in the rheumatics.

I ha'n't no faith in Poets' plans, nor yet in Artists' notions. Your Swinburnejoneses, and that sort, to me is pills and potions. Soant classic westments ain't the cheese for our young gals and fellas, And if there's them as thinks they are, they'd better go to—Hellas!

STRAWS AND THE WIND.

At a moment when serious international relations are supposed to hang on comparative trifles, the following "tariff of interpretation" may be found useful to those who wish to register the precise value of the various little social amenities now in active exchange between the SULTAN and the Grand Duke NICHOLAS in and about Constantinople:—

Leaving a card.

A cup of tea, in presence of a couple of Plenipotentiaries and Suite.

A cup of tea, ordered up without formality, and drunk in a *tête-à-tête* on a balcony.

A Note from the SULTAN to the Grand Duke NICHOLAS, pressing his acceptance of half a dozen pocket-handkerchiefs and a pound of Ra-hat-la-koum.

The presentation by the Grand Duke to the SULTAN of the game of *Go Bang* and a superior accordion.

A *petit diner* at the Dolma-bagtsche Palace.

Impromptu invite to the SULTAN to come and take a chop "in quite a friendly way" with the Grand Duke.

Five hours' confidential conversation afterwards "over a cigar," in a corner, in the presence of an Interpreter, three Secretaries, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, with a map, duplicate copies of several ready-made Treaties, and seven glasses of brandy-and-water.

A disposition to open friendly negotiations.

Interchange of good understandings, followed by a telegram of four columns in cipher to St. Petersburg.

Reappearance, the next morning, on the scene of M. ONOU, the distinguished Russian dragoman. Quiet evacuation of Buyukdere by the Turkish troops.

Unostentatious occupation of the lines of Tchataldja by the Russians.

The advantages of a close Russo-Turkish alliance amicably and practically discussed.

Further advance of Russian lines, with simultaneous friendly holding and arming of all the high ground dominating the city.

Thorough understanding as to the great advisability, "in certain eventualities," of the seizing by Russian troops, "quite in a friendly spirit," and holding till further notice, as much of Turkey in Europe as is not already provided for by the Treaty of San Stefano.

SEASONABLE MOTTO (for Anti-Ritualists).—"Festina lente"—"Feast in Lent."



"BEATI POSSIDENTES."

Brown (who is in temporary financial difficulties). " 'BEEN RUNNING ABOUT THE CITY ALL DAY, DEAR. I'M FAMISHED! LET'S HAVE A CUP O' TEA—AH—AND THAT COLD TURKEY—"

Wife. "OH, I'M SO SORRY, DEAR! MARY TELLS ME THE MAN DOWNSTAIRS—(in Possession!)—HAS JUST FINISHED IT!"

THE YANKEE PRIVATEER.

(A Story for the Marines.)

THE steam-schooner *Coon*, her snowy cloud of canvas contrasting with the dark cloud from her funnels, was cleaving the waters like a thing of life at the rate of fifteen knots an hour. The crew, consisting of some fifty desperadoes of all nationalities, had cleared the deck for action. Her guns had been crammed to the muzzle with shot and shell. Every man of her picked crew carried a rifle in his hand, and a revolver and cutlas in his belt.

"My lads!" cried Captain SCUDDER, pointing to a ship under English colours in the distance, "do you see that darned Britisher? There floats *your* fortune! You've sailed and steamed a couple of thousand miles, you've left the august shadow of that glorious bird of freedom, the American Eagle, but there's your reward. It's a tarnation fat prize, and darn me if we don't chaw her up in the twinkling of a handspike."

This eloquent speech was cheered to the echo, and part of the crew went below to sit upon the safety-valve of the engine. The *Coon* flashed through the waves with redoubled speed, and soon was alongside the unfortunate Britisher.

"Now, my lads!" cried Captain SCUDDER, waving his Gatling gun over his head, "one well-aimed broadside, then lay her alongside, and boarders away!"

"Stop, Massa!" exclaimed the Black Cook, "SAMBO see some British genelam a coming off in the jolly-boat. Golly! how dey make her walk!"

"Avast, my lads!" shouted the Captain, after verifying the Black Cook's assertion through his marine binocular. "As SAMBO says, we have visitors. Darn me, but we'll teach *them* manners."

By this time the boat from the Britisher had approached the *Coon*, and two of her crew, in the persons of the Captain and a Barrister-at-Law, had presented themselves before the Yankee Commander.

"What do you want?" asked the American.

OFF THE LINE.

RESPECTED SIR,

ME & my Usbing were last nite a talking about Haxidents which it is only nateral as E should take a hintrest in M seeing as he get his living as a Railway guard which when I says his Living its like to be the Death of im because of them there haxidents as is now so frequent. But there he says to me says he there wouldnt be not $\frac{1}{2}$ so many if the tranes were all purwided with Continooous Breaks. Continooous Breaks I says why what for ever's that? Well says he its a new Patent as come over from Ameriky. There's the Vacuum Break he says and theres the Hortomatic Break & in pint o' fack says he theres sech a many breaks that the Drectors they're that puzzled as they dont know which is best. Well I says it Puzzles me how breaks can be good for stopping haxidents which I've known a many haxidents as ave ended in a Break. And as for making breaks Continooous I says there's our JEMMER she's as good as any Patent I can promise you—not to mention our boy JIM as can arldy touch a teacup without breaking of the andle & if E aint Hortomatic I don't know what is. So I remane

Your most obeejant Servant,

MARTHA MUDDLE.

A Cry From Cam.

"*Beati sunt qui ante nos!*"

"Dead beat," dead heat to follow!

The Cambridge *Coach* may have been *Close*,
But their defeat is hollow.

WELL-NAMED.

A RECENT State paper, by Prince GORTSCHAKOFF, in reply to Lord SALISBURY's Circular, has been styled an "Annexe." How appropriate, when so much of it is in explanation of the territorial views of an Imperial SEIZER!

Sors Shakspeariana.

William (on the Diplomatic hitch)—

I am not (San) Stefano, but a cramp."

Tempest, Act v. Scene last.

"To know what *you* want," replied the English sailor. "Guess I'll tell you that considerable sliok," said Captain SCUDDER. "We are going to blow you out of the water."

"But you can't," returned the Englishman, firmly.

"We have letters of marque."

"Won't do."

"We have got a crew of the greatest scoundrels unhangd, and I don't mind telling you that they are small pumpkins to me."

"That doesn't matter in the least."

"Then I guess you are stronger than I suppose. You mean to show fight?"

"No, we don't. We are too weak for that."

"Then what is to prevent me from blowing you into the middle of next week?"

"This!" And the Barrister-at-Law (at the request of the Captain) read the Treaty of Washington to the American Commander.

"Bout ship!" shouted the baffled SCUDDER, turning deadly pale. "Of course you and I, my lads, are not at all the sort of chaps to break the law of nations."

So the Englishmen returned to the Britisher, and the *Coon* put her head about for the nearest American port.

Upon their arrival, the crew of the Yankee privateer got religion to a man, and spent the remainder of their days in pious respectability, listening to the orthodox sermons of the Rev. Parson SCUDDER—once their Captain, and now their Pastor.

INTER-UNIVERSITY SPORTS—(CONSOLATION FOR PARENTS).

"He who runs may read."

[And so, for the matter of that, may he who "rows."]

APPROPRIATE STYLE FOR THE CIRCULAR.—"Salisbury—plain-English."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



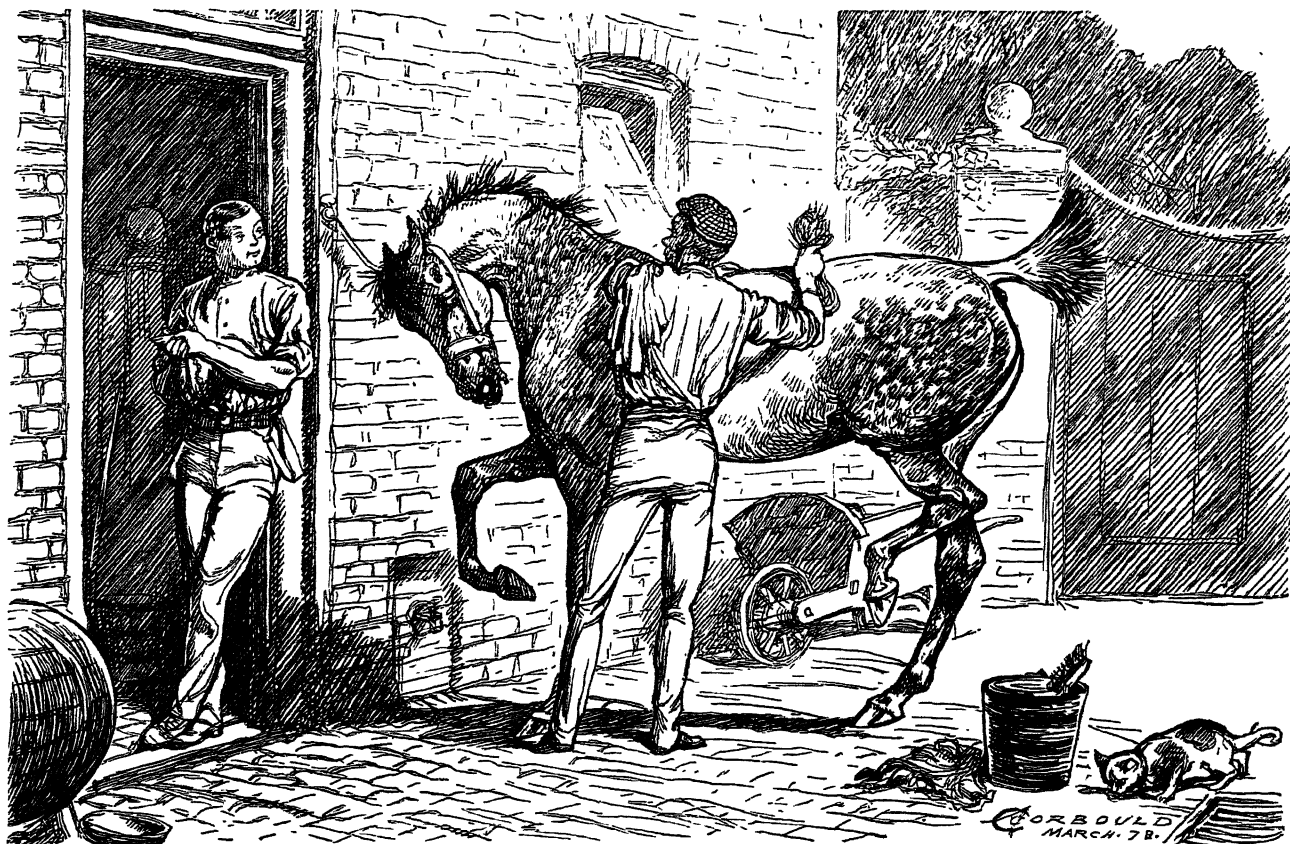
EXPECTATION still on the strain, after a week of waiting. The country yet on the threshold of War, but, thus far, not nearer fisticuffs. After England's Collective Wisdom and unwisdom—her sages and her Jingos—have said their say, this is something. Anti-Turks are still anxious, Pro-Turks hopeful. Lord DERBY has done his best to knock the wind out of Lord BEACONSFIELD. Altogether, 'tis a pretty kettle of fish—but, thank Heaven, it has not yet boiled over.

Monday, April 8 (Lords).—The interest of the night focussed in the Upper House. Was not the Sphinx to speak? So, with every corner and coign of vantage crammed with straining ears—Ladies to right of him, Ladies to left of him, Commons wherever Commons are free to stand, Privy Councillors about the Throne, myste-

rious mourning Dames among the gilt pinnacles of its canopy—the Sphinx spoke, tamely, coldly, formally, almost falteringly first, as is the Sphinxian wont, but working up to a climax of telling, if somewhat tawdry, rhetoric,—one of those “purple rags” which the Sphinx loves to tack as pennonnels to his perorations, like nothing so much as a *Daily Telegraph* Leader. His points were, that from first to last the Government had kept one tune; that the remodelling of European treaties must be the work of the Great Powers in Council, not of Russia; that the Treaty of San Stefano wiped out the Ottoman Empire in Europe, and converted the Black Sea into a Russian lake; that Russia had declined to submit the Treaty as a whole to Congress; that thenceforth the Congress was a futility. The bottom knocked out of Congress (see *Punch's* Cartoon), and all the world besides armed or arming, was England to remain disarmed? No; away with reserve, and out with the Reserves! And so, with a flourish of trumpets, enter a new Chimæra—Sphinx engrafted on Spread-Eagle.

Lord GRANVILLE put in his point—here, there, and everywhere—like a fine and finished master of tongue-fence as he is, but a damaging critic rather than a formidable opponent. Indeed, he began by reminding the Gallery that he meant to use the foil not the sword; he would mark the Cabinet's coat, not run it through the body; would criticise, but not move an Amendment.

Lord DERBY made a clean breast of it—so clean, though he reserved one point, the immediately determining reason of his retirement,



THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

Stableman of Sporting Rector. "I 'EAR MASTER'S HADVERTISED FOR A CURATE. MUST BE HORTHODOX—WHATEVER THAT MEANS."
Groom of ditto. "MEANS? WHY, THAT 'E MUST KNOW A THING OR TWO ABOUT 'OSSSES, IN COURSE! HE'D NEVER SUIT MASTER IF HE DIDN'T."

that he has given grievous offence to sticklers for the higher proprieties, and leaves the world wondering why, if this was his way of thinking, he had not been saying ditto to Mr. GLADSTONE all this time, instead of to Lord BEACONSFIELD. Impossible to imagine a more complete turning inside out of the Cabinet policy. He did not believe in a Congress. He did not acknowledge any real foundation for the irritation against Russia. He did not perceive sufficient reason for hasty war-preparations. He did not see either the causes, allies, or objects of a war by England against Russia. He sneered at the vagaries of public opinion, and asked how a Foreign Secretary was to steer, with such "conning."

All very telling, and doubtless very true. But *Punch* must, perforce, ask with everybody, if my Lord DERBY thought thus all this time, *Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?* Why didn't they make a Jonah of him—or he of himself—long ago?

And is it the duty of a Foreign Secretary to hold "*vox Populi, vox Dei*," and steer, as the *popularis aura* shifts about? Is it not rather his business, who is set there as pilot, to shape the safest and best course, and let the swabbers and sweepers, the waiters and idlers, grumble and growl as they may?

This was very much the English of the Lord CHANCELLOR's and Lord SALISBURY's speeches. The Circular was not an *ultimatum*, but an *exposé des motifs*. The calling out the Reserves was not a step to war, but a measure of precaution—our old friend, "defence, not defiance," in fact. (Lord BEACONSFIELD had said the same thing in other words.) Lord SELBORNE assailed the Government with pointed but polished dress-sword, and the Duke of ARGYLL with slashing claymore. Lord HOUGHTON interposed the Treaties of 1856 and 1871. Lord CARNARVON spoke the words of wisdom and moderation so hateful in the ears of the Jingos. And then the Address was agreed to after a night of good talk, signifying little but foregone conclusions, leaving the question, "Peace or War?" very much where it was, Lord BEACONSFIELD all the weaker by Lord DERBY's damaging dissection of his policy, but the public as much bewildered as enlightened by Lord DERBY's startling revelations.

(*Commons.*)—Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE did sucking-dove to Lord BEACONSFIELD's Drawcansir. Never was a spirited foreign

policy so cold-drawn. It was the Beaconsfield tune in a minor-key—by no means to the taste of the Jingos. Vote of Credit, calling out of Reserves, sending of the Fleet through the Dardanelles—all was but precaution. Fighting! Lord bless you! we've no such intention! All we wanted was to have the Treaty of San Stefano put in accord with the European system. Russia, it was to be hoped, would yet see her way to this. (Whether Lord SALISBURY's slap in the face be the best way of opening her eyes may be open to question.)

Mr. GLADSTONE disclaimed any intention of moving an Amendment. How could he ask for amendment of such a dove-like discourse? If he could only accept Sir STAFFORD's pitch-pipe, as giving the true note of the Government policy! But we were, and had been, on the drift war-wards for the last quarter, and summoning the Reserves would bring us a stage nearer the argument of the sword than the Vote of Credit. Lord SALISBURY's Circular was a blister, not an anodyne-plaster. The Treaty of San Stefano stipulated for no more than Russia had foreshadowed in June last, except Bessarabia. A Congress was the only way to amend what wanted amending in the Treaty or in South-Eastern Europe.

Wilful Sir WILFRID WITWOULD moved his Amendment. The Reserves should have been reserved for a greater emergency. Their calling out is unjustifiable, whether in the cause of European peace or English interests.

Sir W. BARTHELOT rapped Sir WILFRID's knuckles.

Mr. GRANT DUFF judged everybody and everything from the standpoint of Olympian wisdom, and exhibited his prescription, "*Sine Germania nulla salus*." But how was BRITANNIA to get the benefit of his panacea, with a rival doctor at the Foreign Office in whose eyes calling in Dr. BISMARCK was not safety, but destruction?

Mr. GOLDNEY, Colonel BARNE, and Sir H. D. WOLFE—like Cerberus, three Gentlemen at once—gave tongue for Jingo; and Mr. HARDY—his back to the War Office and his face to India—administered a round of rattling counters to Mr. GLADSTONE in his best fighting fashion. "*Nox pugnam interemit*"—leaving JINXES his Baby in possession of the House.

Tuesday (Lords).—Lord BEAUCHAMP moved Second Reading

of the Factories and Workshops Act. Mr. CROSS has consolidated forty-five Acts regulating Factories and Workshops into one. Lord SHAFFESBURY might well congratulate Mr. Cross—or, to put the saddle on the right horse, Sir HENRY THRING—on this achievement, and the country on the upshot of the factory legislation, which his Lordship set going, in spite of such obloquy and in the teeth of such auguries of evil.

On the Scotch Education Bill, two Scottish Dukes—BUCCLEUCH and ARGYLL—bewailed the Scotch School Boards' feeble grip o' the siller. Wonders will never cease! That Scotch School Boards should be reproached with extravagance! To be sure it is by Scotchmen.

On the new Bishopsrics Bill, Lord REDESDALE, with the mysterious wisdom which makes a quasi-oracle of him in their Lordships' eyes, introduced a clause to enable worn-out Bishops to resign their Seats while keeping their Sees! This was voted rather too strong, even from Lord REDESDALE.

(Commons.)—Colonel STANLEY, the new Secretary for War, took his seat for North Lancashire, amidst loud cheers—partly of good will to the Colonel, and congratulations on his promotion, partly in recognition of Lord B.'s clever counter-check to Knowlesy—on the principle of "One Stanley down, another come on!"

Mr. E. JENKINS in possession of the House—and the House in possession of Mr. E. JENKINS.

We are not aware that anything more need be recorded of most of the other orators of the evening than their names, with the briefest labelling.

Speeches from Mr. HANBURY (who gave Honourable Members a liberal draught of his Entire, with the justification, however, that he knows a good deal more about Turkey and Turks in Europe than most of them);—Sir GEORGE BOWYER (the middle-headed view); Messrs. RICHARD and JACOB BRIGHT (the soft-headed view); Mr. CHAMBERLAIN (the Brummagem "five hundred" headed view); Sir CHARLES DYKE (the hard-headed view); Mr. COURTNEY (the wrong-headed view); the Marquis of HARTINGTON (the long-headed view); the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER (the puzzle-headed view); and, finally, Sir WILFRID LAWSON (the pig-headed view), ushered in the anticipated division of 64 to 319.

Sir WILFRID may congratulate himself on having discharged his conscience; but we can hardly agree with Lord HARTINGTON that he is likely to mislead Prince GORTSCHAKOFF. To read the debates, and between their lines, the Prince can command Count SCHOUVALOFF's spectacles and his own. He knows that England is divided on every point—Eastern policy past and present, danger to our Interests and Empire, significance of Vote of Credit and calling out of Reserves, inevitableness of War, object of War, urgency of War—on every point, in short, but one, that Russia must not be allowed to alter European Treaties at her sole will, and that she must reckon with England in settling the balance of the year's work.

But is there any good to be got by crying Peace when there is no Peace—with the Quakers;—or War when there is no War—with the Jingos? The one question at the bottom of all men's minds—who are not for rushing blind bull-fashion at Russia,—is, does Lord BEACONSFIELD seriously mean trying to set Humpty-Dumpty up again? So that great authority, THOMAS GIBSON BOWLES, assures us; and so even the more veiled Parliamentary oracles of Jingo, with Sir H. D. WOLFF for their prophet, seem to foreshadow. If it be so, the sooner that issue is set before the country by a Dissolution the better. For, to that effect, assuredly, the country has not yet spoken.

Wednesday.—Lord CAMPBELL's Act makes fair provision for compensation for injuries, but the Courts have too narrowly limited its action in the case of injuries to workmen by other workmen in the same employment. The fiction of Law, called "common employment," has ended in practically depriving workmen injured in course of their occupation, even by culpable neglect of their employers, of all compensation. On railways, where such injuries are most frequent, and such neglect most common and most culpable, this injustice is most crying. A Select Committee has sat on the point, and has issued a futile report, the result of compromise.

Mr. MACDONALD now moved Second Reading of his Bill to kill "the demon of neglect," of which the Select Committee had not ventured to recommend so much as the "scotching."

Mr. TENNANT moved that amendment of the law should go on the lines of the Select Committee—which all disinterested and competent judgment condemns as a string of feeble futilities. So said the hard-headed honesty and legal and practical capacity of the House, by Mr. BRASSEY, Mr. GREGORY, Sir G. FORSTER, Mr. GORST, Dr. CAMERON, Mr. Serjeant SIMON, Mr. SHAW-LEEFEBRE, Mr. BURN, and Mr. LOWE.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL promised some amendment of the law, in a half-hearted, hesitating way, and Mr. BULWER, aggravated, it seems, by Mr. LOWE's fierce onslaught on legal fictions, talked out the Bill, not having so intended—and so thrust on one side for this Session a really important matter, wherein legislation is much called for.

Thursday (Lords).—Lord HENNIKER moved a Bill requiring Railway Companies to make periodical returns of their brake-power. To make the returns complete, they should show in one column the Company's brakes, in another their smashes.

One rejoices to learn that, with all his powers for the destruction of City Churches, the Bishop of LONDON, while uniting many City parishes, has not as yet pulled down a single City Church. St. Benet, Paul's Wharf, is to be given over to TAFFY for Church services in the Welsh tongue; St. George, Botolph Lane, St. Margaret-Pattens, and St. Mildred, Bread Street,—in which PEPYS worshipped, or at least ogled and observed,—condemned by various schemes of union, have been saved by their Patrons. One is not sorry to find that WREN's ghost may still say "*Si monumenta queras, circumspice*," when he takes a brother-ghost to visit the City.

(Commons.)—Flattering hopes of the holidays.

The Committee on the Budget, after a dissection of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's schemes by Mr. CHILDERS (in anything but "flying" form to-night, long-winded, and with all the solemnity of a Chancellor of the Exchequer *in posse* sitting on a Chancellor *in esse*), the House went to the Dogs with much seeming satisfaction, the age of canine taxation being altered from two to six months.

One matter to which Mr. CHILDERS directed attention, wants, and will want, looking to, that is, the rapid growth of Local Indebtedness as compared with the slow reduction of National Debt. It is such easy going down-hill to the Avernus of Bankruptcy, and such heavy pushing the Sisyphus Stone of Debt up the Hill of Repayment!—if *Punch* may so far abuse the modesty of metaphor.

Mr. GOSCHEN had a good, hearty, punishing round with Sir STAFFORD, for what he contended is a demoralising drop-down on the elastic cushion of Income-Tax. But Mr. LAING, a formidable financial authority, supports Sir STAFFORD.

There seems a pretty general regret that when the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER was putting his fingers into the tobacco-jar, he did not clap on sixpence instead of fourpence, which would have laid no heavier burden on the smoker, though it would have given the retailer a farthing an ounce less profit; and that when he was going to the Dogs, he did not go for 10s. instead of 7s. 6d.

Every little helps, and these little, it is said, would not have been felt. For his part, Mr. *Punch* can never find it in his heart to quarrel with the Exchequer for not taking.

Friday (Lords).—Lord LEITRIM's murder suggested much appropriate reflection to Lord ORANMORE and other Irish and English Peers. The LORD CHANCELLOR said the indecencies of the funeral scene had been exaggerated. Most *cosas de Hibernia* are.

(Commons.)—A Morning Sitting, much grumbled at; in the evening, besides talk about Dogs and Income-Tax and the rapid growth of Local Loans, Lord LEITRIM's murdered body was dragged on the tapis by Mr. O'DONNELL, who so utterly forgot the decency due to the dead, that the Galleries had to be cleared, and the House fought or talked with closed doors from nine till one.

FINISHING FOR FACES.



IN a recent trial for obtaining property by false pretences the principal witness for the prosecution was a lady who had undergone the process of being made "beautiful for ever." She described herself as writing, whilst undergoing it, to the prisoner, imploring its completion for £200, asking, "Now will you promise faithfully to finish me for that sum?" and adding, "If you consent to finish me for that sum, I will give you £100 the first day I see you, and the other £100 when you tell me I am finished."

She also said, "The prisoner had told me that £8000 was given for finishing the Countess of DUDLEY." One can imagine that the sort of applications employed in enamelling the skin would, by obstructing its pores and impeding its function be likely enough to induce disease which might "finish" a foolish woman; but it is only fair to say that the cosmetics which were to confer everlasting beauty consisted of ingredients which, however fraudulent, were little likely to prove fatal, or likely to do harm more than skin-deep.

The beautified victim stated on cross-examination that—
"The effect of the washes was satisfactory, but I did not notice any difference."

That, of course, was before the rash came out. She herself noticed no difference, in the glass. There she might have seen herself as others saw her, and rested content. For their part—

"The friends with whom I stayed in the country said I looked quite lovely."

Very likely—before the washes brought on a rash. The loveliness was natural, needing no improvement. But loveliness like that of a rose or a lily, or of lilies mingled with roses, is too often combined with an intelligence not greatly exceeding a senseless flower's. It is this order of intelligence which, not content with youth and beauty, desires to be made beautiful for ever, believes in advertisements offering to work that miracle, and buys solutions which cause an eruption at a guinea a bottle.

THE WHOLE HOG.

"Qualification and explanation both weaken the force of what is said, and are not always likely to be with patience received; so also those who desire to misunderstand or to oppose have it always in their power to become obtuse listeners or specious opponents."—RUSKIN.

Rough-and-ready Patriot loquiter:—



HUT up! Blow reas-
s'ning! I don't
mean it rude,
But it's dry work
and doesn't do no
good.
I like plain-sailing
and I don't like
fog,
And I am all for go-
ing the whole hog!
Reason? Fair-play?
O bless me, yes, I
know.
Soot I can under-
stand, and likewise
snow,
But this new-fangled
neutral sort o'
grey,
Blest if I cotton to it
any way.
You see your notions
of the situation
Wantsuch a precious
lot of explanation!
"Rooshia is black,"
says you, "and
Turkey blacker."

We don't ought lightly to be either's backer."
Well, right you are; but must we then stand by
While Rooshia works her will? That's all my eye!
"You don't mean that at all?"—I dare say not.
I make no doubt you mean a thundering lot;
But what your meaning is I'm blest if I know,
Them Rooshians want to collar land and rhino;
Grab is their game, my friend. *You do not doubt it?*
Then where's your call to make this shine about it?
Stop it, I say, and stop it short and sharp.
That's straight. *You only quibble, hedge, and carp.*
Your Cossack client's bad, my boy. Eh? What?
"Rooshia is not your client?" Now that's rot.
Don't you defend the beggar? I abhor him,
And hold that he who's not against is for him.
"You are for right, not Rooshia?" That your song?
Well, all serene, then; Rooshia's in the wrong,
And so it's all the same. *You're on our side.*
I welcome your return to sense with pride.
"Rooshia, perhaps, mayn't be all wrong?" Ah, there!
Hedging again! "At least, one should be fair?"
I hate the word, it's cocktail, canting, shabby—
What chaps of your sort call "fair," I call flabby.
Balancing matters in that mincing style,
Is just the way a Nation's nerve to spile,
Like fighting on a tight-rope. What d'ye say?
"The road of right is oft a ticklish way,
No reason, that, why it should not be tried;
Justice is rarely all upon one side?"
Now, look you here, I am a patriot, I am;
Britain's my home, not Rooshia, France, or Siam.
I back old England; England can't be wrong.
I like things in plain English—short and strong.

Take sides with Rooshia 'gainst JOHN BULL? Not me!
GLADSTONE may howl, but I shall back Lord B.
Suppose he leads us wrong? O that be shot!
You own yourself that Rooshia's a bad lot.
That is not quite the question? Isn't it?
Then p'raps you'll say what is. It bangs my wit.
"What's wrong in Europe, how to put it right
With patient justice, and without a fight,
To play our part as fits a mighty nation,
Too calmly brave to stoop to aggravation.
To let nor fear, nor hate, nor pride of race,
Blind us to the true issues of the case,
The righteous, the enduring, and the just,
And fight for these alone, if fight we must—
A task which needs more pluck and patriotism
Than braggart bounce or blatant Jingoism."
Don't like the programme; looks half funk, half fog.
'Twould leave us bilked, and landed in a bog.
No, put our foot down, show the brutes we're strong,
Stow cackle! Here's old England, right or wrong!
[Drinks deeply to "Our Noble Selves!"]

PEERS AND PHYSICIANS.

HOMŒOPATHY is looking up. It threatens to render the labours of the Medical Council superfluous. London supports a Homœopathic Hospital. At the Annual Meeting of this Charity, held the other day in the Hospital itself, Great Ormond Street, Lord Ebury took the chair. The year's subscriptions amounted to £1,576, the donations to £518; the Hospital Saturday and Sunday Funds to £39 and £217; Legacies to £700; Special Purposes Fund to £265; and the year's Receipts to £5,112; the smallest of all these sums being a by no means infinitesimal quantity. The name of Lady CAIRNS was added to the list of lady visitors. It was announced that the Earl of DUNMORE and Lord BORTHWICK had consented to act on the Board, and the Duke of WESTMINSTER was enrolled amongst the Vice-Presidents. Of course these distinguished members of the Nobility are personages of such education and culture as to be incapable of patronising a system of therapeutics which they have not by study qualified themselves to form an opinion about. Their patronage of Homœopathy must be alarming to the regular Faculty. It implies, at any rate, their conviction, *valeat quantum*, that Medicine, as taught and practised by the Medical Profession, is humbug.

A Policy of Suspicion.

SUSPICION now rules us and stimulates ire;
Let us hope we mayn't learn in the school of disaster
This maxim o'er-true, that Suspicion, like fire,
Though an excellent servant's a terrible master.

What the School Boards are Asking.

THE promotion of the noble Lord, the Member for Middlesex, to the office of Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education has raised the question whether the "Hamiltonian System" is about to be introduced into the national instruction of this country.

Punch to Salisbury.

I HOLD it true, whate'er befall,
Though Jingo bounce and patriot rail,
'Twere better far to meet and fail,
Than never try to meet at all.

In the Royal Chapel (about 12.20 p.m.).

Remotely possible Sunday Thought:—

"How many thousands of my poorer subjects
Are at this hour asleep!"

MACCOLL'S SHORT WAY.

How to Prevent any more Impaling of Christians.—Don't leave the Mahometans a Stake in the country.

APPROPRIATE TITLE (for the College to train Natives for the Indian Civil Service).—*Le Palais d'Hindoostris.*

PARALLEL TO BOLTING A DOOR WITH A CARROT.—Keeping the Shebeen door open with a MURPHY.



A DAUGHTER OF EVE.

"NOW THEN, EFFIE, COME ALONG!"

"JUST LET ME STOP HERE FOR A MOMENT, MAMMA. I WANT TO GET AN IDEA OR TWO FOR PARKER."

[Parker is the Lady's-Maid.

A CHAIR TO MEND.

WHEN Peace, after due *pro* and *con.*, was invited
In Congress's Chair at Berlin to preside,
Her foes were perturbed, but her lovers delighted
Her presidency welcomed with pleasure and pride.
But ere she sat down, to hair-splitting they got 'em,
And two of the disputants, *mal à propos*,
Kicking over her Chair, put their feet through the bottom,—
A delicate hint for the goddess to go!

"Go?" So hope the howlers who call on Bellona
To tumble her sword into Justice's scale;
To them Peace's presence, in gentle *persona*,
Portends that their war-whoops are destined to fail.
But *Punch*, steady preacher of patriot wisdom,
Whilst wrath heats Society white at each end,
Braves Swellodom, and Mobdom, and Quackdom and Quizdom,
And declares Peace's Chair Wisdom can and *should* mend.

When Duty sets lips to the clarion of battle,
Or Honour's *reveillé* wakens War's drum,
Then Valour must arm to the blast and the rattle,
While Peace sadly sighs, stands aloof, and is dumb.
But all except fools with a warm welcome greet her,
At length re-appearing War's horrors to end,
And, regretting the accident, warmly entreat her
To wait while her Chair we take measures to mend.

An Old Friend in a New Light.

A FAMOUS defendant, in a recent trial, said that she considered
"Madame ROSALIE a pleasant and agreeable person, but she had a
habit of pressing for her money." Who but remembers the old
song:—

"Every one who knew her felt the gentle power
Of ROSALIE—the Prairie flower!"

SCIENTIFIC NOMENCLATURE IN EXCELSIS.

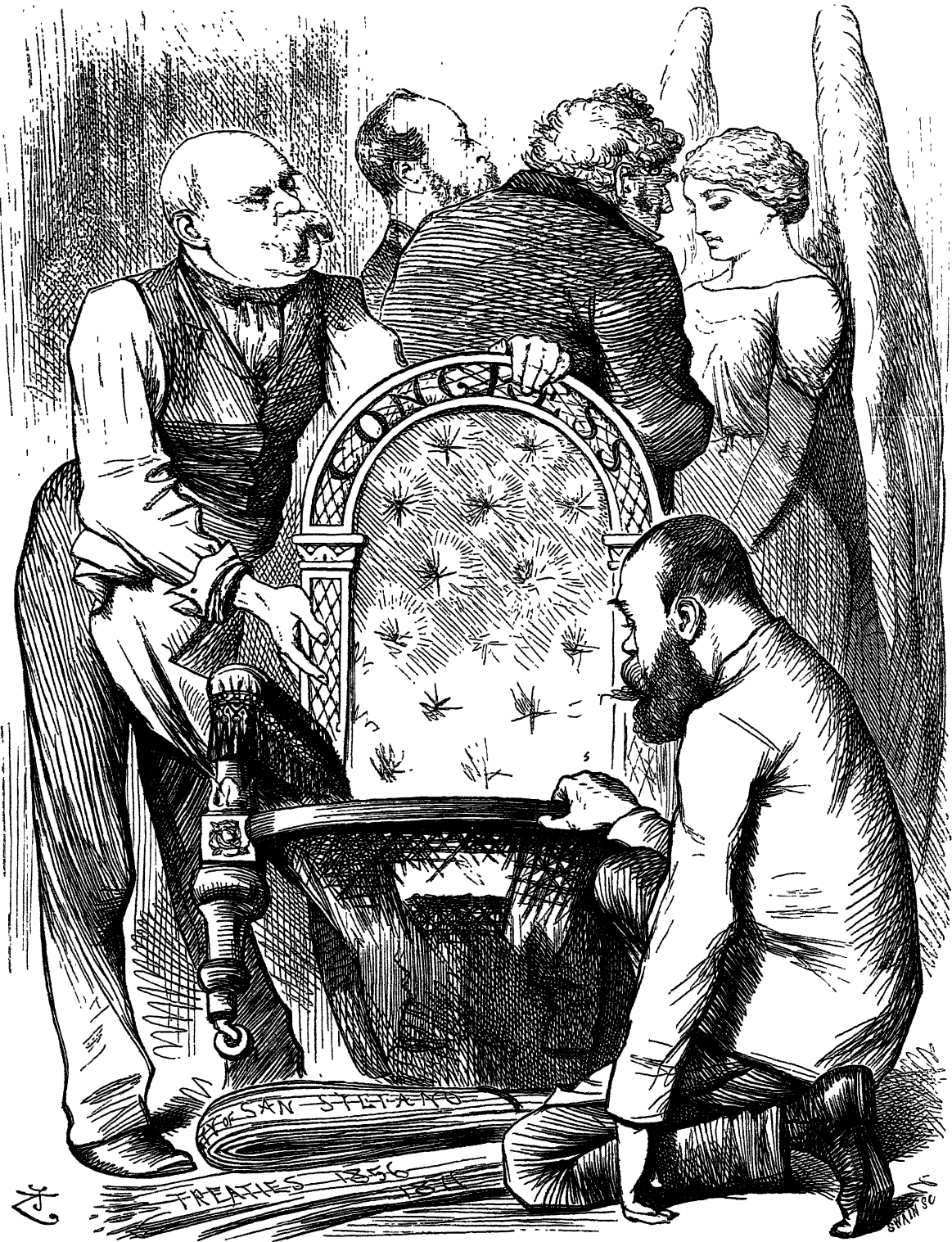
THE grand advantages of scientific description are precision and accuracy. How perfectly these characteristics are illustrated in Professor McCOR's description of the head of the Salmon lately submitted for determination to that learned Professor of Melbourne University! How the well-known physiognomy of the *Salmo salar* rises before the mind's-eye as one reads—

"The preoperculum shows the very constant peculiarity characteristic of the true Salmon of having its lower limb very long, and making a distinct (though blunted) angle with the vertical posterior margin. The nearly semicircular posterior margin of the gill-cover, composed of the outer edges of the operculum, suboperculum, and introperculum, is well marked, as in all true Salmon, and contrasts strongly with the more rectilinear angulated form in the other species of migratory *Salmonoids*. The very oblique upward and backward extension of the lower margin of the operculum, making its greatest antero-posterior dimension nearly in the middle of its vertical dimension, is a good distinction of the Salmon from the allied species. It also presents the large re-entering angle between the lower end of the operculum and its junction with the preoperculum, showing a higher exposure of the suboperculum than in any species except the Salmon, and also shows the very oblique upward and backward direction of the suboperculum characteristic of the Salmon, and contrasting strongly with the Sea Trout and other allied species."

It must be borne in mind that the point was to identify the fish beyond possibility of mistake, as on this head turned the question whether the true Salmon had or had not been acclimatised in Tasmania. Who after reading this could possibly go wrong?

About the Shape of it.

THINGS looking crooked, SALISBURY, with care,
Strove with his Circular to set them square.
Squaring the Circular not being found
An easy job, Russia may yet come round,
With judgment weigh, and use, ere 'tis too late,
Circular arguments to put things straight.



“A CHAIR TO MEND.”

MR. BULL (to PEACE). “EXTREMELY SORRY, MISS, YOU SHOULD HAVE TO WAIT; BUT WE’RE IN HOPES THAT THE CHAIR MAY BE MENDED BEFORE LONG!”

“If Prince BISMARCK can only induce Russia to offer explanations in Congress, and to listen in Congress to an unreserved statement of the objections of other Powers, the first step towards peace will be made.”—*Times*.

STRAPMORE!

A ROMANCE

BY

WEEDER.

Author of *Folly and Farini*, *Under Two Rags*, *Arryadn'ty*, *Chuck*, *Two Little Wooden Jews*, *Nicotine*, *A Horse with Glanders*, *In Somers Town*, *Shamdross*, &c., &c.

CHAPTER XII.—"To Paris," and Back.



IN the midst of his new life with ITTI DUFFA came a letter from England.

Old Lord MAZAGON was dead.

The heir to the title, and the property, was the eldest son, QUARTO FREEZE, who had long been lost sight of.

PINTO FREEZE was summoned back to take possession before his brother, little ALF PINTO, could reap any advantage from his delay.

"ITTI DUFFA," he whispered in her ear, as she lay asleep, her soft head lying on her white arm, "I must leave you. Sleep on, my darling!"

And, controlling his emotion, he left the room, carrying his boots in his hand, so as not to disturb her slumbers; and it was only at the threshold that he stumbled over her two little wooden shoes, which had been left out to be polished. Within a few hours he was in Paris.

The English Ambassador, Lord NUFFINMORE, who, recently elevated to the peerage, had been better known as the Hon. Mr. MERES HADDOW, the husband of Lady REGULA BADDUN, at once placed a part of his magnificent hotel, fitted up with all the modern improvements—for his Government had given him a lift—at SWEETIE'S disposal.

STRAPMORE was the first to welcome him.

He had broader shoulders, and his waist was slimmer than heretofore. "I will see you, *très cher*," he said, "after the opera is over!"

"You are going with —?" inquired SWEETIE.

A dangerous lurid look gleamed in STRAPMORE'S eyes, as he answered, "With Lady REGULA."

"You are becoming entangled!" cried SWEETIE. "You do not know that she—" but further conversation was rendered impossible by the entrance of the Lady REGULA. The trap, fresh from the bait stables, was ready at the door. With a meaning glance over STRAPMORE'S left shoulder at SWEETIE, that made his hair curl in spite of himself, she left the room, on STRAPMORE'S arm. They were gone.

That night SWEETIE was standing at the top of the grand staircase: Lady REGULA was in the hall below. They were alone. *Minuit*.

Mes frères! were you ever yet so enshrouded by the soft silvery wings of your better angel,* that they hid from you the laughing eyes, wreathing arms, and wriggling forms of the joyous *Busconductores*,—the true *Thairan Bacchantes*,—strange beings scarcely of this earth—for their feet seldom touch the ground—who allure the wanderer with the offer of their fragrant busses, that will waft the roaming hero of the Circus to the classic charms of the ancient Grecian Temple in the East? Never, I fear me, out of the happy fable-land of woman's trust, and poet's rhapsody.

With one of her graceful, giraffe-like movements, she reached up her beautiful head to him, and pressed her warm lips to his, as she glanced at him with eyes full of most enchanting mischief, and yet of most mournful languor. Then, as he drew back, she gave him a sharp tap with her fan—a tap so powerful as to have intoxicated a hundred other ordinary men—and for which the best, and *tout ce qu'il y avait de plus gai* in Paris, that night, would have paid a million, willingly.

* Editor (by telegraph to Authoress).—Very sorry to interfere for one moment with anyone's theological opinions, but where you ask this question about your "better angel," do you imply that there are two more angels, a good angel and a best angel? We think our orthodox readers will want to know.—E.S.V.P.

Authoress (to Editor).—Voici ma réponse. Tous les élèves savent that there are *trois anges au moins*, for every day in the week, *et un ange endimanché* for Sundays. In London you would also have *L'Ange d'Islington*. Allez toujours, mon petit ange!—W.

He read her aright, this sorceress. With well-bred courtesy he bowed suddenly over the top of the stairs, and their heads met. Each started back; the man, as if dazed by the glancing rays of a myriad lights; the woman, as though her alabaster forehead were clove by a mace. He, PINTO was protected by the silver shield of ITTI DUFFA'S love; and REGULA, *moqueuse, riante*, resistless, was she to throw down the luscious *gage vert d'amour*, so ripe, so full of inexpressible sweetness, and see it trampled under foot by a man who had once been her abject slave?

No; his fate was sealed.

"*Je vais le chatouiller sous le menton!*" she murmured to herself. Then, with a lying loveliness, she drew off her long twenty diamond-buttoned glove, as though to bid him *bon soir*.

For the moment, as he listened, he forgot who she was, who *he* was, who and where ITTI DUFFA was, and leaning over the balustrade, towards the arch-coquette of Europe, as she stood in the hall beneath the open starlit roof, with eyes that seemed to glisten with the lurid light of falling stars, and with rich, tempting lips, that smiled as though they could part freely with Sovereigns, in order to pay him tribute, he fell,—fortunately on his feet.

Old Lord NUFFINMORE looked out from his room. He had his night-cap on, and laughed feebly.

"Good night," he said. "Don't mind me; make yourself at home. The evening papers are on the table."

Then he withdrew.

Lady REGULA had disappeared.

SWEETIE, scarcely recovered from the recent excitement, thanked the butler for bringing in candles, and sat down to read.

"Do I hate her?" he said to himself.

He paused.

Then he brought down his hand heavily on the table.

"Yes," he exclaimed, "I *do* hate her. I will write to her, and tell her so."

Thereupon he drew the jewelled inkstand towards him, and taking up the perfumed paper, and the intoxicatingly scented pens, he wrote briefly, but bitterly.

Then he rang the bell.

Four footmen at once answered the summons, dressed in their night-liveries; for in this luxurious house no detail was neglected, and the servitors slept in dresses of the rarest silk, their heads high up on their pillows, over which was inscribed the motto, "Keep your powder dry!" and they were always ready for action.

"Take this to your mistress at once," said SWEETIE.

The four men bowed gravely, and proceeded, in procession, two in front bearing candles, and walking backwards, and two behind doing the same, while the one in the centre bore the missive towards the Lady REGULA'S apartments, which were in the best wing—the residential, or Liver wing—of the building.

Then SWEETIE stretched out his legs, and thought.

"What would come of all this? What evil destiny had led him to Paris?" Poor ITTI DUFFA!

CHAPTER XIII.—In the Night Hours.

WHEN Lady REGULA BADDUN quitted the Hall, she sought her own *cabinet particulier*, à l'heure du petit souper.

STRAPMORE, in the dress of a Knight Templar, impatiently awaited her arrival.

"*Arma viramque cano*," she said, laughingly, as she entered. "I couldn't come



A POSER.

Sergeant-Major. "NOW, PRIVATE SMITH, YOU KNOW VERY WELL NONE BUT OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS ARE ALLOWED TO WALK ACROSS THIS GRASS!"

Private Smith. "BUT, SERGEANT-MAJOR, I'VE CAPTAIN GRAHAM'S VERBAL ORDERS TO——"

Sergeant-Major. "NONE O' THAT, SIR! SHOW ME THE CAPTAIN'S VERBAL ORDERS! SHOW 'M TO ME, SIR!!"

before. I had to give poor NUFFINMORE his gruel. *A table! à table!*"

Her sweet laughter echoed in his ear. Her eyes dwelt softly on him, as he drew her to him and pressed the tip of his fevered nose, on which the warm hush lingered, fondly, flatteningly against that unblushing lovely face, that knew nothing more perfect than its own unbounded cheek.

"You do not eat," she cried, as she helped herself plentifully to the rich, fragrant *tripettes aux échalotes* sent especially for this banquet from one of STRAPMORE'S *Châteaux en Espagne*.

"I cannot," he replied, and his voice was hoarse, and fierce with passion, "for I am in love!"

"And yet your Templars of old were stout knights and doughty warriors!" she whispered, as her face in all its witching mockery was turned towards his under the rose-tinted lamp-light.

His face was white *comme un navet*; he was her slave, her servant, her page boy, booted and spurred as a tiger, and he gazed on her with all the mad, savage, idolatry of a tiger's love.*

* *Editor to Authoress, by Special Private Wire, très pressé.*—Admirable simile, this! We remember how in Miss BRADDON'S *Aurora Floyd* a groom fell in love with his master's daughter, and she with him, and we can quite imagine what would be the effect on a young tiger, who perhaps might have entered into the Lady RAGULA'S service coming straight and straitlaced out of an ordinary Sunday school. I am sure that where we have retained so much, you will excuse us for having omitted a few details of this excruciatingly passionate scene. *Maxima debetur pueris*, you know, and though "our boys" are printer's *parvi diabolis*, yet we think, in our Editorial discretion, it is just as well to draw the line, we mean drop the line, somewhere occasionally; and, when we drop a line, we make a rule. You will understand this as meant technically of course.

Authoress to Editor.—I do not understand you at all. *Pura omnia pueris*, whether *diabolis* as yours, or *angeli non Angli*, as the fair-headed acute Angles were in the four corners of the Roman market. What you omit,—at your peril be it. *Ne faites aucune fleurante bêtise! Tous mes lecteurs l'aiment beaucoup. Allez!*—W.

Editor to Authoress (by post).—You are, of course, *sans peur et sans*

Miladi's French maid tapped discreetly at the door.

"*Pas encore*," was Miladi's reply.

STRAPMORE had no eyes save for the object of his rapt adoration, or he might have noticed the pale face, and the sad beautiful eyes of the *soubrette*, as she timidly withdrew. Was her disguise so perfect that he did not remember the features of the Loo-Loo whom he had cast off in England, and sent to wed the boy ALF PRINCE? No: he was mad, blinded by this one wild absorbing passion, and he neither saw, nor heeded.

He poured out champagne, moselle, hock, burgundy, all into one silver goblet wreathed with roses.

"*Buvez, jolie créature, Buvez-en!*" he cried rapturously, as taking from her white hand the *aile du chapon* that still lingered in it, he placed the cup to her fevered lips, and poured down her snowy, transparent, heaving throat, this libation to the gods.

Then they crowned themselves with the rare mustard and cress from the salad bowl, and clashing together the picked drumsticks, they careered round the table in frenzied energy.

Old Lord NUFFINMORE, whose *chambre à coucher* was just below, rapped at the ceiling with the poker, getting on to a chair to do it.

Then with her golden silky tresses falling over his shoulders, and her bright teeth gleaming between her parted lips, STRAPMORE folded her up, and flattened her out, in his strong iron-clad embrace.

"My loveliest! *Si tu m'aimes comme je t'aime, moi, jamais un couteau ne va couper en deux notre amour!*" he hissed hoarsely in her ear.

"*Je t'aime comme clignait l'œil!*" she murmured, and laughed that silent muffled laughter, that had in it a sound so low, you might have heard it in the depths of Les Sept Cadrans, or at the end of Le Haut Chemin de Ratoliffe.

His eyes dwelt on her marble shoulders that shone under the blaze of the brilliant chandeliers, and he felt that his idolatry out-

reproche. Every line of yours is full of poetry, certainly. But we're afraid that our space is a little limited, that's all. Don't mind us. It's most exciting. Capital. Finish up.—ED.



A SUGGESTION.

HOW MUCH BETTER IF, INSTEAD OF HIRSUTE ITALIAN ORGAN-GRINDERS PARADING OUR STREETS, WE COULD HAVE FAIR FEMALE PHONOGRAPHERS PLAYING OUR BEST POETS IN THEIR OWN ORIGINAL VOICES!

EASTER HOLIDAY PENANCES FOR POLITICIANS.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.—To read through all the last month's leading articles in the official Russian newspapers touching the arrogance of England anent the San Stefano Treaty.

MR. GLADSTONE.—To abstain for a whole week from using pen and ink and postcards, and from publishing, in any way, his private or political opinions.

MR. BRIGHT.—To witness a review of the Reserve Forces at Aldershot, and to stand godfather at the christening of a score of Woolwich Infants.

MR. SPEAKER.—To preside at a night-sitting (during the Recess) of the Won't-go-Home-till-Morning Club of Rational Home-Rulers.

DR. KENNELLY.—To spend a month at Portland on a visit to the Claimant.

MR. HARDY.—To receive a deputation of the members of the Peace Society as promoters of a Joint-Stock Company for the conversion of small-swords into ploughshares.

MR. STANSFELD.—To stump the country for the exclusion of Ladies from the Medical Profession.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON.—To take the Chair at the next dinner of the Licensed Victuallers.

MR. FAWCETT.—To move a vote of thanks to the Indian officials for the industry displayed in the collection of the Salt-tax.

MESSERS. BIGGAR and PARNELL.—To pass a week in retreat at the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, with the liberty of speaking to the inmates for six hours at a stretch whenever they desire it.

MR. WHALLEY.—To kiss the toe of the new Pope as the guest of the College of the Propaganda.

MR. CHARLIN.—To read through all the Blue-Books in any manner bearing upon the Eastern Question.

MR. PUNCH.—To skim through daily columns of dull, dreary, dismal, disappointing, and disheartening debates, in order to express from them his own delightful Essence.

Very Natural.

WHAT wonder from dispatches
If risk of war ensue?
The Authors of *Diplomacy*
Are Authors of *Peril* too.

BY ANTICIPATION.—SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S last plant—the *Taxus baccata*.

weighed the world, that ambition was shrivelled up in that fiery sea of passion as a dry title-deed in the flames, and throwing his arms wildly about his head, as he listened to the caressing sweetness of the song of the serpent-charmer, he writhed, and danced, and yelled, and wreathed himself about with her loosened tresses, and then lay at her feet, flushed, dazzled, conquered, at the feet of his Queen, his Empress, his Cleopatra.

She bent over him, and over the dark, turbid, chestnut waves of his hair her white fingers poured a *flacon* of the soothing oil of Lucca.

"*Tu es fou comme un chapellier,*" she murmured, caressingly.

Then he knew he was loved.

"Hush!" she cried suddenly.

"A letter for Miladi," said one of the five servants, who were bearing the missive from SWEETIE.

"*Pour moi?*" she exclaimed.

"*Oui, Madame Miladi,*" replied the well-drilled servitor, "*C'est une lettre de la part de Mossoo Pinto Peeze.*"

STRAPMORE started as though he had been shot.

"*Accrochez-le!*" said the Lady REGULA imperiously, and the domestics withdrew.

"Give me that note!" said STRAPMORE, with the concentrated jealousy of a thousand *Othellos*. He had shot over the Moors in his time, and knew their ways.

She answered him disdainfully—

"No!"

"No!" he returned with the yell of a stifled panther. "No! I must, I will see it. You will give it me?"

"I will give it you, if you're not quiet," she retorted, with a tortuous sneer.

"Let me see it!"

"Won't!"

"You shall!"

"Shan't!"

He dashed at her with the candelabra; but she was too quick for him, and he fell heavily at her feet, crushing the guttering, flaring candles beneath his hands.

She laughed mockingly.

"*Aha! Vous êtes de la cire! Levez-vous, mon cher! si vous le pouvez, mon gros, mon cher Stout-more!*"

The sarcasm told home. His heart raged beneath his shirt of mail. He rose, with difficulty, to his knee, and shouted,—

"You love him! You love him! He writes to you!!"

She replied, scornfully, "All write!"

Then she placed the letter against his burning brow. In a second it was shrivelled up to nothing. The ashes were at her feet.

"I burn it, to save you pain!" she whispered, bending over him, till her wooing lips touched *au bout du nez*. "It was a love-letter. It told his thoughts towards me. And this letter was to me, from your dearest friend, PINTO PEEZE!"

So saying, she glided from the apartment.

Then he arose, and, with all the concentrated strength of a sublime fury, he tore the buckles and straps that bound his breastplate, which fell, as with a clank of chains, to the ground.

Once more he breathed freely.

"I could not have borne it longer! But I could have borne it broader!" he muttered fiercely, as he expanded his chest, and taking from a *commode* his evening coat, waistcoat, and white tie, he put them on, and, without staying to change the remainder of his armorial bearings, he strode heavily from the room, down the stairs, then crossed the hall, and drawing aside the curtain, stood before SWEETIE, who was seated in an arm-chair, smoking a scented *pique-vigue*.

"A word with you!" said STRAPMORE, sternly.

(To be continued.)

EASTER EGGS.

(Au Sucre.)



Vienna, a Jar of best Russian Caviare, and a copy of directions *How to Procure Sleep at Will*.

To the SULTAN from the Emperor of RUSSIA, a Platinum Case, (St. Petersburg workmanship), with the Freedom of the City.

To the Emperor of RUSSIA from the SULTAN, an Oriental Brickbat.

To Europe from Prince BISMARCK, six winks, half-a-dozen nods, and an offer to pay everybody's expenses to the Paris Exhibition.

NEW SEATS FOR OLD ONES.

(A Brown Study of the Blue Boat Race.)

MR. PUNCH sat close to his study fire defying the attacks of the easterly wind. Round about his well-cushioned arm-chair lay the reports of the debates in Parliament. As a natural consequence, he was fast asleep.

"I hope I do not intrude." The speaker was a bright-looking Gentleman upon whose face was stamped an expression of sustained admiration dashed with astonishment. He continued with a slight accent, "I have been to see everything, your Monuments, your Parliament, your Law Courts, your Army, your Navy, your Volunteers, and I am overwhelmed with delight. And now, *Mr. Punch*, I have come to sound the deeper Mind of England, and I am overjoyed to find it so nobly represented in your person and your publication."

"You must be the Intelligent Foreigner," said *Punch*. The stranger bowed. "Well, Sir, what can I do for you?"

"I have seen the splendid civilisation of your great people. I have wondered at the mysterious grandeur of the British Constitution. I have seen the effect, now let me see the cause. Show me now where your statesmen, your lawyers, your patriots, your savants are trained. Show me your Oxford, your Cambridge—your National and Historical Universities."

And even as *Punch* was considering how the voyage of inspection could best be managed, the walls of the study seemed to disappear, and the Sage of Sages and the Enthusiastic Stranger found themselves standing in the centre of Tom's Quad, where the statue used to stand.

"Splendid!" cried the Intelligent Foreigner, as he gazed with rapture upon the grand old buildings whose stones have seen unmoved the change of centuries.

"With a history as splendid," added *Punch*. And then the glory of the University was unfolded before them. First came all the pious founders headed by WILLIAM of Wykeham, and the burly Cardinal who had learned too late how like the taste of Dead Sea fruit is the favour of Princes. Then followed minor worthies by the score and by the hundred—the men who in the past had given splendour to England's history. These were the children of Alma Mater who had made her famous. But there were others—poor students who had learned to do their duty to science and letters and theology in as faithful albeit a humbler fashion. And as great and small passed the walls of their old home, they bowed with profound respect.

"Ah, your Oxford was indeed a seat of learning!" exclaimed the Intelligent Foreigner.

"And on the banks of the Cam you will find a repetition of the story of the Isis," said *Punch*, with pride.

"But we are talking of the past," continued the Inquisitive Stranger. "Let me see how and what they learn in the present."

Suddenly there was a shout, and the places of those ancient and earnest students were taken by a motley crowd of young men dressed in all sorts of sporting costumes. The racket-court and the cricket-ground, the racing-track and the football-field, the arena of athletic sports and the river, were filled with energetic and active crowds, training, exercising, competing, contending.

"I see—brain has given place to muscle," murmured the Intelligent Foreigner. "But where are we now? Surely this is a new seat of learning?"

And so it was—a sliding seat. For weeks and months these seats had occupied the thoughts of thousands. Was not Number Two rather lumpy, and how about Bow's feathering? In the increasing weight of Three, was there not cause for serious anxiety? And so the rumour of the river, and the canvass of the crews had waxed and waned, had sunk and swelled, until the highest ambitions, anxieties, and aspirations of the two Universities seemed to have been drawn off into the columns of the sporting papers!

And now, after months of training, (during which ideas connected with study had been strictly subordinated to ideas about diet) the seats were to be used in earnest. The great event of the University year was about to "come off."

The sight-seers waited for the sight. Roughs from the slums of Westminster and Whitechapel by the hundreds of thousands. Welshers who had deserted, for the nonce, the suburban race-meeting for the race on the Thames. The disgraces of the drama. The useless mouths of the Army. Painted luxury and brazen profligacy elbowing squalid vice and sporting rascaldom.

At last came the boats, flashing along under the full strength of thirty-two youthful arms, trained to steel and whipcord, through a double lane of suppressed roars, shrill shrieks, and hoarse cries, like the echo of Epsom on the Derby day. Straining every muscle, the champions of the two National Universities, amidst a chorus of enthusiastic applause and clamorous excitement, raced on to the goal of glory.

"Magnificent!" exclaimed the Intelligent Foreigner. "They have told me that the object of the British Constitution is to put twelve men in a box. Now I see that the work of the British University system is to put sixteen lads into a couple of boats!—Grand, glorious, and—mysterious!"

Punch woke with a start—and some day, perhaps, the British Public will wake too!

SALISBURY TO RUSSIA.

(A Love Song à la Laureate.)

YOUR cue's reserve, whilst unreserve is ours,
How shall we then discuss as equal powers?
Reserve in one means want of trust in all.

It is the flaw within this Congress-plan,
Which, by-and-by, would set us man 'gainst man,
And ever widening soon upset us all.

This discord in our Concert, winked at now,
Would surely issue in a general row.
Hush it, or we'll no Congress have at all.

'Tis hardly worth the having: let it go.
But shall it? Answer, BISMARCK, yes, or no.
But no reserve! or we'll not meet at all!

An Unreasonable Complaint.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* complains that Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE wants to make people "pay for useless puppies." But who that has anything to do with useless puppies, is *not* forced to pay for them? It is inherent in the nature of useless puppies that they *must* be paid for.

NEATLY ADAPTED.

READING, in rivalry of Rome, has had S.P.Q.R. inscribed on the panels of its Senate House—the Town Hall. A town-councillor being asked the meaning of the inscription explained it, S(mall) P(rofits), Q(ueik) R(eturns).

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

SHREWD DIZZY plays, midst Jingo-jubilations,
English Reserves 'gainst Russian reservations.

WHAT ENGLAND IS SAFE TO GET BY GOING TO WAR.—Rue-mania!



IMPARTIAL.

New Curate (who wishes to know all about his Parishioners). "THEN DO I UNDERSTAND YOU THAT YOUR AUNT IS ON YOUR FATHER'S SIDE, OR YOUR MOTHER'S?"

Country Lad. "SOMETIMES ONE AN' SOMETIMES THE OTHER, 'CEPTIN' WHEN FEATHER WHACKS 'EM BOTH, SIR!"

ARMY SURGEONS AND SNOBS.

DEAR PUNCH,

In the happy event of our being shortly engaged in a glorious war, there will be a necessity for proper arrangements with regard to the wounded. That necessity, it is to be feared, may prove a want. There exists a difficulty in obtaining candidates for the Army Medical Department. This difficulty is so great that it has been proclaimed by the War Secretary. In a letter lately addressed to the Irish College of Surgeons he invited them to account for it, which they have done in a reply setting forth no less than ten grievances of which Army Surgeons complain. These grievances are many of them irremediable, because they are particulars in which the medical officer is treated as an inferior in social position to combatant officers. Of course no complaints of this kind can be entertained; though there is one of them that could, and might as well, be remedied, perhaps:—

"The frequent changes in warrants, after they have been published under Royal Authority with Her Majesty's signature, and on faith in the permanency of which warrants medical officers have accepted service. This has produced an utter want of confidence in and distrust of the Service."

It does not answer for the War Office to allure medical officers into the Army by representations like those by which a recruiting sergeant induces young fellows to enlist. They can resign their commissions, and the revocation of warrants which have enticed them is treatment which renders, as we find, their example a warning to others. It is therefore advisable to keep faith with them, and that would be perfectly done if present regulations respecting them were retained, and no warrant making them promises not to be kept ever henceforth issued any more.

Well, Sir, and then, of course, things would remain as they are, unless something were done. The consequence would be that, in case of war, our wounded would perish for want of surgical assistance. Now to meet both that difficulty, and also the objection to

COMMON SENSE AND CLOTHES.

A CASE of common sense has actually occurred in the treatment of a question concerning Ecclesiastical vestments. Fact. It has been exhibited by the Vicar and Churchwardens of St. Michael's, Chester Square. In the congregation of that Church there is said to be "a considerable Evangelistic element." Nevertheless the Vicar, after notice to his congregation, has taken to preaching in a surplice, instead of a black gown. This, as the surplice is the Canonical regulation surtout, was clearly a rational alteration. Then, a question having been raised as to the expediency of a similar change of drapery for the Choristers, the Churchwardens had positively the sense to issue a Circular, calling on the members of the congregation to fill up a printed form, stating whether they approved or disapproved of the proposed raiment. The issue of this uncommonly reasonable proceeding appears in a second Circular, addressed to the same parties, as follows:—

"The Circular sent out by the Churchwardens to all the seat-holders having resulted in a vote of two to one in favour of a surpliced choir, the Vicar and Churchwardens feel that so decisive a vote should be respected in a matter which can have no doctrinal significance. It is hoped that the minority will acquiesce in a change which involves no principle. Surplices will be adopted on Easter Day. JAMES FLEMING, Vicar; DAWSON GREENE and J. M. HUCKLEBRIDGE, Churchwardens."

A Vicar and Churchwardens setting an example of discretion, judgment, fair-dealing, and intelligent ideas on the subject of vestments, deserve to be enrolled on *Mr. Punch's* register of imperishable fame.

THE MISSING LINK.

DORA's a Blue, a vastly learned Blue;
Her taste eclectic, and her creed agnostic.
Poor little FAN is of a verdant hue,
With mind scarce equal to the mild acoustic.
DORA adores dry DARWIN, HUXLEY, MILL,
RUSKIN's mellifluous prose, ROSSETTI's sonnets;
Yet when she meets "dear FAN," 'tis strange that still
Their talk is commonly of *beaux* and bonnets.
DORA would say she stoops to simple FAN,
But ribald cynics whisper, 'twixt their winks,
That in the kindred themes of *Mode* and Man,
Sundered she-sympathies find Missing Links!

treating medical officers as the equals of officers and gentlemen. I have a plan to propose which would be as effectual as it is simple. Let a Medical Bill be enacted, with a clause in it requiring the College of Surgeons to grant diplomas to Surgeons of sufficient attainments for the simple practice of military surgery, apart from any standard of general education. The work they have to do is principally operative. Little more is requisite than that they should be good medical carpenters. What we want is Army Surgeons of the same grade as the old Barber Surgeons. They demand to rank with Majors. All very well, if the Majors are to be Sergeant Majors. Surgeons never brought up as gentlemen would readily accept a subordinate position for moderate pay. Then, if we are to have a brush with Russia, combatant officers will have plenty of fellows quite capable of cutting off their legs and arms, but with whom they will not be condemned to associate. The next time you meet either the Secretary of State for War or the Prime Minister, don't forget to mention and advocate the above proposal for supplying the want of Army Surgeons, which has suggested itself to a retired Colonel of

THE OLD SCHOOL.

P. S.—It is a great pity that there are any Medical Commissions at all. Military and Naval Surgeons ought always to have been Non-commissioned Officers.

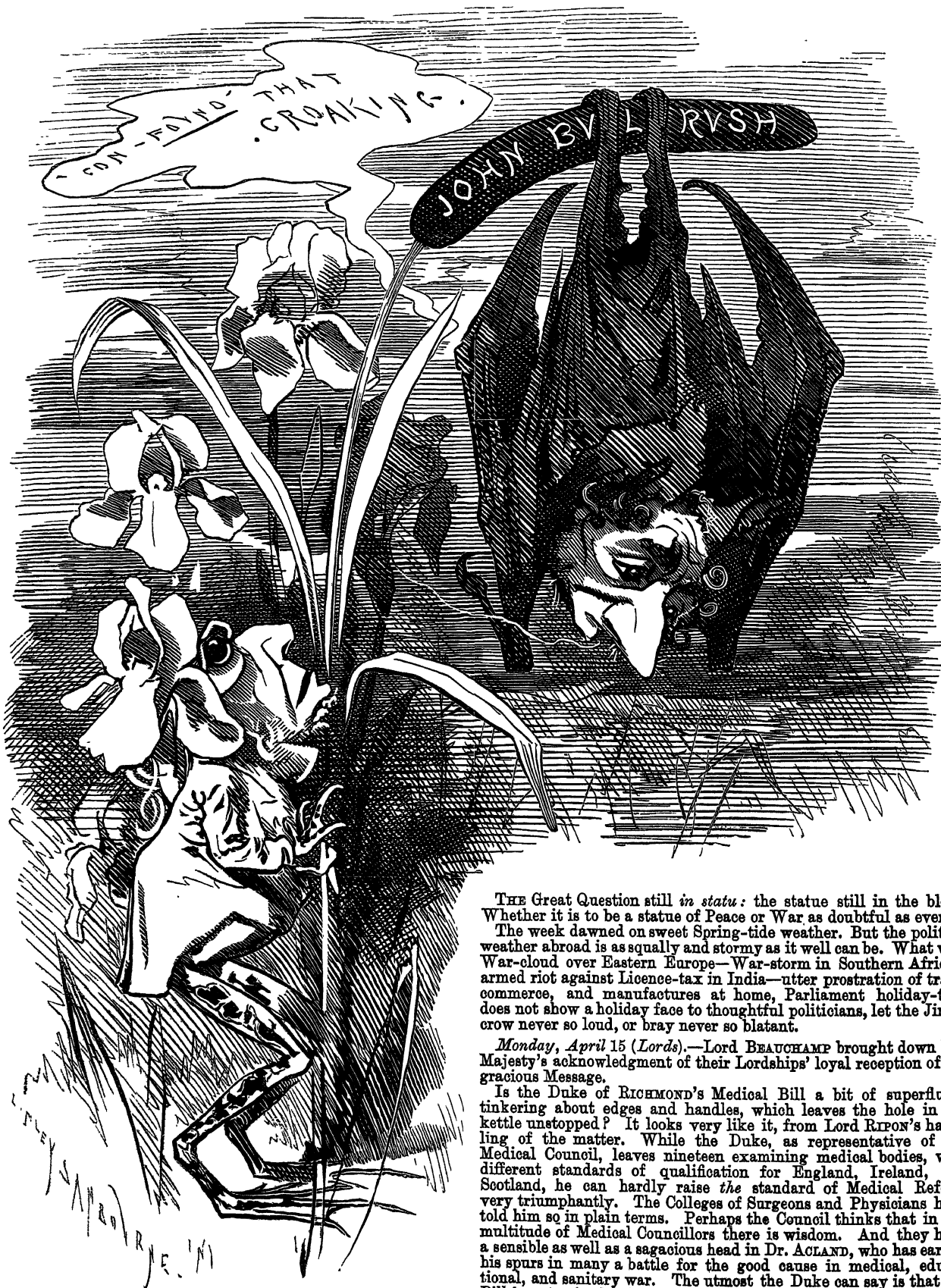
A Mere Matter of Words.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

I BEG to submit for consideration—I. That the difference between *St. Stephen's* and *San Stefano* is merely an affair of words; and II. That the two terms may be reconciled, phonetically and otherwise, by the abatement of a little of what Count SCHOUVALOFF calls "steeffness" on the part of the former.

Yours apologetically,
YORKSHIRE TYKE.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THE Great Question still *in statu*: the statue still in the block. Whether it is to be a statue of Peace or War as doubtful as ever.

The week dawned on sweet Spring-tide weather. But the political weather abroad is as squally and stormy as it well can be. What with War-cloud over Eastern Europe—War-storm in Southern Africa—armed riot against Licence-tax in India—utter prostration of trade, commerce, and manufactures at home, Parliament holiday-time does not show a holiday face to thoughtful politicians, let the Jingos crow never so loud, or bray never so blatant.

Monday, April 15 (Lords).—Lord BEAUCHAMP brought down Her Majesty's acknowledgment of their Lordships' loyal reception of her gracious Message.

Is the Duke of RICHMOND's Medical Bill a bit of superfluous tinkering about edges and handles, which leaves the hole in the kettle unstopped? It looks very like it, from Lord RIBON's handling of the matter. While the Duke, as representative of the Medical Council, leaves nineteen examining medical bodies, with different standards of qualification for England, Ireland, and Scotland, he can hardly raise the standard of Medical Reform very triumphantly. The Colleges of Surgeons and Physicians have told him so in plain terms. Perhaps the Council thinks that in the multitude of Medical Councillors there is wisdom. And they have a sensible as well as a sagacious head in Dr. ACLAND, who has earned his spurs in many a battle for the good cause in medical, educational, and sanitary war. The utmost the Duke can say is that his Bill is a step in the right direction. Let us hope it may be. A step



A PROFESSIONAL OPINION.

Young Squire (to old Huntsman). "WELL, BEN, WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT WAR?"

Ben. "WELL, SIR, I OUGHT TO THINK THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA HAS MORE COUNTRY THAN HE CAN HUNT PROPERLY, AND HE OUGHT NOT TO BE ALLOWED AN INCH MORE!"

is something, for no step is ever lost. The Bill has one characteristic in common with many good measures—it does not seem to satisfy anybody.

Perhaps the Doctors are like the soldier at the triangles—"flog high, flog low, there is no satisfying them."

Punch has only one hope and one prayer—that between the medical stools the patient may not come to the ground. And if the worst that can be said of the Medical Bill is that it might be better, probably the laity may safely open their mouths, shut their eyes, and take what the Medical Council sends them.

The Duke of SOMERSET, given to lines of his own, usually sagacious, but sometimes ungracious, called attention to the quality of Whitworth plates, and Whitworth shells, as tested in recent trials. It seems Sir JOSEPH has been "pegging away" with his usual tenacity, till he has produced a ferm of steel as tough as himself. He has made plates that will keep out any shells but his own; and he has made shells that will smash any plates, even his own. Lord BURY assures us that the Gunnery Committee, whose heads are as hard, and whose penetration is as piercing, as Sir JOSEPH's own projectiles, is looking carefully into the matter. The only question is cost. Whitworth steel comes expensive . . . and "who breaks" shells, or plates, or laws, human (or divine, as we know, "pays.")

(*Commons*).—Lord HENRY TAYNNE delivered the Royal answer to the Commons' Address with much neatness. The Treasurer is a treasure. Like the Jolly Young Waterman:—

"He dressed so neat, and he stepped so steadily!
He bowed so low, and got back so readily!
That from gangway to chair all were heard to declare,
This Treasurer rare filled his place to a hair."

The Government means to fortify Esquimaux in Vancouver's Island as a harbour of refuge for all our Naval strength, ships and stores, in the North Pacific, with coal handy besides. It would be a thousand shames, in the unwelcome event of War, to find privateers, or men-o'-war of other flags playing the devil with our commerce, or laughing our cruisers to scorn in those waters; all the more as in the North Pacific we are three times as far from our naval base as Russia.

In Committee on Customs and Inland Revenue, much talk about Tobacco and Dogs and Income-tax, but nothing done, beyond exempting foxhound puppies up to twelvemonths instead of six, that particular class of puppies, as Sir ROBERT PEEL pointed out, requiring education,—in which point, as *Punch* would respectfully remind Sir ROBERT, they resemble other puppies, the real peculiarity of the foxhound puppy being not that he requires, but that he profits by education. There was another exemption granted of dogs employed to lead blind beggars. As if we were not all blind beggars—though we are not all lucky enough to have dogs to lead us.

Sir A. LUSH distinguished himself by one of those happy adaptations of a popular poet, in which he has won a reputation all his own. Puppy or grown-up, high-bred or mongrel, spaniel or Skye, fox-terrier or bull-dog, poor man's "whippet" or rich man's hound, sagaciously observed Sir ANDREW—"A dog's a dog for a' that."

SHAKESPEARE had said the same thing before Sir ANDREW; but it was for our genial ex-Lord Mayor to give this new turn to BURNS, the author of the "*Two Dogs*," who loving dogs as he loved all living things, no doubt smiled benignly down on Sir ANDREW, and blessed him.

A strong effort was made by Mr. RITCHIE, but without effect, to get some discrimination of duty on cigars over common leaf. But is it a duty to encourage the British weed instead of the Flor de Cabana? *Punch* protests against the rank counterfeit. Let those who can't afford Havannahs be content with plain shag, bird's-eye, or returns. They will find it cheaper, wholesomer, better, in every way. Take one form of tobacco, for instance, short cut—if Members of Parliament would put that in their pipes, and smoke it!

Tuesday (Lords).—Lord SALISBURY—on behalf of Austria—pulled Lord DERBY over the coals for an alleged insinuation that the Austrian Army could not be trusted to fight the Russians, Slav against Slav. If Lord DERBY had said so—which seems more than doubtful, though Lord DERBY did not put himself to the trouble of denying it—it was an opinion of his own, not a Foreign Office Oracle. What Lord DERBY really said, and meant to say, was that Austria was an untrustworthy ally. Everybody that ever trusted her has found her so. Since SHAKESPEARE'S *Faulconbridge* bade Austria "Doff the

lion's hide, and hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs," the world seems to have been very much of *Faulconbridge's* way of thinking. All the pluck and chivalry of Austrian arms has not redeemed the political discredit of METTERNICH's country for shifty policy and Machiavellian, rather than magnanimous, dealing with friends or foes. May England never have to lean on Austria for an ally!

(*Commons*).—The Cape bush-fire does not look like being put out, or going out. It rather spreads. But there is no truth in reports of serious disaster to our arms.

As this was the breaking-up night of Miss BRITANNIA's seaside establishment, there was a natural anxiety to know whether the row in Dame Europa's school was not likely to come to a flare-up before the boys at BRITANNIA's school met again. Sir STAFFORD NORTH-COTE assured Mr. W. E. FORSTER that, speaking generally, nothing had occurred to give occasion for increased anxiety, or to diminish the hope of the arrangement of difficulties, which undoubtedly exist. *Punch* wishes he could share Sir STAFFORD's comfortable assurance.

Sir WILFRID LAWSON objects to so long a holiday as three weeks in the present emergency, though why there should be an emergency, except for the obstructive obstinacy of England—"the PARNELL of Europe"—he could not see.

Mr. COURTNEY could not sufficiently wonder at "the smallness of the point" on which England and Russia were standing out. One of the Schoolmen's idle questions used to be, "How many angels could dance on the point of a needle?" Mr. COURTNEY's wonder is how two such big beasts as a Lion and a Bear can execute a diplomatic dance, soon to be changed, perhaps, for a war-dance, on the same narrow and uncomfortable footing.

Lord R. MONTAGU rebuked Sir WILFRID LAWSON and his friends. The Government would be all the better without the hamper of Parliament. The Government were in the right. The Government had Europe at their back.

(What a comfort to feel that such cool, sagacious, experienced and long-headed politicians as Lord ROBERT, Sir H. D. WOLFF, and Sir ROBERT PEEL, are so entirely at one with the Government, to say nothing of the great Jingo out of doors.)

Mr. FAWCETT thought the House had better reassemble on April 29.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER thought it better, as the House had met so early, that it should not shorten its holidays, lest the world should say the masters or the boys were frightened. Affairs were not blacker than they had been; there was no reason to despair of a peaceful settlement.

(All very well, Sir STAFFORD, if you were the man in the cellar. But there is BEACONSFIELD in the background—and the war-drift goes on, on,—and *Punch* does not feel comfortable, and cannot, let him try never so hard—lean with comfortable assurance on the policy of Lord BEACONSFIELD, the strength of Lord SALISBURY, the wisdom of Sir H. D. WOLFF, the coolness of Sir ROBERT PEEL, the long-sightedness of Lord ROBERT MONTAGU, and the great sustaining force of Jingo at their backs.)

In the end, the House voted the long holiday till May 6. But before it separated, it had the rare pleasure—for any lovers of irony that might have been there—of hearing Mr. O'DONNELL arraign an article of the *Globe* for "breach of privilege." Oh, Mr. O'DONNELL—they say you are a clever man—how could you! You who have strained privilege so hard! No wonder if there should be a breach made in it now and then. But is it for you to complain—

"Clodius accusat mcechos? Catilina Cethegum?
Quis tulit Gracchos de seditione querentes?"

Even the Home-Rulerest of the Home-Rulers were ashamed of him. His motion was silently negatived, and the House passed to the Previous Question.

In the evening, after an attempt at a Count-Out, the House did a little desultory dabbling, with no result, over the Budget Bill, and then broke up for its Easter holidays—"with what appetite it may."

Lord Beaconsfield's Diapason.

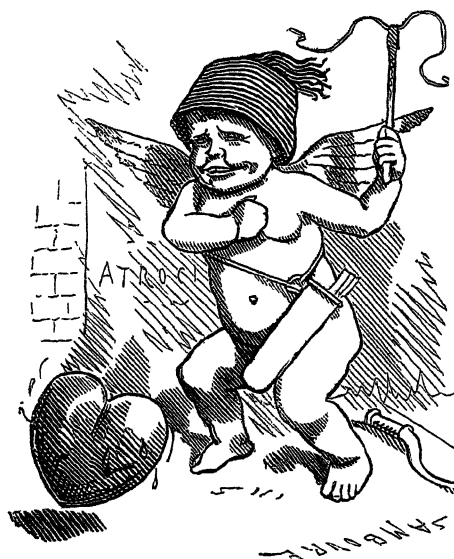
(Described with all Reserve.)

The tumult of sacked town and burning village,
The rush and roar that prayer for mercy drowns,
The soldiers revel rout, mid blood and pillage,
The wail of starving folk in leaguered towns—

The bursting shell, the houses rent asunder,
The galling rifle-fire, the clashing blade—
And, ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The Diapason of the cannonade!

A BLACK COUNTRY SYNONYM. — Ruling with a rod of iron.—
Beating your wife with a poker.

TO CERTAIN ANGRY OLD PARTIES.



*O be taken in good
part as an Easter
Homily.*

"Pray, GOODY,
please to moderate
the rancour of your
tongue,

Remember when the
judgment's weak
the prejudice is
strong."

SWEET FRIENDS!

MR. PUNCH,
most politely,
would ask

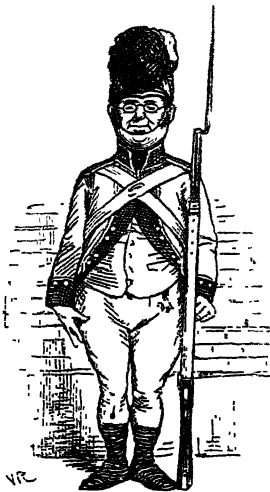
Permission to set
you a holiday
task.

To you 'twould
bring profit, to
him 'twould
yield pleasure,

Would you only
employ the Va-
cation's calm
leisure,

Whilst Silence sole brooding at Westminster sits,
In smoothing your tempers and sharpening your wits.
Imprimis, your tempers! You really must own
That your tantrums have lately *too* ludicrous grown.
There's yourself, BERTY PRIG, cheap retailer of Stingo
So sweet to the taste of the lower-class Jingo;
Your friend, Mrs. GAMF (*she* a trifle more fair is),
That superfine dame, Mrs. P. G. M. HARRIS,
And Madame M. POST, that pugnacious Dame DURDEN,
Whose tongue-waggings ever have War for their burden:—
Believe me, most noisy of noisy quartettes,
That your shindy inspires all sane souls with regrets.
Calm patience, dear vixens, is policy's anchor,
Among England's defences you'll hardly rank rancour.
O'er private opinion *Punch* claims no dominion;
Pray soar, if it please you, on spread-eagle pinion;
But aquiline power of claw or of beak
Is not in proportion to scream and to shriek.
Besides, wrath breeds wrath; all your sneering and nagging,
Your bouncing, and flouncing, and wild bully-ragging,
Produce at the best, if you would but believe, a
Mere echo in kind from the banks of the Neva.
E'en now we must pay in dispute and in doubt
For your needless indulgence in swagger and shout!
Be sure, if the Russian's inclined to be irate,
You won't smooth his feathers by dubbing him pirate.
The wise who would compass the highest of aims
Will ne'er waste their vigour in calling bad names.
Dear Dames, do take thought, for this shrewish polemic
Is taking the shape of a bad epidemic.
It's not to our credit that Britons are found
Like virulent vixens slang-whanging all round.
There's WOLFF, and there's CHAPLIN, tempestuous souls,
Acidulous AUSTIN and bellicose BOWLES,
Those two rabid ROBERTS, the Lord and the Bart.,
Lord STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL, on treaties so tart,
With numerous others, have caught your complaint,
And shriek in a way that might ruffle a saint:
True,—angry old women or hot-headed boys—
They don't count for much, but they make a great noise.
And you, and such apes of your rowdiedow style,
Though helpless to aid, may just manage to rile,
Engendering rows, and establishing raws,
And finging discredit on e'en the best cause.
Now, do, my dear souls, in this Easter recess,
Take counsel with sense, and with patient address:
Don't howl yourselves hot as PARNELL or O'DONNELL;
Call names, like the fish-fag shut up by O'CONNELL,
Or pander to Jingo's gregarious geese,
By shaking your fists in the face of poor Peace.
You'll find the old rule still holds good—*Idem Semper*,
He's best at a bout who can best keep his temper;
And England would very soon go to—well, Hades;
If ruled by a Caucus of angry old Ladies!

ON THE QUI VIVE.



THE CZAR having authorised the CESAREWITCH to accept the Presidency of the "Moscow Committee," now undertaking the organisation of a private maritime force, destined, in the event of war, among other things, "to sweep British commerce entirely from the seas," the following precautionary measures of defence will be taken without further delay.

The personnel of the Rosherville Pier will be put on a war footing. A detached villa, enjoying a commanding sea-view, will be rented for the summer months at Westgate-on-Sea by the First Lord of the Admiralty, and utilised from time to time during the season for the purpose of taking observations from Saturday to Monday.

The Channel boats will make the passage from Folkestone to Boulogne and *vice versa*, only in the worst weather, after dark, and flying the Fiji flag.

The Warden of the Cinque Ports will burn a lime-light in his room at night.

All the bathing-machines on the east, south-east, and south coasts will be painted an iron-grey, and receive neutral bottoms.

Torpedoes will be sunk in all the more unprotected approaches to the Goodwin Sands, and a camera obscura will be placed upon Beachy Head.

Pleasure parties, of not less than six, will be allowed to take a two hours' sail from any popular watering-place only if accompanied by a Russian interpreter, a flag of truce, and two eighty-ton guns.

The Brighton Aquarium will receive a coating of twenty-four inches of Whitworth steel.

Immediately on the Declaration of War, the fleet of the Penny Steamboat Company will be sunk in a line across the Thames, between Putney and Hammersmith, and important commands given to their captains in the Gunboat Flotilla!

And lastly, Her Majesty's ships, wherever afloat, will be ordered to give a good account of such portion or portions of the "Organised Maritime force of the Moscow Committee," as are imprudent enough to get in their way.

IN MEMORIAM.

The Right Revd. George Augustus Selwyn, D.D.,

First Bishop of New Zealand, 1841 to 1867, afterwards Bishop of
Lichfield.

BORN, 1809.

DIED, APRIL 11, 1878.

LIFT hats all, as this funeral takes its way—

Whate'er our church or sect, for once we can—

To him that's borne unto his rest to-day,

Each breath a Bishop, every inch a Man.

Few are the Pauls we breed in these soft times;

To live the life of travel and of toil,

Face danger, hardship, rough ways, change of climes—

The early Christian Soldier's march and moil.

Though many a Christian soldier, now as then,

Has his hard warfare—waged in murkier air,

In the close alley's fever-stricken den,

Grappling with darkness, doubt, distress, despair.

And yet that warfare finds its host enrolled,

More, the more need; but he whom we deplore

Was of more genial, if not grander, mould,

Who in *that* fight had showed as many more,

But in his own fight with wild life, wild men,

Stood all alone of his decorous kind;

A Christian athlete, with eyes strong of ken,

Muscles of steel, a foot swift as the wind,

Lungs free of play in the broad-chested frame,

Firm hand on rudder, lusty arm on oar,

A voice that keen and clear as clarion came,

Courage that risks of land and sea o'erbore.

And with that strength of frame like strength of will;
A purpose clear as was his steel-grey eye;
Courage his end to see distinctly still,
And pluck to do whate'er he set to try.

So he sailed forth across Australian seas,
To where the savage Maori held his own,
Bark-robed, tattooed, close watching, ill at ease,
The white man's strength, still growing, not yet grown,

But ill-inclined to count with Maori pride,
As rough, as he was ready to o'erbear,
The claims of Tribe or Chief to thrust aside,
Nor heed how with his paper-rights they square.

And there the Bishop stood, between the war
Of Clans and Chiefs and Settlers all alone,
Holding the Christian banner high and far,
'Bove smoke of strife, and noise of war-conchs blown!

Till Settler, Savage, in all else apart,
Both owned the Christian courage, Christian zeal,
And Christian singleness of eye and heart,
Wherewith the Bishop strove for either's weal.

Until his way was clear, and he was free,
His wide wild bishopric to range at will,
To swim the river, and to sail the sea,
And set to labouring work his strength and skill.

Till savages were weaned from savageness,
And white men owned a faith ne'er owned till then:
And school and church rose in the wilderness,
Fruit of the seed of love, goodwill to men.

At length his first, best, day's work nobly done,
The brave, good Bishop rested on his oar;
And homeward drawn to native sky and sun
To his wild bishopric came back no more.

But set to other toils his heart and hand,
Less easy to admire, less large in light;
But, whatso'er his work, 'twas work to stand,
For 'twas work done as in his Master's sight.

At length from work he rests, and to the bier
His good deeds follow him, and good men's love;
And one true Bishop less we reckon here,
And one good angel more they count above.

Some more "Proverbial Philosophy" on the Eastern Question.

(With Mr. Punch's thanks to Sir W. Lawson for his excellent version of an Old Proverb—"Give Russia an inch, and she'll take the Dardan-elles.")

ADVICE to England:—

"Take care of the duties, and the interests will take care of themselves."

Advice to Austria:—

"An ounce of honesty is worth a pound of diplomacy."

And, lastly, a word of warning to certain writers and correspondents of certain newspapers:—

"One scribbler can urge a nation to war, but it takes twenty Statesmen to make it think."

The New Peer.

Baron Norton.

THE new Peer will reverse the numerical rule,

Which arithmetic used to be taught on,

"Ten-fold you add force," said the Master at school,

"When you to the right add a Naught on."

The Polytechnic Re-Peppered.

GOOD news for all classes. PEPPER is restored to the bosom of his Polytechnic family. Even lime-light, oxyhydrogen microscope, diving-bell, and better than all, Mr. WILLS's arrangement of BUNYAN, have been insipid without the excellent stimulant of PEPPER!

MAXIM FOR THE MONTH.

"Si vis pacem, para bellum."—To ensure a fine day, take your umbrella.

ONE CERTAIN EFFECT OF AN ANGLO-RUSSIAN WAR.—Private-tears in England.



DOLLY TAKING HER DEGREES (OF COMPARISON).

"MY DOLL'S WOOD!"

"MY DOLL'S COMPOSITION!!"

"MY DOLL'S WAX!!!"

THE BOAT-RACE.

(A Retrospect.)

How do the 'Varsities come to the Race?—

All a-rowing, and knowing their pluck they are showing,
And blowing, and going the deuce of a pace;With the ending depending on strong arms extending,
And bending oars rending the waves in the chase.With a spurting, exerting their muscles, and hurting
Their hearts, say the Doctors (but that's a rare case),With too much book-making, and arms next day aching—
And that's how the 'Varsities come to the Race!

How do the Ladies come down to the Race?—

With a rustle and bustle, and zest for the tussle,
And a hustle and jostle, and tearing of lace.With a gushing and blushing, and little feet rushing,
And pushing and crushing to get a good place.With a petting, and getting the odds in the betting,
And letting their fretting be seen in their face:With a swarming so charming, in toilettes alarming,
And that's how the Ladies come down to the Race!

How do the Gentlemen come to the Race?—

With a walking and talking, and pleasant "dear"-stalking;
Uncorking and forking out "pegs" from a case.With a smoking and joking, and badinage-poking,
Invoking the Stroke in the boat that they "place."With a laughing, Bass-quaffing, and eke shandy-gaffing,
And chaffing the cads till they're black in the face,And hurrying, and laying the odds—and then paying—
And that's how the Gentlemen come to the Race!

How do the Roughts and Cads come to the Race?—

With a cheering and beering, and sneering and jeering;
"My dear"-ing and leering at each pretty face.With a scowling, and fouling the air with their howling,
And prowling and growling, and grin and grimace,

With a swearing and tearing, and blue rosettes wearing,
And a daring uncaring what things they abase—
And a reeling, and feeling for fighting, and stealing—
And that's how the Roughts and Cads come to the Race!

THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST.

THE Common Council having chosen Mr. CHARLEY, M.P., to succeed Sir THOMAS CHAMBERS as Common Sergeant, it seems a pity that a body which so admirably discharges its elective functions should not be allowed to fill up other important public posts. Judging by analogy of the recent election, we might confidently look forward to such admirable and original appointments as—

For Archbishop of Canterbury—Mr. SPURGEON.

For Archbishop of York—Mr. TOOTH.

For Lord Chief Justice of England—Dr. KENEALY.

For Commander-in-Chief—Mr. HOLMS, M.P. for Hackney, with the honorary rank of a Sub-Lieutenant of Militia.

For Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland—Lord BROWN AND ORANMORE.

For Ambassador to France—Sir H. D. WOLFF.

For Ambassador to Russia—Sir ROBERT PEEL.

For Ambassador to Germany—Lord ROBERT MONTAGU.

For Governor of the Bank of England—Mr. ALBERT GRANT.

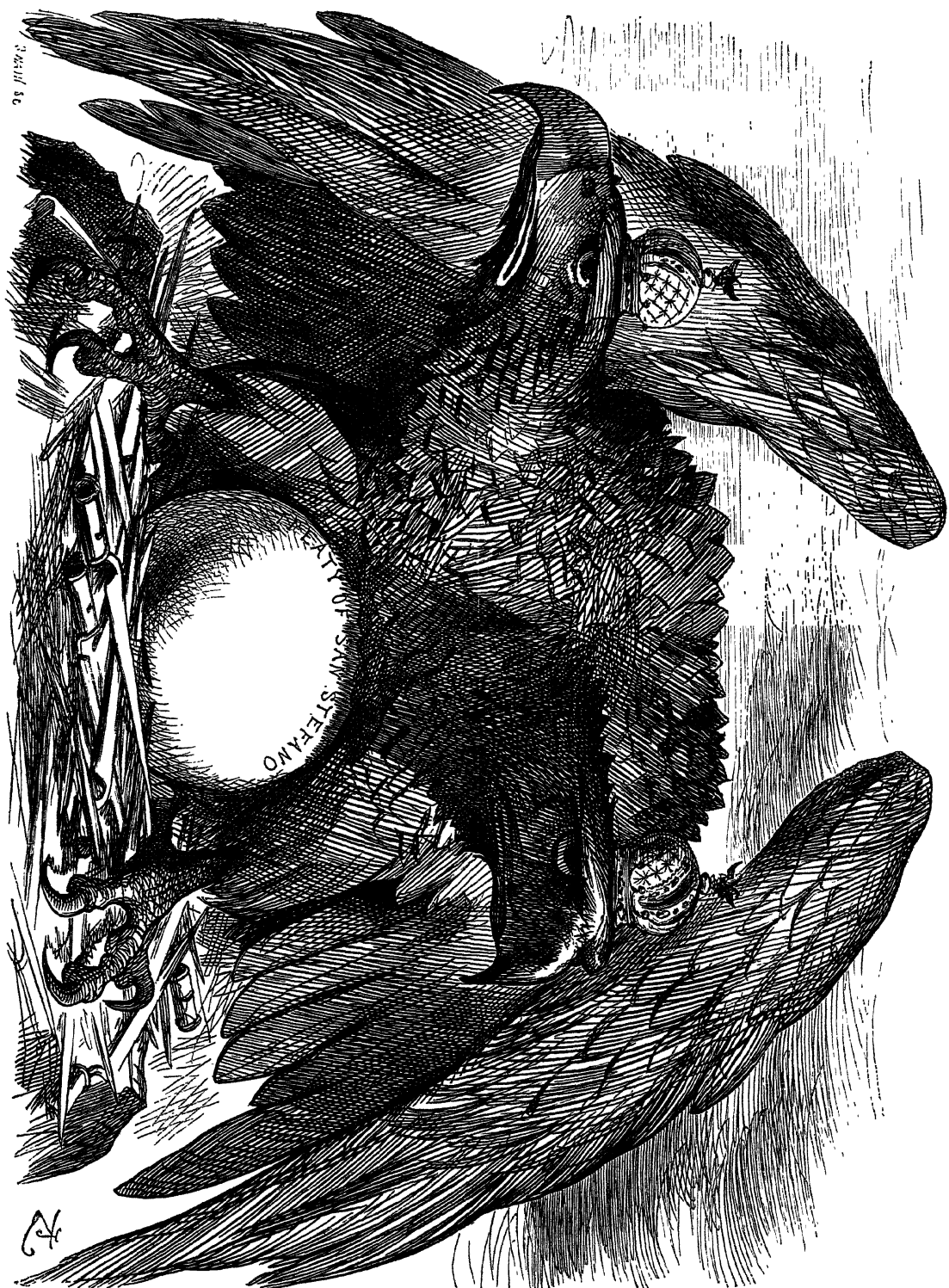
And for First Lord of the Treasury—the Right Hon. the LORD MAYOR.

"On" Stanley!

LORD ROBERT, who's one of the bellicose batch,
Thinks the late DEBBY "scratching" a "happy dispatch;"
But *Punch*, in a race in which gumption were rider,
Would back 'gainst Lord BOBBY the Derby outsider.

AS LEADER OF A PARTY THAT WON'T BE LED.

ANYBODY, M.P., who likes to take it, *vice* ISAAC BUTT, Q.C., M.P.,
batted out.



“THE EASTER EGG!”

WHAT'S TO COME OUT OF IT?

STRAPMORE!

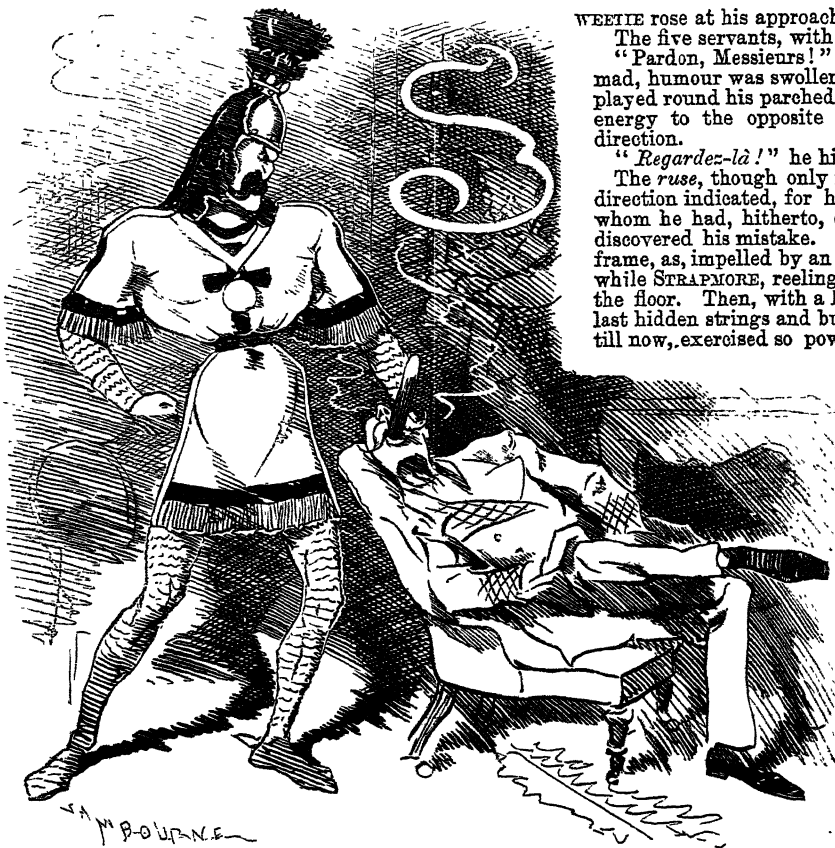
A ROMANCE

BY

W E E D E R.

Author of Folly and Furies, Under Two Rags, Arryadn'ty, Chuck, Two Little Wooden Jews, Nicotine, A Horse with Glanders, In Somers Town, Shamdross, &c., &c.

CHAPTER XIV.—"Ventosus."



WEETIE rose at his approach.

The five servants, with the candles, stood around.

"Pardon, Messieurs!" said STRAPMORE, and every vein of his fierce, mad, humour was swollen out, black, and strong, while a sneering smile played round his parched and fevered lips. Then pointing with frenzied energy to the opposite wall, he turned SWEETIE's attention in that direction.

"Regardez-là!" he hissed, in a low, hoarse, *rauque* tone.

The *ruse*, though only momentary, succeeded. SWEETIE looked in the direction indicated, for he had no hesitation in turning his back on one whom he had, hitherto, deemed his friend. In less than a minute he discovered his mistake. A jarring sensation shot upwards through his frame, as, impelled by an irresistible force, he flew forward several yards, while STRAPMORE, reeling from the herculean effort, fell backwards on the floor. Then, with a loud report, like that of a masked battery, the last hidden strings and buckles, by which he was bound, and which had, till now, exercised so powerful a control over his actions, yielded, and snapped asunder, like the breaking purse-strings of an over-taxed householder, under this tremendous strain.

As the well disciplined servants lifted STRAPMORE to his feet, they silently remarked that he was double the man he had been.

SWEETIE approached him. Even then, at that supreme moment, he would have demanded an explanation, and would have forgiven him. But it was not to be.

STRAPMORE bowed with careless courtesy; "Messieurs, you are my witnesses that I—"

But, ere he could utter another word, SWEETIE's right hand had darted forth, with a Titan-like force that would have burst the bonds that clipped the treasure-bag of the fabled *Cæolus* himself, and, with the unerring aim of a practical sportsman, —to whom a bull's-eye in a shop window had been mere child's play from his earliest youth, and who, when in the country, could with ease bring down a brace of birds that he had only once seen in Bond Street,—his blow went, like a lightning flash, straight

un peu dessous le dernier bouton of STRAPMORE's embroidered *gilet du soir*, and, on the instant, the mighty Cherub bent, like a man on whom bankruptcy has fallen unexpectedly, succumbing, of sheer and sharp necessity, beneath the sudden overpowering force of the winding-up act.

With a wild-beast howl of stifled rage, the giant frame collapsed in silent agony.

The strong, broad man became feeble, and flabby, as the helpless sail, in the calm that succeeds the fierce tempest. His face was deadly pale, his voice was hoarse, and gasping, like that of a drowning man, as he muttered to himself, "*Vivre n'est pas respirer, c'est agir.*" He slowly ascended the staircase, and, leaning over the balustrade, with one great effort, drew himself up. Then, he stood erect, as he said, calmly and coldly, "We will meet."

"Where?"

The word came from SWEETIE's throat, and the voice sounded like a weird imitation of his own by some derisive, mocking, ventriloquist, who had chosen to represent him as speaking from out of the depths of the deepest wine vault beneath the marble basement.

The servants regarded one another in a half frightened, half curious manner. They had never, before this, witnessed any such strange, any such thrilling scene, without having paid dearly for their presence, unless, indeed, they had been admitted in obedience to some authoritative orders.

STRAPMORE replied:

"Where you will. In London. *A L'Arc de Marbre, près des Jardins du Parc d'Hyde. Au coucher du soleil.*"

"Soit!"

So they parted.

These two men, who had been boys together at Eton, who had rowed together from Christopher's Clump, in one of Old Brocas's boats, up to Surly Island, who had played together at "sixes" in the dear old "Threepenny" corner of the ancient sporting fields, who had sat together, in the same school, one on the edge of the Fifth Form, the other, close to him, on the edge of the Fourth, side by side, who had run up a rival score at Tap, Bat, and single wicket, and, in the summer heat, had dived off the Barns on the Bridge, and had swum about, merrily plashing in the pool below.

STRAPMORE had been little "BUKLYN DE WESTCOTT" then, and PINTO PEEZE was "PEEZE MAJOR," but even then he had the sobriquet of "SWEETIE." And these two were now to meet in deadly conflict. And for what? For whom? Could they have foreseen

* *Editor (to the talented Authoress).*—We wouldn't for the world suppose that you are in ignorance of any subject whatever that you once take up and make so entirely your own; but are you quite sure of your names and localities in your references to Eton? We should not have ventured upon the inquiry ourselves, but a friend, an old Etonian, happening to be in our room, and casting his eye over your proofs, has hinted that—first, there never was any such place as Christopher's Clump; secondly, no boat-builder at Eton was ever named BROCAS; thirdly, that there is no Surly Island; fourthly, that there is no such game as "Sixes"; fifthly, no such corner in the playing fields (or "shooting fields," but not "sporting fields") as "Threepenny"; sixthly, that "Tap" is not a game; and, seventhly, that there are no "barns," built on any bridge, but that if "Barnes Bridge," and "Barnes Pool,"



"AUT CÆSAR AUT NULLUS."

Architect. "WHAT ASPECT WOULD YOU LIKE, MR. SMITHERS?" (*Who is about to build a house.*)

Mr. Smithers. "HAS MUGGLERS"—(*a rival Tradesman*)—"GOT A HASPOT? 'CAUSE—MIND YER, I SHOULD LIKE MINE MADE A GOOD DEAL BIGGER THAN 'IS!!"

this end to their bright lives, would they not have altered their own destinies? If the Future gives no hope, and the Past no promise, then as years go on, and the recurring day of birth comes round with a new number upon the *roulette* board of Life, shall we not make ourselves a Present, when the hands of all our friends are held back from us? At least we can gratify our own inclination—for this power alone has been left on earth to men.

CHAPTER XV.—"La Route la plus courte et au meilleur marché!"

In the morning they crossed, intent upon their deadly work. They were in the same boat, these two men. Lord NUFFENMORE, having diplomatic business in London, was also on board, accompanied by the Lady REGULA.

Scarcely a word was spoken during the passage of that crime-laden vessel. Nothing was heard save the shrill, cruel, agonised scream of the pent-up steam, the dull, spirit-quelling thud of the machinery, the fierce roaring of the savage vindictive waves, as they dashed at the paddle-wheels, and drove the vessel, now one way, now the other, and then, with the fury of untamed beasts, at play in the dreary wilderness, they carried it on their giant shoulders, hurling it, onwards, along a surging path, dashing it, as if to very destruction, against a living wall of crested water. The sea-

meant, then such a practice, as diving off the one into the other, was never heard of in his time, or anybody else's. Our Etonian friend has added that, as to the first, you probably mean the Brocas Clump, which you have confused (*he says—we don't*) with "The Christopher," a well-known Inn, which (*he again adds—we don't, mind that*) you have in one of your other novels called "Christopher's"; that, as to thirdly, you must mean "Surly," as well known as Windsor; that, as to fifthly, you probably have told only half of the truth, as there is a part of the playing fields called "Six-penny," that when you say "Sixes" you are evidently thinking of "Fives," for which game there is no wall in the playing fields; and that, on the whole, (*so he finishes—we don't*, you will distinctly understand *that*), if you are not more thoroughly "up" in your other subjects than you are in this, the public will in future know how to appreciate at their true value those remarkably graphic pictures of life and character which are the special features of your undoubtedly powerful and decidedly clever romances.

birds whirled around with pitiless screech, and nought was heard on the deck, save the groans of those who lay pale, prostrate, and helpless, as after some great carnage on a field of battle; while, from stem to stern, echoed the faint, touching, heart-rending appeal for the kindly steward's aid, just as the lambs that have strayed on the road, would bleat for their dam, or as the infant, abandoned by its inhuman nurse, would cry aloud, with all the vigour of a cradled Bacchus, beseeching for its absent bottle.

Once only, Lady REGULA BADDUN, with that love of human conquest which was inborn in her, a part of her very nature, attempted to speak to—and with her to speak to was to fascinate—the man at the wheel. But he would not turn aside to meet the glance of the enchantress, the fire of whose eyes was only momentarily dimmed, not quenched; but, resolutely keeping his look-out on the grey shapeless offings in the distance, he murmured to himself, "Here stands a post." Then she staggered back, now clutching at the Captain, now at the Steward, now tripping over the legs of one prostrate passenger, now treading on the toes of another, until, hopeless and helpless, she was conducted to Lord NUFFENMORE's private cabin by the second mate—for in that supreme hour she would have clung even to the black and oily stoker for support.

And the two men, once brothers, now deadly foes, sat on opposite sides of the deck. STRAPMORE, with a feeling akin to undying hatred in the region of his heart, and an increasing longing for this

Authoress (to Editor).—Sir—If your well-informed "friend" likes to continue this romance himself, let him do so. It would be beneath me to point out to you or your friend, or both, that a Romance is not mere prosaic matter-of-fact record. If so, there can be no more trustworthy historians than Sir WALTER SCOTT, Messrs. G. P. R. JAMES, and HARRISON AINSWORTH. *Vive la bagatelle! On prend le peuple par les oreilles, comme on fait un pot par les anses. Plutôt mourir que de changer un simple mot.* My own imagination leaves still something to the imagination of others. *Le secret d'envoyer est celui de tout dire: et les femmes sont toujours extrêmes.*—W.

Editor (to the Public).—We feel bound to place our WERDER's correspondence before our readers. Whether the reply of the distinguished Authoress (or the distinguished Authoress's reply) is entirely conclusive, it is not for us to say. Of course *Strapmore* is a romance.—ED.



A SON OF ADAM.

Smart Boy. "HERE WE ARE, UNCLE! BUT WHAT DOES 'ONG N'AY PAS OBLEEGY DE CONSUMMY' MEAN?"

Uncle. "IT MEANS ONE IS NOT OBLIGED TO TAKE ANYTHING IF ONE DOESN'T LIKE."

Smart Boy. "AH, WELL! LET US GO TO SOME CAFÉ WHERE ONE IS 'OBLEEGY DE CONSUMMY!'"

BULL-DOG AND BUDGET.

BUDGET be blown that touches me!
 Wy, baccy's taxed instead of tea!
 The Income-tax of tuppence more
 Won't worry much infect the pore.
 'Tis only tuppence more, we knows,
 And up, they say, the donkey goes.
 The donkey bein, yer may say,
 'Im as is hass enough to pay.
 And my own income 's from a source
 Not no ways liable, in course.
 The tax as I objects to most
 Is that there infimus impost,
 The Dorg-tax, by a extry fix,
 Riz from five bob to seven-and-six.
 The Bobbies down on yer will come
 In order to intract the sum.
 My Bulldog, wot I kep tax-free,
 Seven-and-a-kick to pay for thee,
 Will make thy keep too high a pike—
 Then must I part with thee, my Tike?
 Hang thee or drown, if I can't sell,
 And bid thee, anyways, farewell?
 But if the Peelers should forget,
 And for my Dog-tax I'm in debt,
 Well, I can send the Guv'ment's claim,—
 So much in payment of the same,
 Witch none needs send without they
 likes—
 In "Conscience Money" from BILL SIKES.

A Pretty Pair.

(United in their Entertainment, in their Names
 let them not be divided.)

LORD — has the three merits of giving
 unquestionably good dinners, saying not
 very bad things, and appreciating really
 clever people. Asked the other day whether
 the head of his kitchen was *he* or *she*, he
 replied, "Oh, *he*, of course! I could not
 bear to break the association of Masculine
 and Cook."

Bo-Peep at Brighton.

THE Church Bo-peep
 Has lost some sheep,
 And fain again would find them.
 Let them alone.
 They are off to Rome.
 Watch those they have left behind them!

torture to end; the other, with a sickening feeling of weariness, as though there were no more light, or joy, in the world, and a strong desire to unburden his very soul, in one heart-rending, strangling, despairing, effort that should leave him well nigh lifeless.

Were not these omens sufficient to warn them! No. They had gone too far to recede, and within two hours they stood on the very shore that had once greeted them with smiles. But now—was it the fancy of these two fratricidal men?—they seemed to pass between two rows of fiends, who jeered them as they passed, who pointed the finger of scorn at them as they dragged their weary way along, while hoarse, malicious, cruel, whispers reached their ears, coming like hissing taunts from mocking fiends, who murmured audibly, "Ain't he pale, neither?"—"Don't he look like a boiled ghost?"—"Wonder if his mother 'll know him when he gets 'ome?"—"That cove's got the staggers!"—"They've had a nasty one!"—"Ave some biled mutton, my noble sportsman?"—"Oh, ain't he been washin' hisself with turnip juice!"

BUT STRAPMORE strode on, proud, heedless; and once more the cruel, lurid, light gleamed in his eyes, the darkness lowering more and more heavily upon his pallid features, and men shrank away from him, and wondered. SWEETIE took no notice of his foe, yet as he passed the Lady REGULA, he felt he could have dashed her white pearl buttons down the vibrating throat that had twined itself, with its venom-darting tongue, between himself and his friend, between his own existence and that of unconscious, weeping, hopeful, distant, LITTLE DUFFA. So they passed on: until the evening, when the sun was sinking to its rest.

The great dews were gathered, and received; in many a village pennies, supposed to have been lost, were discovered in every pound; pious, simple Curates shut their doors, and brushed and

oiled the locks on their temples before retiring for the night; the artist-lighter of a thousand *bees* of gas, wand in hand, proceeded in his work of marvellous illumination, with a celerity unequalled even by the cloistered monks of mediæval times, while the gentle Luna was slowly, but surely, streaking with her silver threads the ruddy golden hair of the descending Apollo, and age was creeping on the earth, and on men, and the glamour of a false light, and of rose-tinted cheeks and pearl-whitened shoulders, was being raised by the sorceresses at their wicked toilet-tables—those tables of *rouge et noir*—as the mists came up, and the vapours spread on the face of this poor, lost, weary, whirling World, as if to hide its crimes from the gaze of the mournful, pitying Moon.

The hour has come! The doom of these two men has to be pronounced. At last!

Ah, *mes frères*, who shall read in the Book of Fate, and tell us all? Who of us shall answer the vital question, "What next?"—*Et après?*

(To be continued.)

Strictly in Tune.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

THE Critics have been wondering how Lord BEACONSFIELD—bless him!—came by his metaphor, "Diapason of our Policy!" Those who are of the same mind with me, are proud to think that his Lordship, with that fine feeling of the appropriate which belongs to him, feels that a Music-Hall metaphor is the very thing to describe a Music-Hall policy.

Yours, very respectfully,
 JINGO.

COMING FROM THE DOGS.



On Easter Monday a Deputation waited upon the Right Hon. Mr. TOBY to complain of the increase of the Dog-Tax. On the Right Hon. quadruped making his appearance, he was received with much barking and wagging of tails.

Sir FOX HOUND (who introduced the Deputation) said that he appeared on behalf of his poorer brethren rather than for himself. The increased tax would not cause him much personal inconvenience. Fox-hunting would always be popular in England. ("Bow, wow!") The sport was supported by the aristocracy, the

middle, and even the humbler, classes, and a slight increase in subscriptions would meet the additional impost. He was quite sure that in spite of the observations of Mr. CHAPLIN, M.P., in another place, every M. F. H. would cheerfully pay the additional half-crown. Fox-hunters were the last people in the world to claim an advantage for the rich over the poor. Their noble sport was a luxury—he might say a necessary luxury—and as a luxury should be paid for. The matter was very different with the poorer classes. He thought that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had not extended his exemptions far enough. (Much barking.) Having thus briefly opened the proceedings, he would allow some of the other members of the Deputation to give tongue for themselves. (Great tail-wagging.)

Mr. MONGREL said that he heartily agreed with the last speaker. Exemptions from the Tax had been granted to sheep-dogs and the guides of blind beggars. Well and good; but was this enough? (Growls.) No; certainly not. Take his own case—a case that should receive the hearty sympathy of the Right Hon. quadruped he had the honour of addressing. He was an employé in the travelling dramatic company of Messrs. CODLING AND SHORT. (Barks.) He had the honour of filling what they would perhaps allow him to call the leading part in the great world-drama of *Punch and Judy*—(Immense barking)—that drama which, perhaps, more than any other fulfilled SHAKESPEARE's grand conception of the function of the Stage—"to hold the mirror up to nature, to show Virtue her own feature, Scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time its form and pressure." The Managers of the Company to which he belonged, like all Managers who took a high view of their duties, were poor, and it seemed hard that they should be subject to the payment of this impost. He could personally testify to the invaluable lessons given to the British public by the performances in which he had taken part, and that at the age at which the mind is most susceptible of impressions. He had himself, he hoped, given many tender shoots a twist the right way, and taught many young ideas to shoot straight. Under these circumstances he trusted they would not consider it presumptuous if he claimed to be considered as a public benefactor and instructor, and in that character maintained that he was entitled to exemption. ("Bow, wow!")

Mr. POODLE apologised for his French nationality, but said that he had been so long a resident in this country that he considered himself quite an Englishman ("Bow, wow!") He too belonged to the theatrical profession, though not in the same elevated sphere of it as the Dog who had just addressed them. His, he admitted, was a very humble walk of the Drama. In fact, he belonged to the ground and lofty business. He was, in plain English, a sawdust Dog. It was his duty to jump through hoops, go up ladders, walk in grotesque costumes on his hind, or even fore, legs, drive a globe up an incline by the shuffling of his feet, and so forth. These exercises, humble as they might appear, had cost himself and his instructors long years of labour, much patience, and not a little suffering. His performances, he was happy to say, were popular. But popularity did not always mean wealth. ("Bow, wow!") His Manager found it difficult to make both ends meet, and he was, in his (Mr. POODLE's) opinion as deserving of consideration as the blindest of blind beggars. What, in fact, were poor Managers but blind beggars, if you come to that? (Much barking.)

Mr. BULL DOG said that he had joined the Deputation because, like his friend and protector (Mr. JOHN BULL), he loved fair play. (Loud barking.) He thought that the Tax would be hard upon the poor Man—who loved his Dog. (Prolonged barking.) Even Bill Sikes had a heart for the four-legged companion of his leisure hours. His friends who had spoken were representatives of hundreds—nay, thousands—of other equally harmless and useful quadrupeds. ("Bow, wow!") Surely, when *Cartes de Visite*, Christmas Cards, Valentines, and Dinner Menus were free from duty, it was a shame to tax the poor Man's Dog! (Great wagging of tails.)

Mr. TOBY was sorry to say that he feared it was too late to do anything in the matter this year, but that it was to be hoped that the views of the Deputation

would have weight next spring. He would say for himself and his excellent friend, Mr. Punch (great barking), that the views which had been submitted to him by the Deputation appeared to be very fair and reasonable. The poor Man's Dog was often the poor Man's best friend, and it was a shame to tax him. (Renewed barking.) Invidious remarks had been made about Dogs that were fed upon new milk and legs of mutton that should have gone to wives and children. All he could say was that that was not the Dogs' fault, but their Masters'.

The Deputation having thanked Mr. TOBY for his courtesy, retired, wagging their tails.

THE TURKISH THERMOMETER.

(Recent Readings at Constantinople.)

- BOILING Point, 120. Grand Banquet with the British Ambassadors. Turks prepared to march on St. Petersburg.
100. Dinner with the English Consul-General. Turks drink the health of the QUEEN on their knees.
90. Entertainment on board the British Fleet. Turks receive "Rule, Britannia" with enthusiastic applause.
80. Lunch with the British Secretary of Legation. Turks prostrate themselves at the name of Lord SALISBURY.
70. Breakfast with an English attaché. Turks express satisfaction with the Leaders in the *Morning Post* and *Advertiser*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, and *Daily Telegraph*.
60. Five o'clock tea with Mrs. LAYARD. Turks discuss the Eastern Question from a British point of view.
50. Distribution of the contents of his cigar-case by a British T.G. of Turcophile tendencies. Turks talk of the Russians with the contempt they deserve.
40. Excursion, in steam-launch, on the Golden Horn, with an English Admiral. Turks speak of the British Fleet with the respect it naturally inspires.
- Below Freezing, 30. Grand Breakfast with the Russian Grand Duke. Turks receive the name of the CZAR with enthusiasm.
20. Grand Lunch with the Russian Grand Duke. Turks insult the British Standard, and express a wish to impale Mr. LAYARD.
10. Grand Dinner with the Russian Grand Duke. Turks swear to defend Constantinople against the aggressive ambition of the English nation.
- Zero . . . 0. Grand Supper with the Russian Grand Duke. Turks declare themselves ready to march immediately upon London and Calcutta.

Verdict of the Lower Ten.

THIS ain't a poor man's Budget—
Who says 'tis, tells a cracker.
Only twopence a pound on money,
And fourpence a pound on 'bacca!

"LIGHT" NOT "SWEETNESS."

PETITION to Mr. BUCHANAN of the Author whose work the Critics won't notice:—

"Εν δὲ φάει καὶ ἔλεσσαν."

THE DARWINIAN THEORY CONTRADICTIONED (See the *Cambridge Crew*).—"Natural selection," resulting in the "survival of the Un-fittest."



A LESSON IN SUBTRACTION.

Aunt Bella. "NOW LOOK HERE, TOMMY. SUPPOSE THERE WERE THREE APPLES ON THE TABLE. COULD I TAKE AWAY ONE AND LEAVE THREE?"

Tommy. "OH, NO, AUNTIE! CERTAINLY NOT!"

Aunt Bella. "AND WHY, TOMMY?"

Tommy. "BECAUSE IT WOULDN'T BE POLITE!"

THE OPENING OF THE FRENCH EXHIBITION.

By FICTOR NOGO.

WHAT is grand is magnificent. What is magnificent is sublime. The Exposition is sublime—therefore it is magnificent and grand. A glorious Trinity of adjectives. In a word—France!

I dressed myself. I put on a coat, a hat, I carried an umbrella. Not a sword, but an umbrella. The sword is the weapon of the soldier. The umbrella belongs, or should belong, to the citizen. The Man ennobles the Thing. The Thing is therefore as grand as the Man. The umbrella is the symbol of the citizen. Sublime thought! Truth conquers Falsehood, the Grand overwhelms the Mean. The citizen and his umbrella are equally Great, are equally to be applauded. Applaud, then—and heartily!

We entered an omnibus. I sat near the door, my umbrella reposed beside me. There were other passengers. Mind, not *men*—but passengers! A passenger is one who pays six sous. All money is base. A sou is the basest form of money. One who pays six sous must be baser still. Therefore the passengers were the basest of creatures. *Misérables!*

I will tell you why. When we approached the Exhibition I called upon the conductor to stop. The progress of the omnibus was arrested. I put down the window. A *Misérable* complained. He said he had a cold! I withered him with a scornful glance, and put my head out of the window. There was a young citizen standing in the road. He was in rags, and young, but still a citizen. All citizens are grand, and the citizen of Paris is the grandest of all citizens. Why? Because there are two worlds—Paris and another. The other world is insignificant. It is unworthy of further attention. Enough!

I commenced a speech to this young citizen. I spoke of the marvels of Peace, of Commerce, of Truth, of Civilisation, of the Sublime. The passengers remonstrated. They said that they wished to arrive at their destination! They appealed to the conductor. The conductor appealed to me. I called him an embodied check-string,

BRAVO, TORO!

"EUROPE, of course, now smiles upon us, cheers us on, and prepares, in our eyes, the laurel-wreath which is to reward our first successes. It would be more to the purpose if we were not left alone to vindicate treaties, and fight the battle of Europe." *Times.*

"BRAVO, BRAVE BULL!" So swells the foreign chorus, And grateful such rare plaudits seem to Taurus. So the Bull swells and sleeks like fondled Cat, Much relishing the Gaul's applausive pat, And flattering titillation of the Teuton, That both to fight would urge the generous brute on. Just so a ring of rowdies in the street, Whene'er at fisticuffs two boobies meet, Will cheer them on. There's bound to be some fun, And, probably, good pickings ere all's done. But, Bull, beware! 'Tis vastly fine to pose, As Europe's champion 'gainst Europe's foes; 'Tis very nice to hear the round of praises, Which, with her tongue in cheek, all Europe raises, But ere you swallow down the tribute votive, Perhaps 'twere well to scrutinise its motive. Jacko, the monkey, can't too much admire Poor puss who pulls his chestnuts from the fire; But only let Grimalkin burn her paws, And monkey will to mockery turn applause. Which of BULL's backers all would care a penny If, like the immortal cats of famed Kilkenny, Roused Bull and Bear each other should belabour Into sheer helplessness, to please a neighbour, Be't Gaul or Teuton, Austrian or Turk, Who all would reap the fruits, the labour shirk? Then, *verbum sap.*, dear BULL, If you *must* fight, See that it is for honour, safety, right; For a fair place in Fame's true *libro d'oro*, And not mere windy shouts of "Bravo, Toro!"

THE NEW PEER.

MRS. MALAPROP is glad that "the Unhappy Nobleman" at Dartmoor has at last got his rights. She hears that he has been called to the Upper House under the title of "Baron Orton."

TOAST FOR RITUALIST TABLES.—Vested Interests.

a hand attached to a bell-pull, an appendage of an Administration. I continued my speech. It was cut short by a subterfuge. The omnibus moved on suddenly—with a jerk! It would have been at any time an outrage. Committed while I was speaking, it became a crime.

We arrived at the Exhibition. We descended. I led the way. My umbrella accompanied me. I presented myself at the gate. I was refused admission. I was asked for money by a wretch in a uniform. I remonstrated in the name of Civilisation. I asked if Civilisation must show the passport of Mammon. The Uniform had no answer. An impatient crowd of patriots were waiting for entrance behind me. I was the bar to their progress. I, the incarnation of Progress. Strange contradiction. But only momentary. They combined their sous. They passed them to the Uniform. I passed in.

My entrance was greeted with indescribable enthusiasm by those who had been behind me. It was grand, solemn, over-powering.

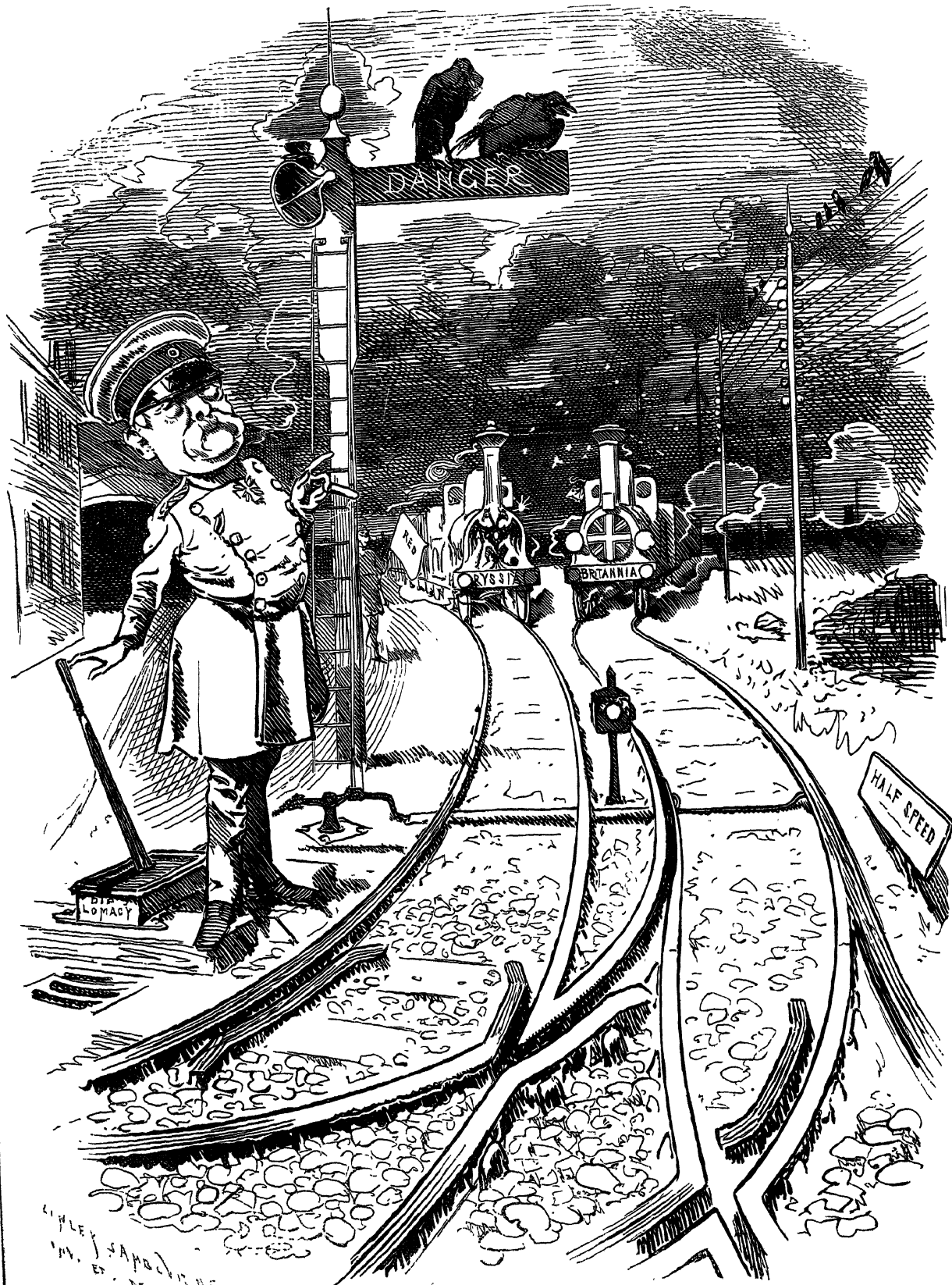
I looked around. The American Department attracted my attention. America is the Child of France. America is the home of Liberty, of Equality, of Curious Drinks. I approached. I was offered a sombre beverage with a name full of meaning. It was called a "Corpse Reviver." I raised the glass to my lips. I gave a toast—"Wisdom and Power, the Stripes and the Tricolor; the Past, the Present, and the Future—in a word, France and the United States!" I drank.

(The rest of the MS. is illegible.)

Sick Chancellors.

WITH Diplomacy at wit's end
No wonder illness mingles:
Here's Prince GORTSCHAKOFF in fever,
And Prince BISMARCK in the shingles.

No wonder his blood tingles—
Blowing up, or out, war's coals—
Till what to-day is shingles,
To-morrow may be shouls.



WORKING THE POINTS.



MISAPPREHENSION.

Mary Jane (indignant). "COME ALONG, 'LIZA. DON'T STAND LOOKING AT THAT—WHICH I CALL 'IT SHAMEFUL O' THEM PREFANE DARWINITES! I DON'T BELIEVE IT'S A BIT LIKE HER!"

[Dedicated to Hanging Committees]

WORKING THE POINTS.

SIGNALS uncertain, trains at utmost speed,
Lines sharply crossing, drivers not too wary!
It needs a Pointsman of an iron breed,
Whose sight is clear, whose pulses will not vary,
As little hesitant as hotly rash,
With nerves as firm as fine,
To obviate what seems impending smash
On the Great Eastern line!
The man who has his hand upon the lever,
Is cool and clever;
In his soul-armour fate finds few weak joints,
He's not the sport of perils or surprises,
Yet still the question rises,

Smart as he may be, *Can he work these points?*
What if they stick, through stress of wear and strain?
What if the promptest pull prove all in vain?
What if the Pointsman, knowing all the line,
Rather to instant risk incline
Than distant danger, clear to his prevision?
Can he, or will he, *now* prevent collision?
So ask alarmed onlookers. And meanwhile
The Pointsman's face wears an obscure expression,
Some read it doubt, some coolest self-possession.

But be it puzzlement or potent guile,
That under mask of frankness works the while,
All hang upon his acts, and ask
If he is equal to the task.
The trains still thunder nearer, their
lights flash
Full on each other; in one moment more
They'll meet in mutual wreck, their
whirling roar
End in a ghastly crash!
Gazers stand breathless, wondering "Can
this man
Manage the points? Or will he, if he
can?"

RATHER TOO BAD.

CHINA declines to take back her own clay
in the shape of size.

"GRAY SHIRTINGS.—The chief feature to
notice in the history of these goods is the utter
collapse in the consumption of low, heavily-
sized makes. Very low goods have become un-
saleable even at a considerable reduction on the
lowest quotation. The change took place about
the middle of the year, when there began to
arrive free supplies of goods more doctored and
filled than ever. These the Chinese refused to
recognise as legitimate."—*Commercial Report for*
1876 of Her Majesty's Consul at Shanghai.

KEBLE (COLLEGE AND POET).

LINK of College and of Poet
That share the name of KEBLE,—
Say the cynics—and you know it—
Runs a strain which strength calls
feeble.

Something apt to breed impatience
In strong spirits—they maintain—
Both with College aspirations,
And with Poet's sacred strain.

Something flaccid, forced, fantastic,
Something womanish and weak,
In the would-be ways monastic,
In the thoughts these verses speak.

The "plain living" scarce so plain is,
The "high thinking" scarce so high,
As the Council's ardent strain is,
As the standards raised imply.

Chapel several shades too showy,
Hall very much too fine;
Piety too o'er-blowy,
Too much gush, and show, and shine.

"In the spirit men you're training
Of the English Church," I see.
Pray oblige me by explaining
Where that spirit found may be.

Is 't the spirit that is striving,
To lead back stray sheep to Rome?
Is 't the spirit still contriving
Peace abroad by war at home?

Is 't the spirit whose best wish is,
Science sinfulness to show?
Spirit set on loaves and fishes?
Spirit Broad, or High, or Low?

In our Church—is 't praise or pity?
For each head we find a cap;
To its cordials it will fit ye
Spirits drawn from every tap.

Then what wonder KEBLE's issue
Is something undefined,
Neither tough old Oxford tissue,
Nor daring modern mind:

Half withdrawn in ways ascetic,
Half with modern notions stirring;
Half athlete, half æsthetic—
"Neither fish, flesh, nor red-herring."

"THE REJECTED."



LL has been done that
paint can do,—
And all been done in
vain!—
Here's Mr. BOURLET and
his crew
They've brought it
back again—
Oh dear!
They've brought it
back again!"

He turned his picture as he spake,
Its face unto the wall;
He gave his doleful head a shake,
And said, "She was too tall—
Oh dear!
A precious sight too tall!

"The portraits to their owners go,
The dealers skim the line;
That thing will stick by me, I know;
She always will be mine—
Oh dear!
She always will be mine!

"When day is gone and night is come,
And all are laid to sleep,
I think of little folks upstairs,
That I have got to keep—
Oh dear!
Who would not wake and weep?"

A FELLOW FEELING.

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind."

SCENE—Jingoland.

Enter the Great BOUNCE and the Great BEN, meeting.

The Great Bounce (with effusion). Ah! Good day, m' Lud!
'Ope I see you pooty bobbish. Proud to make your acquaintance!

The Great Ben (with dignity). I have not the honour of yours, Sir.

The Great Bounce. No? Surprisin' that, m' Lud! I'm the Great Bounce, I am, and one of your Ludship's most enthoosiastic supporters. Heard of me, of course?

The Great Ben (dubiously). Well, Sir, the name appears—

The Great Bounce. Ah! precisely—

"Your name seems to be
Familiar to me;

I think I have heard it before"—

If I may quote one of my own songs as aperypo to the ocession, m' Lud. Ha! ha! You know what FLETCHER, of whatsername—seen him mentioned in the D. T. dozens of times—said about writing the songs of the people. I write the songs of the people, and sing 'em

too. You help make their laws, m' Lud. 'Appy thing for the People that two great men like you and me pull so puffedly together.

The Great Ben (drily). I hope, Sir, that the People rightly appreciate and appraise our respective services.

The Great Bounce. Oh, they do, m' Lud; they do. I assure you that when my audiences give a reglar round of cheers to my singing of my great Patriotic War Song, "Look out for the Lash of the Lion's Tail," they never fail to give a little one in for—

"Brave BEAKY who has bid it wag,
To scare the foes of the good old Flag!"

The Great Ben. The compliment is as great as doubtless is the song.

The Great Bounce. Not a 'aporth more than you deserve, m' Lud.

The Great Ben. A tribute from TYRTÆUS is a tribute indeed.

The Great Bounce. Eh? Tyr—, what's his name? Think I have seen it in the D. T., but don't quite recollect who the party was.

The Great Ben. A patriot lyrist, Sir, like yourself, and a potent influence, though some persons, at first, were disposed to pooh-pooh him.

The Great Bounce. Oh, we big pots must expect that sort of thing. They pooh-pooh'd you once, m' Lud.

The Great Ben (musingly). They did, and now—

The Great Bounce. We've got it all our own way, eh, m' Lud? GLADSTONE and his gang "not in it, dear boy," as we say in the profession. That old party's off his chump, m' Lud, plain as a six-foot poster.

The Great Ben (meditatively). Naviget Anticyram.

The Great Bounce. I say he ought to be clapped into Colney Hatch, out of the way of mischief. But I think, between us, we have just about settled him now, m' Lud.

The Great Ben (blandly interrogative). We?

The Great Bounce. Yes, our lines are a little different; yours is prose, though topping of its kind; mine, poetry, which of course fetches 'em smarter. But in sperrit and purpose I flatter myself we are decidedly dittos. That perryration of yours the other day, m' Lud, was a tall fly and no error. Couldn't 'ave piled it up prettier myself.

The Great Ben. You are too flattering!

The Great Bounce. Not a rap. We know how to land 'em, m' Lud. Give 'em plenty of British Lion and lots o' tail-lashing. DEXBY was too damp for 'em, a regular wet blanket. Can't get steam up with cold water, m' Lud.

The Great Ben. Or float an Imperial Policy in the tideless shallows of timid common sense.

The Great Bounce. Ah! there we are again you see, m' Lud, birds of a feather. You invent an Imperial Policy, I invent Saint Jingo. The phrase and the figure pair off proper.

The Great Ben. Truly the lubricant of a metaphor frequently facilitates the deglutition of a principle.

The Great Bounce (vaguely). Ah, dessay. Little bit of Sphinx patter that, eh, m' Lud? Beef-eating JOHN BULL is learning to stomach your Oriental Relish at last.

The Great Ben. Many Bulls of Bashan have I yoked in my time, though, like SALISBURY, they have roared, or, like DERBY, rebelled.

The Great Bounce. And having done so well with the Bulls, you mean to have a try at the Bears, eh? Well here's luck, m' Lud! "Cave in or cop it!" That's the talk for Bruin! Jingo means just that, and I guess Imperial Policy means much about the same. England first served, and the rest go snacks as they best can. That's the line, m' Lud. Palaver about "right" is all cosmopolitan rubbish, and "fair-play" is just pretty-pretty for Cocktail fudge. Glad I dropped on you, m' Lud. I'll put the pith of our conversation into a new War Song, and send yer Ludship an early proof.

The Great Ben (hastily). Thanks! thanks! And now, Sir, though your talk is vastly improving, yet, as my leisure is limited—

The Great Bounce. Right you are, m' Lud. Shall we drink to the Success of the Imperial Policy? You won't liquor? Well, then, here!—"The British Lion, and may his tail never unstiffen!" Ta-ta, m' Lud.

[Exit, with a flourish.]

The Great Ben (solus). The most trenchant travesty of a pictorial Pasquin were edgeless compared with the personified parody presented by this swelling Ape. I feel as feels the traveller at a country inn, who gazes on his own features hideously, yet recognisably, reflected in the distorting medium of a rustic mirror!

[Exit, thoughtfully.]

BUTTER-MERCHANT AND M.P.

WHO should succeed BUTT as Leader of the Home-Rulers? BIGGAR, as representing not BUTT, but Butter.

PUTTING TOO MUCH IN HIS PIPE.

"The *Estafette* attributes Prince BISMARCK's late attack of 'shingles' to neuralgia aggravated by excessive smoking."



HE Chancellor is in fact so saturated with nicotine, that in Russia "BISMARCK has come to mean 'backer.'" But at least let us hope that the Chancellor's later excesses have been in smoking the pipe of peace, and that his practice on that pipe won't end in smoke.

Theft of Time.

OFFENDERS in as well as out of Parliament may well be alarmed by the following notification touching

"INDICTABLE OFFENCES.—The ATTORNEY-GENERAL, on the re-assembling of Parliament, will introduce a Bill for establishing a code of indictable offences, and Mr. PARNELL has given notice of his intention to oppose Mr. ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S motion."

Is it, then, understood that Mr. ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S Bill, if passed, will constitute Obstruction to the despatch of business in the House of Commons an indictable offence?

CHARITY UNDER THE ROSE.

MERRY MR. PUNCH,

VERY likely there are some few persons accustomed to "do good by stealth," and, should their bounty be made public, "blush to find it fame." But a philosopher can imagine another motive than modesty for concealment in the following—

"ANONYMOUS MUNIFICENCE.—At the annual meeting of the subscribers to the Wolverhampton Orphan Asylum, held yesterday, the Chairman, Mr. W. H. ROGERS, announced that a year since the last Easter meeting a sum of £4000 had been given to the institution, with a request that the name of the donor should not be made known. He also stated that, during the present year, the same donor had sent another £1000, in a similar manner, leaving him to do what he liked with the sum for the benefit of the institution."

Don't I wish I could afford to send four or five thousand pounds to an Asylum for Orphans! Suppose I did so, as I possibly might, in the hope of being rewarded for it hereafter, I should most certainly take the greatest possible care to keep my donation dark. My relations, because their own ideas are peculiar, consider me, as it is, what they call odd; and if I, rolling in wealth, were to practise munificence at such a rate and purpose as the abovementioned, I have no doubt that they would endeavour to impugn my sanity and get me declared a lunatic incapable of managing my own affairs. Munificence limited to a guinea a year, I fancy, has seldom any objection to be named in a subscription-list; but when it amounts to several thousand pounds, the reason why it is anonymous I take to be, in most cases, the very cogent one I have suggested—the fear of Colney-Hatch.

I am afraid, indeed, that the majority of persons capable of lavishing their property on an Asylum, are qualified for being placed in one. Few are the happy mortals who can afford to present a Charity with thousands of pounds as easily as a man in moderate circumstances can to give a penny to a crossing-sweeper.

But say that I, not being insane, but *compos mentis*, knowing what I was about, and fit to be at large, nevertheless sank in a charitable donation a large amount of capital as an investment in futurity. There would be yet another reason why my munificence would be strictly anonymous. If it were not, its publicity would gain me credit for opulence, and the consequence would be a constant influx of begging letters. For that reason, Sir, as well as the other, depend upon it you would never hear any trumpet sounded before the benefactions of a munificent

SMELFUNGUS.

P.S.—I feel better after having written the above. I experience a relief like the favourable effect of a dose of calomel.

BRITANNIA VINDEXT!

OR, "SAVE HER FROM HER FRIENDS."

THE self-appointed Committee, organised for the purpose of supporting Great Britain in her new and nobly undertaken task of "vindicating, single-handed, the struggling aspirations of nationalities and reconstructing the ideal bases of European stability," met again yesterday.

After some delay, occasioned by the announcement that the Treasurer had again absconded with all the funds of the Society, the report was read, and the business of the meeting proceeded with as usual. The first speaker was:—

M. JULES BLAGAUD, of Paris (philosopher and journalist). M. B. said he was profoundly moved as he contemplated the latest attitude assumed by the once perfidious Albion. There could be no question about it but that the cold and calculating heart of JOHN BULL was stirred at last. Though that great but slow-witted enthusiast pretended that some paltry interests affecting the future of his Empire were at stake in the Bosphorus, everyone knew what was the real motive which inspired his heroic attitude. (Cheers.) That motive was summed up in two words, the regeneration of France. Yes, it was in order that France, having recovered what the sportsmen called her "second wind"—France, ever young, Titanic, and supremely confident, might spring upon her wretched provinces, and tear them with irresistible élan from the grip of the Teutonic barbarian, that the proud fleets of England now defied the fortresses of the Dardanelles, and might to-morrow surprise even the Euphrates. It did not require a knowledge of Eastern politics or of Eastern geography to cut the knot of questions such as these. (Laughter.) The fool could see. The idiot could comprehend. Therefore, it was glorious, this assertion of principles in the face of torpedoes, and demanded the moral, if not the physical, support of all those who saw in the universal conflagration of Europe the opportunity for themselves. (Prolonged cheers.) Yes, Frenchmen had but one duty at the present moment, and that was to encourage the awakened JOHN BULL with his own national "orah" to that struggle, from which France, beatified and transcendent, will emerge with her pockets filled and her future secured. (Cheers.)

A Magyar, who refused to give his name, was the next speaker. He said he had not listened to what had fallen from his friend from Paris, and he did not suppose that anybody else had, either. (Laughter.) But he was a plain-spoken man himself, and was glad to put in a few words the obvious duty of England in the present state of the political horizon. It was to give Hungary her programme. That might involve a long and bloody war between the great Powers. (Cheers.) Russia was to be wiped out. (Laughter.) Turkey was to be restored. (Immense laughter.) They might laugh, but it was: while Germany and France were to annihilate each other. ("Hear, hear!") As for England, if she would but commence the row, she might go to the bottom of the Red Sea, or anywhere else, to look after her own paltry interests, for all he cared. (Cheers.) And, lastly, Austria would be reorganised, with Germans and Slavs in their proper position of inferiority, leaving the Magyar, the true type of coming civilisation, triumphing over Eastern Europe in his national boots and principles, ready for the next thing that turned up. ("Oh, oh!")

M. PHILOMACHOS MEGALOSTOMOS (of Thermopylae) then rose. He said he thought the meeting appeared to be losing sight of the one object which had inspired their organisation. (Loud Cheers.) He was a Hellene of the Hellenes, and he had no hesitation in saying that that one object was the restoration of the political, social, and artistic supremacy of the Hellenic race, and the establishing of the new Byzantine Empire, from the Adriatic to the Caspian. ("Oh, oh!" and laughter.) He begged to embody that object in a resolution which he would now put to the meeting.

PAUPAR PASHA, a Turkish Gentleman, here rose, and was understood to second the above; but on his offering further explanations in bad French, by the aid of an interpreter, it transpired that he merely wished to tender his services for the vacant Treasurership.

This having been instantly negatived without a division, MM. POKKETHOF and HANKRYPANKEYSCHEFF, two representatives of a Russian Nihilist Committee, simultaneously volunteered themselves for the post. This offer gave rise to an animated discussion, which was cut short by the appearance of a couple of policemen with a Magistrate's warrant, amidst a good deal of laughter and some confusion.

The Russian delegates having been removed, the Hon. JINGO BELLOWES moved the adjournment of the meeting. This having been agreed to, and it having been intimated that at the next *réunion* the advisability of further establishing the prestige of the country by defying the Scandinavian powers, and submitting grounds for war with the United States, would be taken into consideration, and a vote of want of confidence in the Chairman having been unanimously passed, the proceedings terminated.



DUE APPRECIATION OF ARTISTIC MERIT.

"THE DOCTOR HAS BEEN, HARRY, AND HE SAYS THERE'S NOTHING SERIOUS THE MATTER WITH COOK, BUT THAT SHE REQUIRES PORT WINE. SO I'M GOING TO GIVE HER SOME OF THAT WE GOT FOR BABY LAST YEAR."

"GOOD HEAVENS, MARY, DON'T GIVE HER THAT! GIVE HER WHATEVER REMAINS OF THE '34 YOUR UNCLE, THE DEAN, LEFT US; AND THEN GO ON WITH THE '47, YOU KNOW!"

WISE AND FOOLISH VIRGINS.

AH, happy France!
Grave English, philosophic Germans, sneer,
At thee for shallow, frivolous, unwise,
And sun themselves in one another's eyes,
For height and depth of mind, for vision clear.

Here's Germany, with scarce the strength to stand
Under the loads of past and promised wars,
Debts, quarrels, social feuds, religious jars,
And drill, drill, drill, through her land's breadth and length.

And here is England arming to the teeth,
And to War's Maelström drifting on and on—
A War that she is of two minds upon;
Its cause a mist of wild words hid beneath.

While France, her debts paid, healed her scars of fight,
Her Parties muzzled, if not merged in one,
Her feuds in Church and State bid to be done,
To her great Peace-Show doth the World invite—
Ah! happy France!

Compensation.

"What great effects from little causes spring!"

LORD SALISBURY, accepting the Foreign Secretaryship, is forced to resign his Chairmanship of Quarter Sessions for Middlesex.

Per contra. Lord DEBBY, resigning the Foreign Secretaryship, is enabled to resume his Chairmanship of Quarter Sessions at Kirkdale.

THE LIABILITY OF MARRIED MEN.—To bear the Liabilities of Married Women.

THE ROMANCE IN RUSSIA.

THE acquittal of Miss VERA SASSULITCH of the attempt to kill General TREPOFF, whom she undoubtedly shot, is nearly, but not quite, a parallel case with that of the heroine immortalised, though anonymously, for a similar act, in a British Song of the Sea. Only she, when she "called for sword and pistol," which immediately obeyed her summons, appears to have shot the perfidious object of her indignation, BILLY TAYLOR, dead. Like our own "Captivity" in her case, the Russian Jury in that of Miss SASSULITCH, more fortunate than CHARLOTTE CORDAY—

"Werry much applauded her for wot she'd done."

But of course it was out of their power to promote her to the First Lieutenantcy of a Torpedo Boat, or any other modern analogue of that redoubtable bomb-ketch, the "gallant *Thunder*."

Adaptation of an Old-fashioned Grace.

(Used by a weary "Hanging" Committee.)

Of subjects new, of subjects old—
Of pictures hot, of pictures cold—
Of drawings tender, drawings rough—
Of all, thank heaven, we've had enough!

ON PUNCH'S CARTOON FOR APRIL 27TH.

Son of Erin. So that's an "Ayster" Egg, is it? Bedad, it's not a "Pace" Egg, anyhow.

ONE BUSY SOVEREIGN.—The SULTAN, we hear, puts off all business, declaring "*il est trop occupé*."



FRANCE'S PEACEFUL "CHAMP DE MARS!"

FRANCE. "YOU'D MUCH BETTER DROP THOSE UGLY THINGS, AND COME AND SEE MY SHOW!"

STRAPMORE!

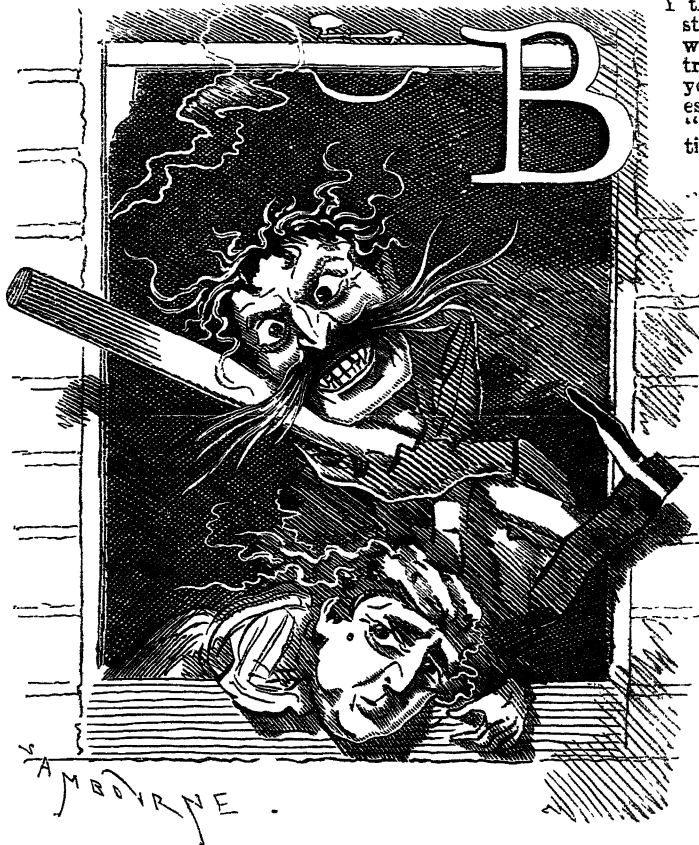
A ROMANCE

BY

WEEDER.

Author of *Folly and Farini*, *Under Two Rags*, *Arryadn'ty*, *Chuck*, *Two Little Wooden Jews*, *Nicotine*, *A Horse with Glanders*, *In Somers Town*, *Shamdress*, &c., &c.

CHAPTER XVI.—"V'lan! va la belette!"



Y the Arch of Marble stood STRAPMORE, his waist no longer controlled as in days of yore, when his highest ambition had been "good form." A tiger's lust of blood burned in his lurid* eye, yet he calmly continued his Spanish game of *pjantos* with one of his seconds, the Marquis ZAZELIO DI FARINI, and won it easily, or it would not have been STRAPMORE. Then, to occupy the time until his adversary's arrival, he played, with unchanged science and skill, five games of *saute-grenouille*, and six of *pointe-chatte*, winning them all with a proficiency and a profound indifference to success which won the applause and excited the envy of his companions.

"Dumcrambo!" exclaimed STRAPMORE, restraining an im-

"Who is it?" asked one of the seconds, in a low voice.

Another replied, "The Coming Man."

He leapt from the cab. It was the Left Honourable Mr. CHARLES READANBITE, who, arriving in haste from his *Vignoble de Naboth*, insisted that they should only use their left hands, and fire over the left shoulder.

To these terms they agreed.

Once more the Marquis di FARINI requested silence.

Then the clear, ringing tones of the Marquis di FARINI, asked the question:

"Are you ready?"

The answer, given distinctly, was "Yes."

"One!"

"Two!"

"Two and a half!"

There was yet time. Oh, if they would but avail themselves of it! But in STRAPMORE's eyes gleamed a lurid, savage light, and he thirsted for blood, and for vengeance.

"Two and three-quarters!"

"Two and six-eighths!"

Every nerve was strained as the Marquis di FARINI, throwing his handkerchief in the air, cried, for the last time:

"Three! Shoot! Pop!! BANG!!!"

There was one great piercing cry, and when the smoke had cleared away, the Marquis ZAZELIO DI FARINI appeared gracefully bowing to the spectators from the top of the Arch of Marble, having been blown up by SWEETIE for his interference, while SWEETIE himself, the PINTO PEEZE of the White Guards, lay on the ground, lifeless, as the sun, blushing red at the sight, went down by the sad South-Western line, eager for change of scene and climate.

And the world went on in its giddy madness, as, with a look of condensed hatred, STRAPMORE strode towards his cab, which was waiting for him at the corner. Then he drove away, and the beat of the hoofs grew fainter and fainter, as the horse, at full trot, on the asphalt road, receded farther and farther from the spot. And as they went on furiously, faster and faster, so every minute was the distance increasing between the man with the brand of Cain on his brow, and the dark, sad, wicked blot on this fair earth, where lay his friend, his brother, his victim!

Down the sheltered lane by the Park side they drove with rapidly increasing speed. Before him was the arch that crowns the summit of the famous hill, where, in ancient days, the free Barons compelled a crafty Monarch to sign the Charta of that glorious Constitution which has given its name to this hill of Liberty, and, above the arch, the stern statue seemed to point with avenging finger, as though crying to a legion of fiends, "Up, Black Guards, and at him!"

Away, away, he sped! Onward, onward!!

Where was he now?

He looked from the cab and shuddered as he read the words newly written up above on a wall at his left hand—his left hand that had done this cruel deed—"THE GORE. Kensington."

CHAPTER XVII.

In the Hour of Vengeance.

THE seconds on the watch have all gone, none could tell whither, so rapid had been their flight. Only two old hands remained who knew their business.

The passers-by, journeying that way, and seeing SWEETIE on the ground, asked if he had been dropped out of a balloon, or had been thrown out of a whirligig? One stranger remarked that it was very probable

patient oath, as the jib-boom of the Admiralty clock marked seven, and PINTO PEEZE with his friends appeared on the ground.

There was a silence for some minutes, only broken by the short, sharp crack of the policeman's walnut, as he stood apart from the crowd, the one sole representative of Justice, where Crime was brooding in the shadows, and Mercy cowered from the light of day.

SWEETIE, with his fair, silken locks, smiled sadly, as a boy passed by, carelessly whistling, on his homeward road. Had there been one thing in the world that could have reconciled SWEETIE to the certain presentiment of his impending fate, it would have been that he was hearing "*Wœmma*" for the last time.

To prevent surprise, there were sixty seconds on the watch, and this duel to the death would be but the affair of a moment.

The Marquis ZAZELIO DI FARINI requested silence from all the spectators.

The weapons were loaded.

Sir JOHN LORENZO TEWL protested, that, where the hazard of the die was concerned, there should be no loading. The matter was explained to him, and the good-natured nobleman yielded the point. He had tried to avert the Inevitable. He had failed. He only trusted that the affair would not be long, as he had for years made it a rule always to go home to tea, and he regretted to observe that he was already a trifle over his usual hour.

The sun was slowly setting, as a cab at full gallop crossed the park. A tall, powerful man within waved his left hand, with a pen in it, vigorously.

* *Editor to Authoress (by very special wire).*—Talented Madame, as you are evidently finishing up now (and it's most exciting), couldn't you find some other epithet for the light in his eye except "lurid"? It's a very good word, and we were immensely taken with it at first, but don't you think it begins to just a wee little trifle pall upon one, eh, by constant repetition? We only suggest. Answer paid, and we can change it in a moment if you only say the word. We've an Epithetical Dictionary at hand always ready. R. S. V. P.—Ed.

From Authoress to Editor (per same).—Très bien, "only suggest," indeed! Suggest what? Rien, absolument rien! Ah, mon cher Rédacteur, que vous êtes un ami pour rire! What word better than "lurid"? I like "lurid." My readers like "lurid." I know several of my best friends who would put my book down in disgust if I didn't have "lurid" once, at least, in every three pages. *Allez vous promener! Ça marche bien!* "Lurid" pour jamais! Soyez suspensieux, tous les deux, vous et votre Dictionnaire Epileptique! Allez toujours!—W.

he had been "shot out of a trap." Another added, "that this was likely, as pigeons often were." But all passed on their road, and left him. What was he, the PINTO PEEZE, heir to Lord MAZAGON, the SWEETIE of the White Guards, to them? Nothing. It was no business of theirs. To inter him would have been an undertaking, for which they were not prepared.

Some idlers, looking out of their windows later on, saw a man buried in thought, near the Park railings. This was better than no sepulture at all. One stranger, a passer-by, kinder than the rest, put a stone at his head. This finished him.

It was the last record of the dashing, careless, gallant, youth, of him who had been popular with all, beloved of everybody, *l'ami des femmes*, the idol of fair women, the pet of Society, *le bien-aimé*, PINTO PEEZE, for a brief period Viscount MAZAGON, the SWEETIE of the First White Guards.

But the avenging Besom of Destiny was sweeping onwards.

STRAPMORE's cab was stopped, suddenly, by so powerful a grip laid on the rein, as brought the driver and the horse into sharp collision. Whose long-forgotten voice was whispering to him, "Cast your eye over this ere," as she gave him a letter?

It was the Loo Loo. The letter was in SWEETIE's hand; it was now in his—STRAPMORE's. Mercurious powers! it was the one that the Lady REGULA had pretended to destroy.

From end to end he read it: his chest heaved, his eyes started from their sockets, his hair turned grey, the seams of his coat and waistcoat burst right and left, as he sank on the pavement, with a low, agonising cry.

Now, at last, he knew the truth.

The Loo-Loo bent over and hissed in his ear, "TIPPI WIT-

CHERTA, the Gipsy. No matter for that now. She's worked her ruin. Go to your idol's boudoir, and see her as she is, and know how you have been befooled, wretch, besotted, *aveugle*, idiot, dolt, *manchon*, duffer, *gros vieux poisson que vous êtes!*"

But he heeded her not. With one despairing cry, he dashed the cab and the cabman, who was holding out his hand for his fare, to the earth, and throwing himself on the horse, he cut the harness, leaving no traces behind, and in the dark whirlwind of his passion,

rode furiously towards Lord NUFFINMORE's. He had learnt the truth now. SWEETIE, his friend, had hated the woman he had loved, and he had killed him for this! And she—REGULA BADDUN—she, too, had a secret from him. A secret, which the Loo-Loo, and the Gipsy, knew already! And he would know it soon!

At a corner of a street he leapt from his horse, and leaving it to

browse at will, he pulled his hat over his eyes, and suddenly remembering that he had eaten nothing since he had last tasted food, he purchased a loaf, and a dried tongue. So intense was his passionate determination, that he pressed his dry tongue, with such force, as to make the white teeth pass right through it, and meet together sharply. Then he poured out a brimming sparkling goblet of *Vieux Thomas*, and tossed it down his gleaming, heaving throat, draining it to the very dregs. Golden haired, gentle maidens, holding out in their strong, nervous hands, cups of the best and rarest, imprisoned behind bars, sighed, as they darted loving glances at him from their full, lustrous eyes. But he heeded not: he only threw them gold, and passed out, and on. Once only, in his onward course did he pause. It was in front of a shop kept by a small tailor, over whose door appeared the words, "*Repairs executed with rapidity and dispatch.*" Within five minutes the nimble fingers of the man on the shop-board had sewn on buckles and fastenings, wherever STRAPMORE's stern will demanded them, and once again the figure of his former self, braced up to the occasion, and pulled together to the utmost tension, he stood before the wondering shopman upright, erect, inflexible.

He tossed a purse of gold to the man, and strode onwards.

At Lord NUFFINMORE's house he

stopped. There was no ray of pity in his eye: there was no abatement of the thirst for vengeance in his heart.

In obedience to his summons, the door was flung open.

Quick as thought, he dashed aside the butler and the footmen, who would have barred his entrance, and hurled them through the stone walls into the adjoining houses.

Then he rushed upstairs, and turning the jewelled handle of the boudoir, stood before the Lady REGULA BADDUN.



"HARLEQUIN SPRING FASHIONS."

REALLY A VERY LITTLE ADDITION TO THE TOO SCANTY AND BE-SPANGLED COSTUMES
MR. PUNCH HAS NOTICED SO OFTEN LATELY.



PAUCA VERBA.

Robinson (after a long Whist-Bout at the Club). "IT'S AWFULLY LATE, BROWN. WHAT WILL YOU SAY TO YOUR WIFE?"

Brown (in a whisper). "OH, I SHAN'T SAY MUCH, YOU KNOW—'GOOD MORNING, DEAR,' OR SOMETHING O' THAT SORT. SHE'LL SAY THE REST!!!"

Was it indeed she? Was this strange, weird, pale, sallow, and shrunk figure, with jaws as hollow as the heart that had been wearing a mask in these marble halls—was this creature, with short stubbly hair, this toothless hag, the voluptuous Cleopatra-like Circe, the sensuous sorceress, who had enthralled him, and made him the lost fiend he was?

In the glare of the light, her soft antelope eyes only saw the pale bronze face, and the merciless menace of the dark, gleaming, veiled, passionless glance of him, whose love had been Hanwellian in its insanity, and whose revenge would be as pitiless as the boot-rack of the Inquisition, or the torture of the Italian Grinders on organs more sensitive than their own barbarous inventions.

"I triumph!" shrieked the Bohémienne, TIPITI WITCHEETA, who stood at her side, with fragrant unguents, and a perfect wealth and glory of forged, false, golden hair. "Turni Tupmum!" she screamed, in her low Tzlang dialect. "Turni Tupmum! Turni tupi tellyer!"

REGULA BADDUN was paralysed. She could not utter a cry, she could not faint; her colour had gone. Ah, if she could have dyed, there and then!

Epicurean as she was, she could have called out in her dread, but that a choking sensation was at her throat, and REGULA BADDUN sank back trembling, shivering, shrinking, shrieking in terror, and shuddering, as though from the fury of this whirlwind of dust which she herself had been the first to raise. In his great agony of fooled, cheated, double-villain-dyed passion, he felt that his brutal thirst for vengeance must burst forth in one great unrestrained, uncurbed, overpowering riot, of mad, cankerous, pitiless, unflinching hate!

"Faithless, toothless, truthless traitress!" he cried. And the old crone chuckled in horrid remorseless glee.

Then his laugh rang out in terrible mirth. He cared no more now for figure, form, or buckles, nor for all the restraints he had put upon himself till this minute. His chest heaved like an Enceladus beneath Eton, as he hurled the pomata, the bandolinata, the rouge-box, the false eyebrows, the paste-pots and brushes, through the stained glass window; then into the fire he dashed the powder, which went off with a puff, shaking the walls to the foundation. With resistless, relentless force, he tore her false hair to shreds, broke her enamelled brushes, shattered into a thousand atoms the diamond tooth-combs which she had used for her false teeth, and then, with unabated fury, he leapt at her with the bound of a Spring chicken.

"I . . . dye!" she shrieked.

"You do—and you shall!" he cried with his horrid, demoniac laughter; while the Gipsy, from behind the bed-curtains, yelled aloud, in her low Tzlang dialect, "Itterard! Sh'aint gotno phrenz!"

Escaping for a moment from STRAPMORE, she threw open wide the window. A crushed and shapeless, but still a living, breathing, flopping mass, she fell against the sill—half out, half within. He had not come unprepared for this attempt. Seizing a cudgel, and holding it in both arms, crossways, he rapped the side of the window sharply, sang a few bars of a wild, vindictive air, repeated the three blows on the window-sill, as though sharpening the weapon for vengeance, and then aimed, with it, at her head. Adroitly, and with the cunning of a serpent, she foiled him each time he tried to hit her, so quickly moving her head, that the stick descended with a heavy thud on the window-sill. Then STRAPMORE paused for a second in his work, and in a harsh, raucous, cruel voice, cried, "You thought to make me rue! You shall rue, too, oh rue too too! rue too too!" And once more the stick descended, and once more she avoided the blow. A crowd had gathered in front: he waited for the blow of his revenge to fall in the sight of the assembled multitude. Suddenly, a man below gave the alarm by beating a drum, and blowing on some reed-pipes.

Then with one last look at that helpless, nerveless form, STRAPMORE, for disguise, turned into the next street, and fled. He was hotly pursued. His bulk and weight told against him. His agile slimness had gone. On! On!

Into a house, up the stairs, on to the roof, thence he would seek safety in flight. "Alas!" he murmured hoarsely, "I cannot fly."

"Like a bird," whispered a low voice in his ear. It was TIPITI WITCHEETA, the Gipsy. "Come!"

He followed her, quite like an ordinary being, as a man follows another who goes first, for he was broken in heart and spirit. She took him to their caravan in a fair. The Proprietor was in mourning for the recent loss of the Fat Man, DANIELO LAMBERTO SECONDO. When he saw STRAPMORE, he said, "With a little more feeding, and no exercise, he'll do."

Then the once brilliant, light-hearted, trim STRAPMORE accepted the terms; and when the Proprietor had closed with this offer, he opened with a new programme.

TIPITI WITCHEETA made him sign a paper, bequeathing all he had to the Loo-Loo, her daughter. He did it without a pang, for he knew that the end was near, and that his Order was barred against him for ever.

It mattered little to STRAPMORE when the Proprietor informed him that not even his Order could be admitted, the business being so good. He had no wish to see any-one again.

(To be continued.)

JUSTICE TO SCOTLAND.

CANNY PUNCH,

A CORRECT appreciation of the Scottish character is evinced by an English morning paper in the statement following anent:—

"THE LATE SIR W. STIRLING-MAXWELL.—In addition to the provisions made in the English settlement, we understand that Sir WILLIAM STIRLING-MAXWELL has, by his Scotch disposition, bequeathed £100 to each of his six executors."

Then follows a list of handsome legacies, which the testator also left "by his Scotch disposition," to relations and dependants. It used to be considered unco-facetious to describe the Scotch disposition as peculiarly parsimonious. But the better joke is the true one, like the above, which, on the contrary, implies generosity to be the special characteristic of the Scotch disposition.

I am, Sir, your constant subscriber,

Aberdeen.

ANDREW AULDJO.

P.S.—I enclose my card, in order that you may be enabled to forward me remuneration.

MOTTO FOR THE TAMWORTH ELECTORS (according to Mr. HANBURY).—Beer and for Beer.

ON THE BEST AUTHORITY.



MR. HANBURY, ex-Member for Tamworth, accounting for the large majority which lately returned Mr. HAMAR BASS for that borough, declares that beer was at the bottom of it, and that had a donkey been started with the name of Allsop or Bass, the animal would have been triumphantly elected. Now Hanbury is a brewer's name as well as Bass or Allsop, and Mr. HANBURY, who lately sat for Tamworth, ought to know.

THE REV. SARTOR RESARTUS.

PUNCH has had sent to him the prospectus of a firm of Clerical tailors—if they ought not rather to be called Clerical milliners—which shows the high point of progress to which things have been carried in the great Church-clothing department.

WORTH makes the woman in Paris, but we doubt if Paris can boast a Clerical milliner who could stand up beside this London firm. Talk of vestments! Why, here we have eleven kinds of Surplices alone:—the Pocket Surplice; the Cathedral Surplice; the Slightly-Gathered Surplice; the Plain-Fitting Button-Neck Surplice; the Short Cotta Surplice; the new shape Close-Fitting Surplice; the Improved Circular Surplice, with sleeves; the Circular Surplice, without sleeves; the Transparent Cotta; the Alb Surplice; and,

“Last stage of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,”

“The Plain Fitting Surplice, sitting perfectly smooth round the neck and shoulders; and so made that it will not fall away in front to show the trousers.”

With all this millinery it is easy to understand how painfully out of keeping the distinctive masculine garment must be felt to be; and how desirable it is that the trousers should be kept out of sight.

We can imagine the delightful occupation of the ritualistic curate's or incumbent's morning, in perusing this delicious circular. Only the pleasure of a *petite maitresse* over the *Follet*, or *Myra's Journal*, can be comparable with it. And then, after the feverish pleasure of reading the programme, the rapturous delight of examining the articles—and trying them on—and, finally, of appearing in them at a full service!

For, besides the dozen varieties of surplice—all charmingly described, with such tempting little touches as “much improved by the addition of lace;” “falling in graceful folds to the bottom, and allowing free use of the hands;” “sitting low on the shoulders, and showing much of the cassock;” “have a very nice appearance;” “very much worn in choirs with cassock;” “acknowledged by all who have purchased them to be one of the greatest benefits that has for a long time been conferred on the Clergy and others engaged in the service of the Church”—we have “albs,” and “linen vestments,” and altar-linen, “corporals,” and “purificators,” “palls” and “veils;” “birettas,” “zuchettas,” and “correct Clerical Hats;” “Hoods, Mossetts, or Tippets,” and Greek and Latin cassocks; “Stoles,” and “Maniples;” “Burses and Veils;” “Frontals,” and “Antependiums;” “Pamphers,” and Banners, Dalmaticks, and Chasubles—in fact, a perfect *embarras des richesses*

of Church dresses, decorations, and properties—the millinery always in its proper place, uppermost.

What a pregnant chapter is here suggested for the Seer of Chelsea! It is almost worth the while of True Thomas to shake off the torpor of age, and add another chapter to *Sartor Resartus*, of “Clothes in their relation to the Church;” painting with his inimitable pen, how in the high and happy regions of Ritualism, the “Church Militant” on earth is gradually transfigured into the higher New Jerusalem of a “Church Milliner-ant,” in a Haberdasher's Heaven; peopled with angels in “transparent Cottas, much improved by the addition of lace.”

MUSIC IN THE MASKELYNE STYLE.

MR. MASKELYNE has already produced a mechanical whist-player who can beat most members of the Arlington, and a mechanical draughtsman, who could give points to “Ape” or “Spy.” He has now gone several wheels further, and produces a mechanical musician. Fanfare, the latest rival, or shall we not rather say, companion of Psycho and Zoe—for it is to be hoped that mechanical artists are not jealous of each other—is, we are informed, the first automaton that has ever blown its own trumpet. Another distinction of the mechanical from the human artist. But has Mr. MASKELYNE duly weighed the consequence of introducing this seductive practice into the automatic world? If all his automata take to blowing their own trumpets, he will soon find himself more and more in the predicament of miserable managers of human performers.

All former automata, it seems, have stopped short at lifting the trumpet to their lips, the sounds being produced by pipes hidden in the figure, like the trumpet-stop of an organ, or like a Minister receiving a deputation at the Office, or answering a question in the House, after being crammed by a permanent Secretary.

But Fanfare really blows his own trumpet, and his tone, we are assured, “is nearly as pure as that of the best cornet-player,” while he is not liable to sulks, colds, or any of the other ills that orchestral flesh is heir to.

Like ALEXANDER looking for new worlds to conquer, MASKELYNE the Great has already conceived the idea of forming a Mechanical Orchestra. He has even begun, (Mr. MORTON, his courteous manager, informs us in his Fanfare Programme), “upon other instrumentalists.” There is something awful in this quiet assumption of creative power. “He hopes” (Mr. MORRIS says), “some day to conduct a dozen mechanical musicians through selections of high-class music.”

We are afraid that *this* feat has been accomplished before, though the mechanical quality of the musicians may not have been as triumphantly proclaimed.

Some of our advanced physiologists have maintained that man is but an automaton.

MR. MASKELYNE seems bent on reaching the same result from the opposite direction, and proving that automata may be made to do all that can be done by even artistic man.

A Contradiction.

THESE Lancashire Strikes
Are the worst civil war.
And the less that they loom,
The larger they are!

Superfluous.

THE new regulations for the prevention of fire in theatres, just adopted by the Middlesex Magistrates, prescribe, *inter alia*, that wet blankets shall be kept at the wings. Surely this is unnecessary, on first nights, at least, with so many wet blankets already in the Stalls appropriated to the Critics.

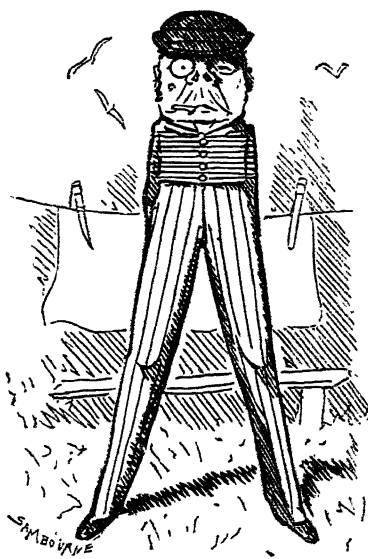
SPOKEN AND WRITTEN.

MRS. MALAPROP writes to ask the pronunciation of “IGNATIEFF.” The General's name, as spoken, is hardly distinguishable, we believe, from “Ignite-chief,” and if Mrs. M. should prefer to spell it as spoken, *Punch* sees no objection, but would rather admire the new nomenclature as “neat and appropriate.”

ARMY RESERVES.—What JOHN BULL keeps to support the called-out men's destitute wives and families.

JINGO'S RECEIPT.—How to make men Slaves—Drive them into the arms of Russia.

HANKEY PANKEY.



FTER all the efforts to hand over that awful example of all that is hideous in building called "The Queen Anne's Mansions," which, from the quiet neighbourhood of Queen Square, looks down on Westminster and over the Park, to a Limited Liability Company, the public has not risen to the bait. The difficulty seems to have been to say whether the limits of liability, likely to be incurred by such a Company have ever yet been exactly ascertained. In short, if the Company had been formed as originally planned, without the very full information since elicited by the Committee appointed to investigate and report on the position of the property—but too evident, one would have thought, to all Western London—these

monster mansions might really have been christened after their founder, with an addition, "The Hankey-Pankeyum."

As the "Mansions" are some thirteen stories high, the lift has been an absolute necessity. And it was perhaps no more than natural that the projector and proprietor should have had the idea of getting a lift from the public also. As it is, the Company-project is still, like the Mansions, in the air; and though the Committee are of opinion that the "concern, by careful management, may be made a success eventually," it is evident that the projector has thus far been very much outrunning not only the Metropolitan Building Act but the constable.

Architecture, at least, is avenged. The "Queen Anne's Mansions" are *not* yet the immense success we were assured they were, though there can be no doubt of their still being an immense eyesore.

'ARRY ON POLITICS.

WHAT, CHARLEY, old Chummy, what cheer? Yes, I'm still on the pen-and-ink lay;

I'm getting no end of a hand, and shall write for the papers some day.

Why not, my dear boy? I assure 'yer, at present, *my* style's all the go;

And so, jest, to keep in my fist, I drop yer these lines, per P.O.

You know, as a Pal of the past, that Politics wasn't *my* mark;

But, by Jingo, since Dizzy come in, they've bin gettin' no end of a lark.

I'm nuts on that man, and no error. I hope he will go in and win;

He knows all the ropes, and runs artful, and that is the 'oss for my tin.

I once held that readin' the papers was business for fogies and frumps,—

Dry rot, which except the *P'lice News*, 'ud giv yer a dose of the dumps;

But now I've a pennorth each mornin', and often a haporth 'o nights, For I tell yer they're piled up that spicay, they touch up a feller to-rights.

We're in it, my boy, and no 'umbug; I mean me and you, and our sort;

For politics isn't no longer a species of upper-class sport, Like 'unting' or polo; old GLADSTONE might gush out his flesh-and-blood rot,

But BEAKEY's the boy, after all, as has squared it for *our* little lot.

I say we're the new 'Arry-stockracy! Not arf a dusty one, hay? We're quite 'and-in-glove with the nobs on the leadin' idears of the day;

Our *manners* they take for their model, our argyments too, they support,

And our music-'all patriot war-songs is patternised even at Court!

I tell yer, old pardner, it's proper; I feels quite a swell, s' help me Bob.

I used to detest a big bloater, but now I am nuts on a Nob.

And if that ain't "a drorin' the clarses together," why, may I be blowed;

Them 'umbuggin' Rads never done it, for 'all they so hollered and crowed.

Arter all, the Nobs' notions and ours is a lot more alike than you 'd guess;

A Toff is a man and a brother: it's mainly a matter of dress;

Their rule's "Number One and no Snivel," they'd not lay a cent on a "Saint,"

But pile their last brad on a smart 'un, and wot's common-sense if *that* ain't?

No treacle-tub gammon for us, mate, nor no cosmopolitun gush! Guess *we* don't go in with the Softies as Russia 'as managed to rush:

It's savvy and swagger as does it; and as for the rot about "right,"

My motto is "go in a buster, and settle *that* after the fight."

That's patriot sperrit, my pippin, and politics tooned in that key Goes down, like saloop, at the 'Alls, and my sentiments suits to a T. O scissors, to read our own *Telly* a-towelling wood-chopping BILL, I tell yer it's lummy, my lad, and as good as a play or a mill!

So CHARLEY, my 'earty, I'm in it—I wish you was ditto, I do:

You can 'owl, and chuck cats, and cry "Traitor!" and bonnet old blokes till all's blue.

They've started our game at St. Stephen's—*that* shows wot swell bunting we carry;

Jest trot up and try it, my boy, is the tip of

Yours scrumptiously,
'ARRY.

NOX ET PRÆTEREA?

THE new Order in Council, enjoining "secrecy of opinions in the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council," having apparently presented some difficulties to those members of that august body who, not unreasonably, fail to realise the possibility of carrying out, in the freer atmosphere of 1878, the practice common with the Star Chamber in 1627, *Mr. Punch* is happy to come to their rescue with the following suggestions:—

Let every member on being sworn,—

(1) Have both his town and country mansion surveyed by a competent architect and machinist, and fitted immediately with sliding panels, secret passages, underground outlets, and Venetian blinds:

(2) Keep his mind continually on the rack, and go to a *conversatione* in a pair of the celebrated Edinburgh boots:

(3) Make frequent use of questionable sixteenth century oaths, wear false eyebrows, and acquire a well-pitched stage-villain's laugh, for which he will take lessons from a provincial tragedian:

(4) Keep an iron mask on the premises, and advertise for a man to wear it:

(5) Arrange a finger alphabet with the Lord President, and talk to him in it with emphasis whenever he meets him out at dinner:

(6) Spend his holidays on Tower Hill, and cultivate a traitor's gait:

(7) And last, hurry, in the dusk up blind alleys heavily cloaked and disguised in a pantomime head, and dart out on occasional wayfarers with a shout of "Ha! ha! *a time will come!*" so as gradually to acquire a mastery over that melo-dramatic deportment which those, who of course know best, consider in these latter days an indispensable adjunct to the high and ancient dignity of Privy Councillor.

Illis Robur et Æs Duplex.

Respectfully dedicated by *Mr. Punch*, her devoted admirer, to the accomplished Authoress of "*The Voyage of the Sunbeam*."

HORACE "*æs triplex*," claimed for their trouble,

Who, as sea-goers, sails first unfurled;

Now, they're not triple BRASSEY but double,

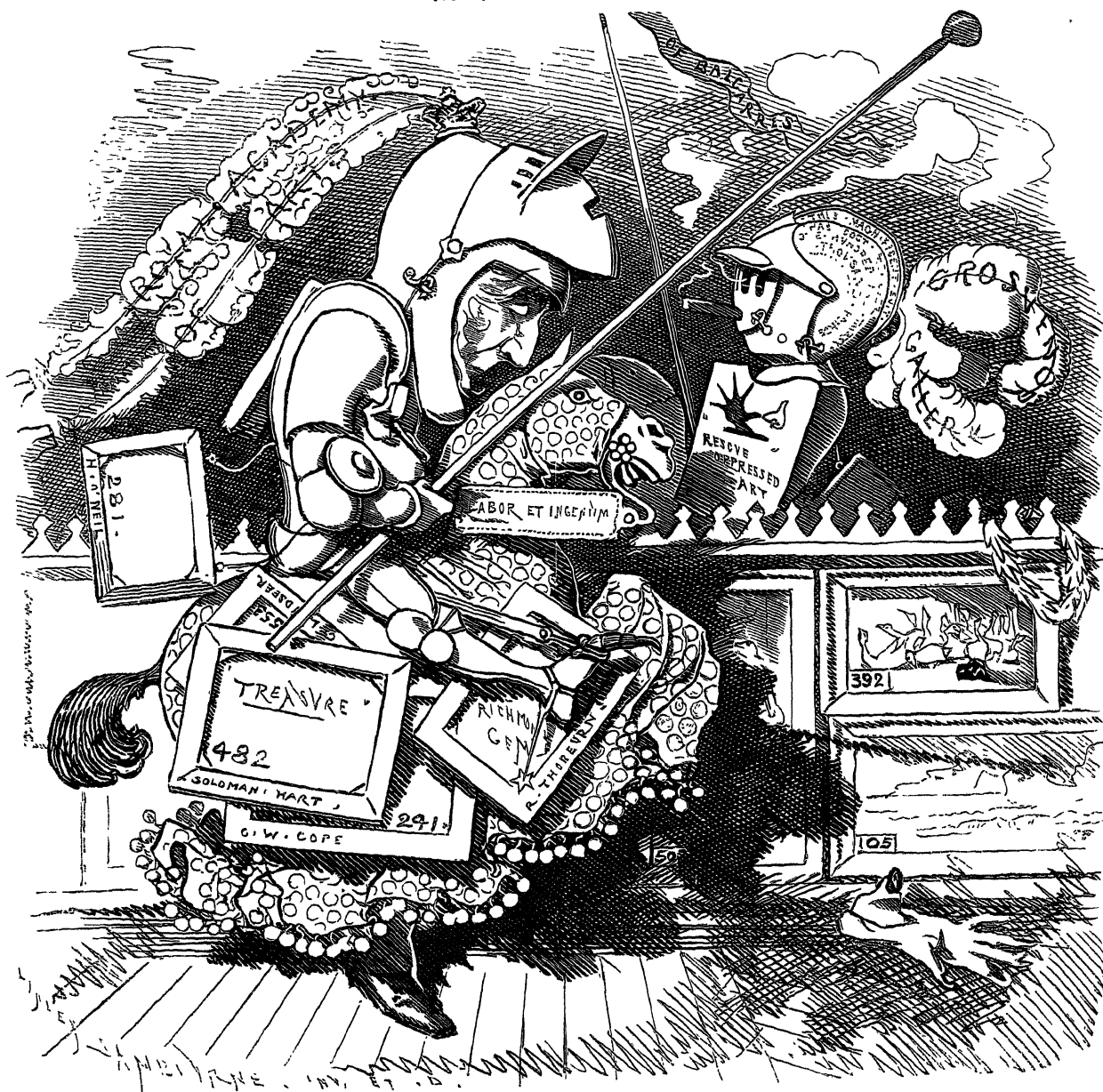
In a Sunbeam who sail round the world!

"AMIDST THE UNTHANKFUL THANKFUL ONLY HE."

MR. UNTHANK, for many years one of the Masters of the Queen's Bench, and well known and respected by many old comrades of the Northern Circuit has, we are sorry to see, been compelled, "by the failure of his health and strength," to resign his office.

It may well be called an unthankful office that resigns him; but let him be thankful that he has lived to resign it.

IN THE ART-LISTS.



SOUND a charge for the encounter! Sound for R.A. and G.G.!
 Sir FRANCIS to the *mêlée*! Sir COURTS to saddle-tree!
 To the lists, fair Queens of Beauty, to rain your influence down;
 Blow your trumpets, my Art-Critics, and dealers deal the crown!

Month of aught but merry meetings, that usurp the name of May,
 Month of lilacs and light bonnets, and of Art's great opening
 day:

Of public views called "private," where everybody goes
 To see and be seen by ev'rybody, that anybody knows.

Month that brings up country cousins, country roses, oh, so nice!
 Month of æsthetics, hot and cold, 'twixt the *entrées* and the ice;
 Month for discussing MILLAIS and LEIGHTON and BURNÉ JONES,
 And discoursing, o'er the *menu*, on treatments, tastes, and tones—

Month of Art that is not Nature, and of Nature beyond Art,
 When the nightingales are singing, and the swallows flash and dart,
 When the chestnut's milky blossoms rise from fans of freshest
 green,
 And the lilacs are in blossom, and e'en London leaves look clean!

"Contrived a Double Debt to Pay."

THEY have lately opened in St. Paul's a *triple Monument*, of the Duke of WELLINGTON, of A. STEVENS, its sculptor, and of British stupidity and Philistinism. And the third thing thereby commemorated is the biggest, though the other two are the greatest of English Generals, and one of the greatest of English Artists.

MARE CLAUDIUM.

It is said the Russians propose to re-christen the Sea of Marmora
 "The Fleet Prison."

Our Heroines.

A MANCHESTER paper advertises—

ON hand, Several Nice Young GIRLS, Nurses or Generals, English.

Talk of English pluck, when even nice young girls are ready, not
 only to nurse the sick and wounded, but even to lead the fighters!

PROF. HENRY SMITH'S PROSPECTS.

Of course he is the best man. *Et après?* The best man win at
 an Oxford University Election? Go along with you!



"DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS."

Young Housekeeper. "I'M AFRAID THOSE SOLES I BOUGHT OF YOU YESTERDAY WERE NOT FRESH. MY HUSBAND SAID THEY WERE NOT NICE AT ALL!"

Brighton Fisherman. "WELL, MAM, THAT BE YOUR FAULT—IT BEAN'T MINE. I'VE OFFERED 'EM YER EVERY DAY THIS WEEK, AND YOU MIGHT A 'AD 'EM O' MONDAY IF YOU'D A LOOKED!"

GETTING ON SWIMMINGLY.

MR. PUNCH has great pleasure in giving insertion to this letter from one of the most active propagators of a most useful movement—which enables people to do what so many nowadays find it hard to do—keep their heads above water:—

To the Editor of "Punch."

DEAR SIR,—Whilst already numerous cases of accidental drowning, as well as wholesale drownings, are reported in the daily papers, permit me to point out to parents who are about sending their children to school that it would be well if they would inquire if Swimming is included in the list of attainments, and, if not, whether it is possible to have it added in addition to other outdoor amusements. Wherever there is a bath close at hand, the attendants or Swimming Master would be glad to instruct batches of boys or girls at a very low charge; and where there are large numbers, possibly the bath proprietors would put them on the same footing as to charges liberally accorded to the Board Schools. No one who knows anything of swimming can help noticing how easily the small fry are taught to swim; and the effect produced upon a school by one or two expert swimmers—how they fire their comrades with a desire to excel in this really healthy exercise. Should parents fail to see into this matter, a great deal of the responsibility of accidental drowning will lie at their door. Let those who like to see their children acquire manly habits, accompany the youngsters to some open piece of water or bath, and watch them overcome difficulties, and at the same time sow the seeds of robust and healthy frames. It is a great pity that the movement set on foot by Messrs. HEEP, SRUTTON, HOLMES, and Sir CHARLES REED and CURRIE, by which the Board School children were permitted to bathe in Victoria Park lake every Saturday morning from 10 to 12 A.M. should languish for want of a very little pecuniary support. How well I remember the thousands of boys who attended under the care of their teachers; how the timid ones gradually lost all fear, and ventured into deep water; how their appreciation of the boon was shown by the speedy style in which they stripped, and the difficulty in getting them out of the water. But for this opportunity, it is not probable that more than one or two out of each hundred would ever have a chance of immersing their whole bodies, let alone attempting to swim. Reading of the loss of the *Childwall Hall*, I could not help being struck with the fact of Mrs. L'ESTRANGE swimming about for

"BORNE ON THE BOLTS OF JOVE."

"YESTERDAY'S thunder," we read in the letter of a Correspondent of the *Times* (under date of May 2), "brought us four pair of glossy swifts, strong on the wing." How kind of Jupiter to order out his thundering team for these fast little visitors!

The Correspondent goes on, "This morning they breakfasted on the Ephemere sailing in the sunshine on Muswell Hill."

Riding the thunder to-day, and breakfasting on Ephemere to-morrow! What an existence! From the sublime to the short-lived—if not the ridiculous.

At all events, it is a verification of HORACE—

"Diespiter
..... per purum tonantes
Egit equos volucrumque currum."

Jove's coach may, indeed, be called henceforth the "Swift Chariot."

By a Jingo.

(On reading the Report of Mr. GLADSTONE'S remarks upon English Cookery.)

GR-R-R! the old traitor! It's disgusting quite,
E'en at his country's cookery he lets loose!
No wonder he has lost all appetite,
Except for humble-pie served *à la Russe*!
Humbug! 'Tis but a burst of baffled spite,
Because we have cooked GORTSCHAKOFF his goose.

Punch's Price Current.

STEEL sharpening, and Iron—Northern and South-Eastern qualities—lively.

Gold asked after. Russians in the market.

Gunpowder quiet, but expected to go off.

Lead (last bulletin) likely to be wanted.

Fish and other Torpedoes quiet, but brisk business anticipated.

Iron armour-plates (British) looked after.

Steam Coals short, and would be taken in any quantity.

German Steel doubtful.

Russian Yarns not much in demand; but Russian Rope taken very freely in Roumelia.

COOKERY AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—Making the pot boil.

nearly two hours, and finally being enabled to save her husband's life as well as her own, whilst others of the male sex were drowned without being able to help themselves. Let me add here, that although a man may lose the ability to practise many athletic feats, he will never forget how to swim; and that in an emergency a knowledge of the art will produce the coolness and nerve that is so necessary to save life. At the outset of our swimming propaganda our expert swimmers were scarcely a sergeant's guard, whereas now they are a legion. The Lords and Commons' Race (for which we have to thank Sir J. D. ASTLEY, Bart., M.P.) has produced quite a *furor* for long-distance swimming; so much so, that I fear the epidemic will result in an Amateurs' Channel Swim.

To our "Country Cousins" let me cite the example of Nottingham. Whilst on a provincial tour we induced the spirited Manager of the Sneinton Baths to organise a band of honorary instructors to teach the Industrial and Workhouse children of that town, and it is on record that at a parochial Board Meeting it was thought necessary to put a skid on the wheel of this march of progress, in consequence of so many children being sent into "the House" in the hopes of their being taught to swim! To incite Professionals, let me say that this Manager is now getting *upwards* of £200 per annum by teaching Swimming.

What would aid us very much, is the erection of a number of private plunge-baths, like the "Holloway Baths," in busy neighbourhoods where there are long gardens which offer facilities for building at a small outlay, and scarcely any ground-rent.

In conclusion, let me say that we are having a bath built for us at this address, where we shall be able to recommence our gratuitous tuition as well as adding new appliances; but in the meantime we shall have pleasure in advising heads of Scholastic Institutions, or any one who is desirous of learning to swim or furthering this movement.

Apologising for this unusually long letter, and thanking you for the assistance rendered in giving publicity to our letters during the past ten years,

I beg to remain, dear Sir, yours most obediently,

The Hon. Sec. London Swimming Club.

"Central Baths" (corner of Wilderness Row), J. GARRATT ELLIOT.
April 29th, 1878.

THE FLOWER OF THE "JINGO" PARTY.—The Canterbury Bell(e).

A RETURN, NOT IN KIND.

("Ira, furor brevis.")



only—having attended for that purpose. Sir THOMAS WADE found it necessary, at the close of the proceedings, to disclaim the title, 'His Excellency,' given him in the motions. It was understood, that but for Mr. THOMSON's presence, the title 'Archbishop of GLASGOW' was to have been given to Dr. EYRE by the highest legal authority in the City.—From *Our Own Protestant Correspondent in Glasgow*.

THE POPE who sends to Scotland EYRE,
"EYRE et præterea nihil" sends;
Scotland that to the POPE sends ire,
With "ire, et nil præterea," ends.

OUR TWO REPRESENTATIVES AT PARIS.

(With a full, true, and particular account of the Opening of the Exhibition, May 1, 1878.)

[** AVIS AU PUBLIC.—In explanation of the subjoined letters, we beg to state that we believe we did say to one of our two Correspondents that, "In the event of his going to Paris for the Exhibition, we should be glad if he would give us" ("give" was emphatically the word) "the benefit of his picturesque pen;" and to the other, we have a sort of recollection of having observed, that, "Should he by any chance find himself" ("find himself" was our marked phrase) "in Paris for the opening of the Exhibition, and should he feel inclined just to drop us a line, in a friendly way, saying how things were going on, we should be really pleased to hear from him." In neither case was any commission given; but we publish both letters, and, if either has a grievance on the subject, we shall be happy to present each with an introduction to the other, when they will discover one another's estimable qualities, and live happily ever afterwards. They are both first-rate fellows, and incapable of a mean or paltry action, and, above all, they are the last people in the world to take advantage of the mere *obiter dicta* of an after-dinner chat. Should they both like to continue to favour us with their correspondence, we will try to give them a space in our paper, from time to time, and thus cement the present amicable relations existing between them individually and their true friend.

[THE EDITOR.]

Letter from Representative Number One. ** With translations to French phrases, where necessary.

PARIS, May 1 (evening), 1878.

DEAR SIR,

OF all the big *fascos* I've ever seen, the Opening of the Exposition of 1878 has been the biggest. Exposition, indeed! It ought to be exposed with a vengeance, and that vengeance mine.

"Exposition" forsooth! "The Paris Imposition" of 1878 should be its proper name.

To begin with, they wanted an Emperor to do the thing to-rights, or rather to rites; for the rites were as maimed as the wedding-breakfast on the marriage of Hamlet's father's brother's ghost,—or whoever he was; excuse me if I am wrong in my quotation; but I am

wrong altogether to-day,—riled, furious, and an Anti-Republican, instead of "Ain't-I-Republican?" as I was used to be. The weather was against it. It seemed as though Jupiter Deluvius (pardon my being classical, but I am far from Jove-ial) were saying to the Marshal, "Vive La Reine!" as a sort of hint about L'Impératrice (bless her! *et aussi* Le Prince Impérial!), and pointing out to Marshal Jeesweejereste the awful mess, or muddle, and puddle, into which this poor Imposition has already got itself.

Sir, early in the morning I was up and out, in my invisible-blue-tail coat, white trousers, white tie, white waistcoat, white gloves, frilled shirt, and water-brushed Gibus. On my left breast gleamed sixteen medals, presented to me by the various Sovereigns of Europe, with whom I have been on intimate terms; while from the right side of my coat hung (for convenience, and not for the mere sake of decoration) sixteen coloured orders, for sixteen reserved places, within the building, on the *Trocadero*. My Aunt was with me, *endimanchée*, also two other Ladies, making quite a little bevy, or a galaxy, whichever you like,—though I fancy they themselves preferred being called a Bevy,—and, of course, as true Parisians, fearless of weather, and certain of being under cover all day, we had discarded our *parapluies* (umbrellas).

Our carriage, *à la rosse*, was at the door, and into it we stepped. Well, Sir, away we went. The first thing was to be wedged in among a crowd of coaches, *voitures*, and all sorts of vehicles, and the next thing was the rain. Down it came. In torrents! No umbrellas, no shelter! Our open trap, in which we were caught, had a hood, it is true; but one of its springs was weak: and while the three Ladies, snuggled in a heap, on to the back seat, I was obliged to stand up, and hold the hood, so as to prevent it collapsing. This was pleasant for "The Bevy."

"Spring! Spring! beautiful Spring!" How I anathematised the spring of that *voiture* (cab), and threatened the driver with an action! He didn't care. Then we reached a point where the police said we must walk. Such a point!! All soft clay, and squelching mud! The "Bevy" cried, and my Aunt (from whom I have great expectations) was very angry with me.

"You told us," she said, addressing me, "that you were such friends with the Marshal, that all the doors would be open to you at once, that the best places would be at your disposal, and that you would take us in before all the other people."

"Take us in, indeed!" exclaimed one of the Bevy, sobbing, "he has taken us in, and ought to be ashamed of himself!"

I implored them to moderate their tones. I showed a *sergent-de-ville* (common-sergeant) my sixteen tickets for sixteen places within the building, and he only smiled, and observed, "*Tiens! ce sont très jolis!*"—(These are very jolly.)—"Sans doute, vous allez gagner un grand prix!" (Without doubt you go to gain a grand prize.) He thought I was an exhibitor showing him a sample. Taking advantage of his mistake, I asked him to pass us in. This he steadily refused. I offered him five francs. He melted, and directed us to go through the mud and slosh, about half a mile round to the left, where there was a private door. "*Frappez vite et frappez fort!*" (strike quick, and strike four), he added, and we acted on his advice. Through a *grille* (sort of gridiron fitted into a door) an old man spoke to us.

"You can't come in by this."

I gave him five francs. "Now!" I exclaimed.

"Thank you, Sir," he said. "But I'm only a stranger here myself, and I took charge of this door (which is the way into the Reservoir works) in the absence of the doorkeeper, and he has locked me in, and taken the key, but I'm much obliged to you, Sir, all the same."

What was to be done? The rain descended. "But," said my Aunt, "you told me that all the officials knew you!"

"Yes. But I can't find any officials," I explained.

We walked on and on, in the rain, in the slush, and through the mire. To go to the Grand Entrance was impossible. The crowd was there. The side-doors were the only chance. To *sergent* after *sergent* I displayed my orders. Nobody knew me. I said, "*Je suis, moi qui parle, le Représentant de M. Punch!*" No, it wouldn't do. It was shamefully managed. Call this the Opening of the Exhibition when every door was shut!! Pqoh!

"Where's the Marshal?" I asked in a voice of Thunder, but they only grinned. I asked for everybody, anybody in authority, but the idiots only grinned and replied, "*On ne passe pas ici!—allez promener!*" (No admission. Walker!) And this is their boasted administration! Bah! Do I join in the cry of *Vive La République*? No, I sing, to the tune of the "*Hiéland Laddie*,"

"Oh where and oh where is my Prince Imperial gone?

He's gone away from France, and he's not upon the throne!

And it's oh in my heart that I wish he had his own."

Oh, for the days of LUMPYRAW when—but you remember me, Sir, at the Last Expositions? And now—the light of other days is faded!

My aunt and the Bevy were furious. Presently cannon fired, cheers went up from somewhere, and we "weren't in it."

But we were near a paling that bordered an uncovered space, leading into the *Salle des Fêtes*, along which the procession, such as it was, passed.

Being pretty well up in the uniforms, I was able to point out, to my aunt and the Bevy, the top of the Marshal's cocked hat (it was all that could possibly be seen), as it moved along, followed by the tip of an ostrich feather—whereat myself, my aunt, and the Bevy shouted out "*Vive Le Prince des Galles!*" (Live the Prince of the Galls!) and we hope it was,—the spike of a helmet, the something red (I forget its name), that hangs out of a Hussar's head-dress, also something that looked Chinese, and then a lot of tips and tops of cocked hats. Then came a crowd which we heard but couldn't see, and then, wet, tired, fatigued, we walked back to our hotel, where the prices have gone up fearfully. Eighty-seven francs for an *entresol* (attic, so called from being between the sun and the top floor) at the top of the house.* Twenty francs a head for *table d'hôte* (Table of Landlord), without wine.

I mention these prices to you, Sir, as in duty bound.†

And now, Sir, I conclude for to-day. All France shall ring with the insult offered by ignorant useless officials to

YOUR SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—By the way, Sir, through a hole in that paling I fancy I saw a gentleman in a uniform walking with some distinguished foreigners, whose face I recognised as that of Somebody who used to pass himself off as Your Representative. If this is so, shall I expose him?

Letter from Correspondent Number Two.

Hôtel des Grands Crévés, May 1, 1878.

DEAR SIR,

HARDLY two minutes just to dash off a line. Opening of Exhibition: Big Success! First-rate! I was there. On the platform with the Marshal and the Marchioness. How did I get there? Tell you in two twos. I had no ticket. Hadn't time to interview the Marshal, though as an old friend he'd have been charmed, &c. Well, in next room to me in my hotel is the Grand Duke FRIEDRICH-SHALE VON SEIDLITZ. Good old chap, rather an invalid. No end of a swell. Lazy fellow he is, however, and gets up, as he goes to bed, late.

The Grand Duke's tailor made a mistake in the rooms (we have to crowd anyhow here), and placed his Serene Transparency's uniform on my chair. Could the temptation be resisted? No! The Duke was very uncertain of going, as his health is queer. I settled it. The uniform fitted me to a T. Down-stairs I went, in a cloak. At the door stood the carriage and servants,—all hired for the day and strangers, who knew not JOSEPH—I mean the real JOSEPH in bed,—but who bowed to the imitation (myself), and amid the cheers of the populace, I drove off.

There was no difficulty in getting to the Exposition, or into the Marshal's box. The police are so civil and intelligent, and everything is done in France in such perfect order. When I met the Marshal he exclaimed, "*Hallo! mon vieux!*" but I tipped him the *clin d'œil*, and "mum," was the word, though it wasn't Mum but Pommery was the word when we had cakes and champagne at the buffet. Everything was brilliant! All *couleur de rose*. Everybody glad to see me, when I appeared as Chief Exhibitor, exhibiting myself to the admiring crowd. *Vive La France! Vive Le Maréchal! Vive Le Prince, &c., &c.*

Yours in haste, and more to follow,

YOUR OWN PRIVATE AND SPECIALLY APPOINTED REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—Prices up everywhere. Enormous: and an extra cheque will be required to square his Serene Transparency, who stayed in bed all day, swearing, and throwing things at his confidential Valet, who did not dare leave the Duke's room. I think the Grand Duke will take 45 fr. 50 c. for the use of his clothes for one day only. I believe he would sell them for another five francs down, as he hasn't paid the tailor. Send cheque.‡

* *Entresols* are not at the top of a house. His derivation is clearly wrong. There must be some mistake. But our esteemed Correspondent is evidently very much upset.—ED.

† Why "as in duty bound?" We didn't commission our friend to go. We regret his expenses, but we do not defray them.—EP.

‡ With these details of prices we have nothing to do, though we give them publicity as interesting to the public.—ED.

A Query.

"TON-LEBEN."—Death-Life! Startling name! Was't to wake death to life they came? Or was it, with their Northern breath, To freeze the flood of life to death? Until the answer history gives, In "Death-Life" 's name the question lives.

A LORD MAYOR ON DESERTION.



ALDERMAN LAURIE once gained a reputation by his announcement that he meant to "put down suicide." The LORD MAYOR seems determined to make a reputation by a different treatment of the same subject—in connection with desertion by husbands and destitution of young wives. He considers that girls who contract early marriages are only rightly served if their husbands desert them, thereby driving them first to destitution and then to suicide.

A girl was lately brought before his Lordship "charged with attempting to commit suicide on London Bridge."

"It appeared from the evidence of a City Constable that at a late hour at night his attention was called to the prisoner by a gentleman. She was about to jump into the river, when he caught hold of her. She told him that she had no home, and that distress of mind had made her resolve to destroy herself.—The LORD MAYOR asked the prisoner if she was a married woman, and she replied that she was.—The LORD MAYOR: How old are you?—Prisoner: Twenty-one.—The LORD MAYOR: And how long have you been married?—Prisoner: Five years. I was married to a soldier when I was sixteen, and my husband has deserted me and left me destitute.—LORD MAYOR: And served you right for getting married so young."

Considering that girls are legally marriageable at sixteen, this seems rather hard lines. The LORD MAYOR's authority might be pleaded by military husbands with a turn for desertion—a large class nowadays. At the same time we are glad to see that the LORD MAYOR did not remit the young woman to the tender mercies of the Thames, but allowed her to be taken away by her mother, a respectable looking woman, who did not seem to be inclined to pass on her daughter the LORD MAYOR's verdict of "Sarve her right!"

AN EXCELLENT AUTHORITY.

A "WELL informed" Russian paper having the other day acquainted its readers with the fact that the British Highland regiments were composed of half-clad savages, whose wild language their own officers could not understand, and whose native ferocity admitted only of their being employed in the very last extremity of national necessity, as "the *Bashi-Bazouks* of the Empire," it may, perhaps, be agreeable to those to whom, just now, such sort of statements afford pleasing and instructive reading, to meet with a little more authentic information of the same kind.

For the benefit, therefore, of those at St. Petersburg, who are not yet "well informed," and as the set-off to equally authentic information about Russia and her notables, now in general circulation amongst us, it cannot be too speedily known—

That the London Police wear cocked hats, are armed with rapiers, and are recruited from the younger sons of noble families.

That Colonel HENDERSON is a terrible thin old man, with an iron grey eye, who has sent many a beautiful Duchess to Botany Bay.

That the Prince of TECK is the hereditary Colonel of the Tooting Regiment of Guards, and has been known, when irritated at the absence of a button on parade, to kick and cuff his Major.

That the Earl of BEACONSFIELD said at a recent whiskey party at the Mansion House, "I've got the QUEEN with me; and I've got the Country: Give me my own way for fifteen years, and I'll bring the Cromwell Road as far as Baden-Baden."

That Mr. GLADSTONE in private life habitually wears the uniform of an Honorary Half-pay Admiral of the "Moscow Maritime League," and may be seen, any hour after seven in the evening, on his balcony in Harley Street, eating *caviare* from a soup-plate and nodding familiarly to his supporters.

That the whole of English Society, from the highest functionary of State downwards, is honeycombed with the principles of a deadly subversive revolution; and that it is this terrible condition of things which obliged Lord SALISBURY to direct public attention suddenly to the Treaty of San Stefano.

That in the event of a foreign war, the Isle of Wight will demand Federation with the South American Republics.

That the knout is still used by Sir J. T. INGHAM, as Chief Metropolitan Magistrate.

That *Mr. Punch* is a most pronounced *Jingo*.

Perhaps, the imperfectly-informed will be satisfied with the above for the present.

PAYING IN KIND.—What his country has given KEBLE, *The Christian Ear*,



A RISING GENIUS.

Young Lady (in course of conversation). "YOU'VE READ PENDENNIS, OF COURSE?"
Fashionable Scribbler (who is, however, quite unknown to fame). "A—PENDENNIS! AH!—LET ME SEE! THAT'S THACKERAY'S, ISN'T IT? NO, I'VE NOT. THE FACT IS, I NEVER READ BOOKS—I WRITE THEM!"

THE TWO VOICES.

Two voices in BRITANNIA'S ear
 Sound, while the world, on watch for fear,
 Seans darkling sky and distance drear.

Two voices, one of winning guile,
 Hiding the stab beneath the smile,
 The steadfast will 'neath silken wile;

The other clear, of trumpet-tongue,
 Which ever Peace's strains hath sung
 In notes like war-cries, shrilly rung.

Both speak of Peace, but one, beneath
 The cincture of the olive-wreath,
 Covers a sword, as in a sheath.

The other lauds, in Stentor tone,
 The still small voice; no sword hath shown,
 But, brandless, bears the branch alone.

BRITANNIA stands, her hand half laid
 On his that proffers, for her aid,
 Harmodius-like, his hidden blade.

Doubts of the counsel and the cause,
 In spite of prompting and applause,
 Steal to her heart, and give her pause.

Turning to him who cries, "Beware!"
 She marks the warning, heeds the prayer,
 And fain would trust them, did she dare.

Or Peace or War? Reply depends
 On instant duty, far-seen ends,
 Not clashing cries of foes or friends.

She little loves the swelling pose,
 The vaunt of arms, the threat of blows,
 The wanton challenging of foes;

Nor wholly trusts, though nobler far,
 The voice whose accents something jar,
 With warlike passion banning war.

Two voices! *Punch* would lift a third.
 While yet BRITANNIA'S soul is stirred
 With doubt, plain Wisdom may be heard.

Keep right in view, and follow straight
 Straight roads; although fools scoff or rate;
 Unselfish Justice all can wait.

Bear and forbear, though roysterers rave;
 Calm courtesy becomes the brave—
 'Tis LANCELOT best can wield the glaive.

Not to abjure wise wariness,
 Nor robbers' red revenge to bless,
 Nor aid Autocracy's success,

Is Britain's duty; but to hold
 The scales of Justice, calm and bold,
 Against the weight of sword or gold.

Still firm and fast for right to stand,
 With heart as fixed on peace as hand
 Prompt at true need to grip the brand.

So stands she safe, come peace, come war;
 Though rival voices clash and jar,
 Her gaze fast fixed on Honour's star.

Misunderstood.

OUR Correspondent, "VERITAS," has strangely misread our recent article, "Army Surgeons and Snobs." If he will read it again, he will see that it is ironical from beginning to end. The letter is supposed to be written by an old fool "of the old school."

SUCH IS THE LAW!

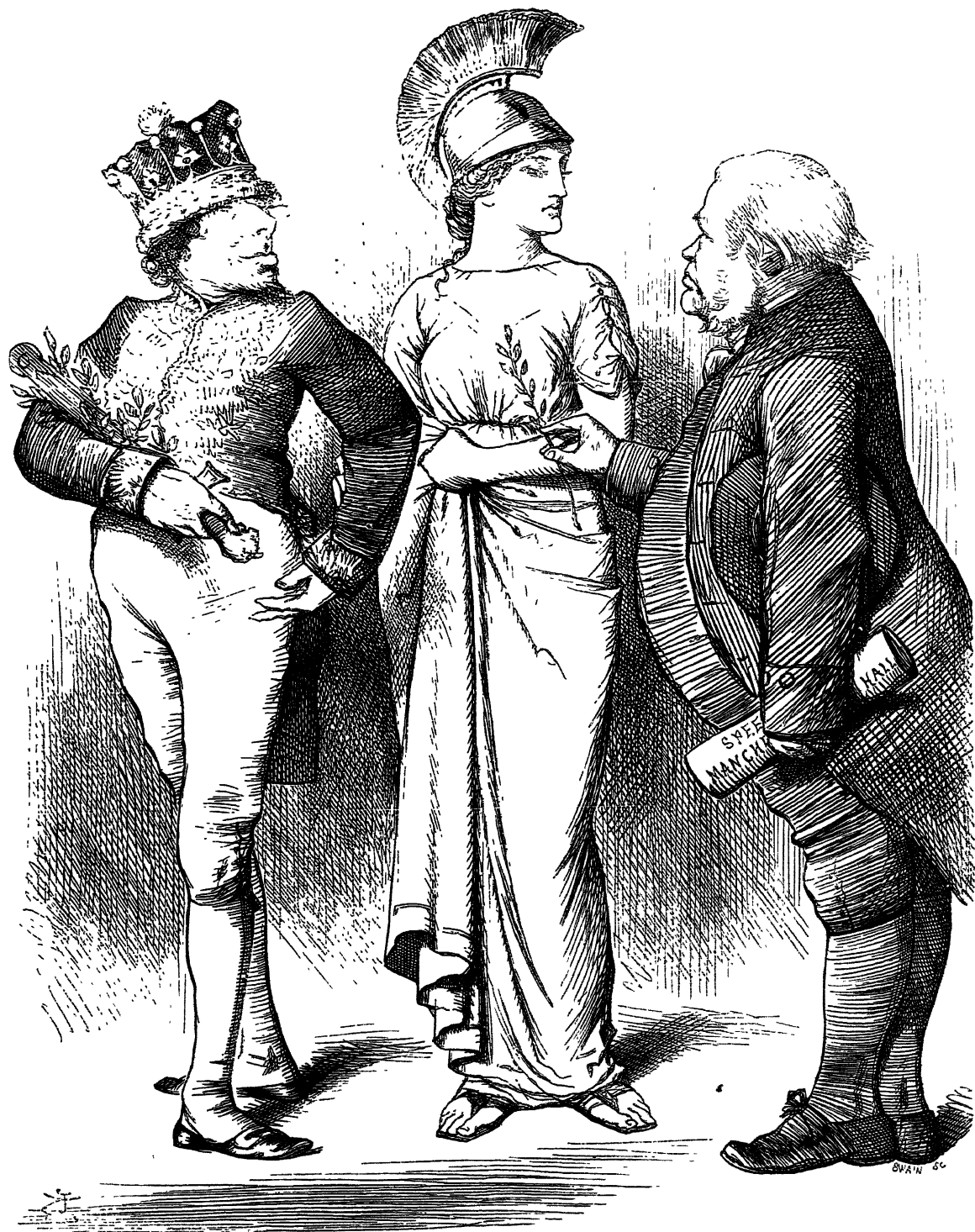
BRING an action, and you'll repent it bitterly. Defend one, and you'll repent it still more bitterly.

An Irish Recommendation.

AN Irish Jeweller, in advertising Waltham watches, in the *Cork Daily Herald*, describes this species of Watch as a more durable and reliable Timekeeper than the English Lever, at three times its cost!!

ONLY A LETTER BETWEEN 'EM.

THE name of the new Russian Ambassador at the Porte is LOBAN-OFF, not ROB AN' OFF, as maliciously telegraphed by the British Ambassador.



TWO PERSUASIONS.

STRAPMORE!

A ROMANCE

BY

W E E D E R.

Author of *Folly and Farini*, *Under Two Rags*, *Arryvaln'ty*, *Chuck*, *Two Little Wooden Jews*, *Nicotine*, *A Horse with Glanders*, *In Somers Town*, *Shamdrass*, &c., &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.—"Casta Diva!"



She did not reason. Wherever she saw this she went in, showing the keeper at the door that she was one of the Free List, and here she was immediately suspended.

This state of suspense could not last. Her heart was weary, and she thought of PINTO PEEZE, and how he had left her, and she wept with a passionate tenderness.

The great theatres attracted her. She entered and looked at them. She went to pieces, one after the other. Then she gathered herself slowly up, and, taking a little ripe autumnal fruit from a boy's basket, she ate it, thankfully.

She did not know the boy, nor he her. So he gave her into custody. Then an old gentleman, on a bench, heard her story: but she could not prevail. Their hearts were hard, and they did not comprehend this poor, lonely, destitute ITTI DUFFA.

Then she told the old man on the bench of the Fauns in the water, and the Nymphs, and how the sweet Flowers were her Godmothers.

These last words of hers impressed him, and he questioned her further. Then she told him of the old Gods who were not dead, of Jingo, of Jimini, of the mighty Mars, and of the old Parrs she had never known, but only heard of.

Then the Magistrate pitied her.

She complained of a cold in her head. The kind Magistrate explained to her, that this was in consequence of there being a tile off somewhere, so that the draught got in.

"We are all tiled here," he added, and kept her secret.

Then they put her in the right way for Colney Thatch.

They told her, smilingly, "Thatch your way!"

She had been off her head, she was now on her feet.

Her old strength, her old patience, and her old playful stubbornness had returned.

She heard somebody whisper that she was "an odd fish."

This set her thinking, and she laughed a little low laugh in her throat, and went her way to the Westminster Aquarium.

She stood before the man at the wicket, waiting to enter.

She uttered these simple words—

"I am a poor little sole."

For a moment he was silent; then this man bent on her the magnetic power of his bright, sardonic, meaning eyes. He was patient, humorous, gentle, cruel, tall, short, thin, stout, foolish, wise,—all in one. Then this man, with the elf's eyes, raised his fore-finger wisely as he replied—

"This sounds rather fishy."

Then he looked down at her two little wooden shoes, and shook his head.

She had a vague wish to enter. PINTO PEEZE, her SWEETIE, might be there.

She crept up to the wicket-keeper, but he only told her to stir her stumps, and that he would put her out, or that if she didn't run out, she should be run in.

She lifted her dark, hopeless eyes to him, as she whispered—

"I am FOLLE-FARINE."

The man, with the elf's eyes, understood French, and was angry with her.

"FOLLE-FARINE!" he exclaimed, "that means 'chaff.' None of your *folle-farine* here. Get out!"

A man passed out, as she crouched and shrunk away. Had she known that this was the Marquis ZAZELIO DI FARINI, her journey would have been at an end. He would have told her how PINTO PEEZE lay by the Arch of Marble near to the gay Park of Hyde.

She was sick and cold, and white with terror.

Had the Gods and the Fauns remembered her at last? had the presence of FARINI silently whispered to her the words—

"The Truth is hidden in the Park of Hyde."

Her heart stood still, and her fair hair streamed in the wind, as she pursued her way with the pulseless, bloodless quiet of the phantom of an Idea.

To the Park!

She could scarcely walk, yet she did not envy the people who passed her by, in carriages. She paused before a carpenter's shop and saw a nail being driven home.

"Even a nail can be driven home!" she murmured—she who had no home, and no carriage to be driven in.

At length, in the breathless silence of an unspeakable awe, she stood on the boundaries of the Park of Hyde.

The secret voice seemed to whisper to her—

"Hyde and seek! ITTI DUFFA! Hyde and seek!"

ITTI DUFFA entered the Park, timidly.

There were strings of carriages, and lines of people,—gay, brilliant, laughing, jesting, flirting, as though there were no such being as a ITTI DUFFA in this sorrowful world.

Her head whirled, her eyes failed, her ears were dizzy, with the Babel of ceaseless sounds.

Then arose a shout.

"Ho there! You! Hi! Out of the way, will you!"

In another instant, as by a passing lightning flash, ITTI DUFFA was nearly knocked over by a dashing Cartoon drawn by four splendid animal-painters, and richly caparisoned. Above, sat the young Lord MAZAGON (formerly ALF PINTO PEEZE), a figure most striking on his own box, and next to him sat Lady MAZAGON (the Loo-Loo), bowing right and left, and distributing tracts in all directions, while at the same time she kept up an animated theological discussion with a Bench of Bishops, who were seated in a row, *dos à dos sur la planche aux couteaux*, on the top of the magnificent vehicle.

The distinguished ecclesiastical party were being driven into a corner by her Ladyship, and were looking forward to a game of Lawn Tennis at Lambeth.

ITTI DUFFA saw, at a glance, the likeness between ALF PINTO and his brother. The team came straight at her; and as the strong resemblance struck her, she was utterly upset.

Then, as she rose from the ground, she picked up a tract that had been thrown to her by Lady MAZAGON, as she passed on with all the Bench of Bishops in full argument.

The paper was headed, *A Warning to all Itti Duffas and Regula Bodduns; or, The Fate of Unhappy Pinto Peeze, commonly known as "Sweetie" of the First White Guards, who was cut off in his prime.*

Then ITTI DUFFA knew the worst.



DILUTION.

Old Lady (to the new Rector of Turnipford, Suffolk, whose preaching has been much admired further South). "I WAS AGOIN' T' ARST YEAOU, SIR, IF I COU'N'T HEV A PEAOUW A LITTLE CLOOSER T' THE PULP'T, FOR THE'S MRS. SMITH AN' MRS. BREAOWN, THEY SETS RIGHT SMACK AFRONT O' MAE, AN' BY THE TOIME YAR SARMON COME A TREACLIN' THREW THEM, AN' RAICH MAE, THAT FARE SUCH WON'ERFUL PORE STUFF, THAT THAT RALY DEW!!"

After that came a sad, far-away, changeless look in her eyes, and she wandered in her mind till she was tired. Then she sat down.

She thought of the scented flowers, and she called STRAPMORE, who had robbed her of her PEEZE, "Carnation cruel!"

The click-clack of her wooden shoes made the people look down as she passed. They wished to imitate the noise: they would have taken them off. But she only sighed, and said, "No; I shall take myself off now."

Some people said, kindly, "How d'ye do?" But she only answered, "What's that to you? I do as I like."

So she went onward, bewildered, but happy.

The night air came whistling in her ear. That night air she knew so well by heart, that she could have sung it at any time.

The air went on. Then she thought if she could only have an accompaniment of some sort, it might be better—she was so lonely. So she stopped, and played the fool.

At last she stood before the water, green and dark, by the Lilly Bridge, with lilies laughing at her, which annoyed her much.

"Everything is hard," she said; "even the water."

And she thought of the good old Gods Jingo and Jimini, who were not yet dead, and of the Fauns, and the Nymphs; and she saw the sky, and the stars, and the flowers, and the Man in the Moon, in the water. And she thought she would like to go to this Man in the Moon, who had always smiled on her, and who sent shadows to play and dance with her.

Then the night-chimes from the old steeple rang out, and they seemed to be saying to her, "*De-Lu-na-ti-co in-qui-ren-do-de-Lu-na-ti-co*," and all over again.

"I know what that means!" she murmured to herself, joyfully.

"It means, 'Inquire within of the Man in the Moon.'"

Then she smiled down on him, and he, from the silent water, smiled up to her.

Then she bent down to kiss him, lower, lower, lower—

The next morning the moon had disappeared, and ITTI DUFFA too. And on the tops of two reeds, in the centre of the water, that bent

under the weight, were two little wooden shoes, and on the soles was written—"*This side up. With care.*"

"With care"! It told the whole tale.

JOSÉ and PANTALÉONE and the old man at the finger-stall, attended her funeral; and, on her tombstone, by the pond's side, among the bending reeds and the sweet flowers she had loved so well, was inscribed,

GOODY TWO-SHOES,

ITTI DUFFA,

The ill-starred Maid who lost her one life in this Pool.

The Fair was open next day, out of respect to the hapless girl, and around the chief booth, where a stupendous Fat Man from England was being exhibited, the peasants congregated.

Their entire conversation was about ITTI DUFFA, who had married PINTO PEEZE, the unhappy nobleman who had been killed by a wicked English Lord.

Then the stupendous Fat Man wept bitterly.

The peasants said he had a gentle heart. They did not know it was conscience that was gnawing on the vitals of that Fat Man's existence. He longed to declare himself. He longed to say, "I am STRAPMORE! Who killed PINTO PEEZE? I, said STRAPMORE!" and so he went on. But grief only fattened him, and he became more and more valuable to the Proprietors.

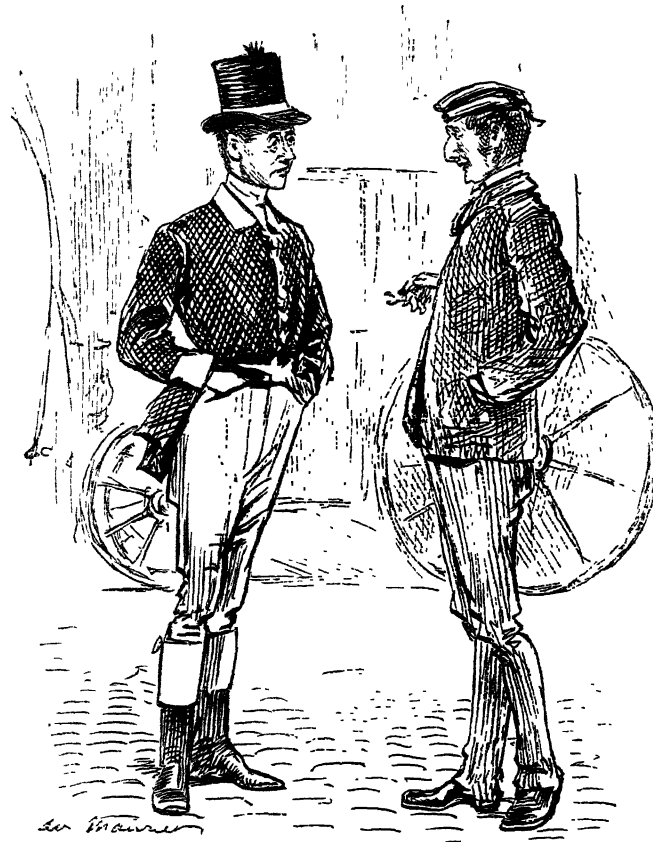
"When I look round—and no one can look rounder than I do—what do I see? Misery everywhere."

Then he looked at the window.

"Ah," he sighed, "if I could but escape!"

It overlooked the river. His still active brain devised a plan. At the expense of the delighted caravan Proprietors he ordered an enormous supper. He supped alone, at the dead of night, before the open window, and nerving himself for a supreme effort, he gradually blew himself out.

The next morning, rewards were offered everywhere, unsuccessfully. STRAPMORE had disappeared.



PHILOLOGICAL.

First English Groom (new to Paris). "AND THE FRENCH GENT AS HE DRIVES ROUND THE CORNER, HE PULLS UP QUICK, AND CALLS OUT 'WOA!'"

Second Ditto (who has been in Paris some time). "HE COULDN'T HAVE SAID 'WOA!' AS THERE AIN'T NO 'W' IN FRENCH."

First Ditto. "NO 'W' IN FRENCH! THEN 'OW D'YER SPELL 'WEE'?"

The blow-out was so powerful, that its effect was to carry him on for nearly three days several miles seaward.

He floated, with the stream, down the river, to the sea. The people saw him and thought it was a buoy; they had no idea it was a man, least of all STRAPMORE.

He found himself alone, on an island of sand and shell, with one vast hamper of champagne. Then he drank deep. The skies reeled round him, in whirling circles of light: shooting-stars took steady aim at him, but missed him; waves of hoarse sound deadened his ears, and he sank down, among the sea-weed, murmuring to himself the last cry of the sorrowing old Pagan,

"Ozone! Ozone!"

Then his limbs were shaken by a voiceless agony, and the irrevocable Past came over his spirit, confusing the awful Present and the unknowable Future, and in his great anguish he clutched at the leaping waves around, and tried to cover himself with them, under the impression they were his bed-clothes, while he murmured to himself,

"Pommery—très sec—very wet night—ozone—REGULA-BADDUN." And so, broken, blinded, voiceless, senseless, he sank on the grey yielding sands, alone, in the silence of the night.

A Sister of one of the Religious Orders, that are not admitted after seven, was walking along the strand by the sea-shore.

The African sun was hot at noon.

She stopped before a heap of clean, worn-out, wet clothes.

"They have been washed ashore," she said to herself, sadly.

Then she looked for the initials, to see to whom they belonged.

She uttered a great cry.

"B. DE S." BURLYN DE STRAPMORE.

And this was all; all that remained of her STRAPMORE. Only these wretched old habits, that he had thrown away and done with for ever!

An old man, with a venerable beard, and wearing many hats to protect him from the rays of the African sun, examined the suit, wept over them, shook his head, blessed her, and passed on his way.

She gathered them up, dug a hole with a little wooden spade, buried them in the sand, stuck a bit of slate up, on which she wrote,—

STRAPMORE,

NO MORE.

Then she reverently took off her bonnet. After that she never recovered.

L'ENVOI.

Lord and Lady MAZAGON are rich, prosperous, and happy. They have never less than eight Bishops to dine with them, and Archdeacons come in to tea. Sometimes Lord MAZAGON observes to his wife as they drive past the Arch of Marble, "Poor PINTO! what a fool he was!" and Miladi, who never differs from him, admits the justice of the observation. The Do-Do set up a large millinery establishment, and rapidly acquired a fortune under Lady MAZAGON's patronage. The business has recently been extended to perfumery and "articles de looks." TIPPI WITCHETTA, the Gipsy, occasionally visits England, when she is accompanied by JOE and PANTALÉONE.

Lord NUFFINMORE, on his wife's disappearance, took to asking himself riddles, and shutting himself up with repartees. Ultimately he was shelved by the Government, and in this condition he was found some years afterwards. He was subsequently buried and forgotten.

The Fauns and the Nymphs play in the reeds. Years go by, and the old Gods Jingo and Jimini, are not yet dead. The Satyrs are sought by artists as sitters: they blow on their pipes, and the mad world dances: and as I, sitting by the fountain, write these last words, and am thinking what has become of the Lady REGULA, and why dinner which was ordered for seven o'clock should not yet have been announced when it is fully a quarter to eight, the booming sound of the distant gong, and the appearance of the dark-robed and white-tied Butler in the costume of a Minister of the Evening Dinner Service, bid me put down my *stylus*, bid me wish farewell to my ITTI DUFFA, and my PINTO FREEZE, my MAZAGONS, my REGULA, and my STRAPMORE, and tell me that the moral in finishing a Romance, is the moral of the Dinner hour,

"BETTER LATE THAN NEVER."

SANDIE'S LAST.

THE Treaty of San Stefano appears to have aroused the energetic opposition of a class of Turks who might have been expected to offer but an inert resistance. According to the Constantinople Correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* :—

"The Lazie population at Batoum protest against annexation by Russia, and a deputation is said to be on its way to Constantinople to offer to raise, if necessary, an amount of money equal to their share of the indemnity represented by the cession of Batoum. Twenty thousand Lazies are said to be mustered near Batoum, ready to dispute the entry of the Russians."

The spirit animating the Mussulmans against the Muscovite encroachment must be very strong, since it has aroused even the Lazie population, and urged so many of the very Lazies to muster for active service.

Between the Lot.

(By a Perplexed would-be Patriot, after reading the conflicting extra-Parliamentary utterances during the Easter Recess.)

RECRIMINATION is vexation,
Self-praise is just as bad;
CROSS and JOHN B. quite puzzle me,
And Jingo drives me mad!

The Warning of the Sibyl.

ANAGRAM—(A RAG MAN—A Scarecrow.)

BISMARCK.	IGNATIEF.	ANDRASSY.
SALISBURY.	BEACONSFIELD.	GORTCHAKOFF.

Spells—

Say Back! Match ignites! Fire kills!—
Die!—bury afar off!—sobs and groans!

"THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE" (according to Mr. BRIGHT).—One-and-sixpence a day.

LATEST FROM PARIS.

Letter from PETER GOODBOY, Esq., Paris, to Mrs. GOODBOY, South Kensington.

The Exposition, Paris, May 4, 1878.

MY OWN DEAREST LITTLE WOMAN,



I AM sure, were you here, you would agree with me that I was quite right when I decided that I would come alone to this miserable place, just to look round, and see if I thought you would like it. At the time, you may remember, you imagined I was selfish—in fact, you said as much. Ah! if you could only look into my heart! However, I will speak no more of the past, but confine myself to the present—which, I need not say, is very dreary without you.

I promised to report upon Paris. I do. Paris, in a word, is unbearable. The place is crowded with foreigners, and all "the best people" (I know

how you respect the aristocracy) are absent. It is not considered the thing to stay in the place during the Exhibition. Surely this is an excellent reason (were there no other) for your staying away. I am sure Mrs. PLANTAGENET BROWN would not think of coming, and I should not like my dear wife to be less particular than Mrs. PLANTAGENET BROWN.

The prices are enormous. I date this letter from the Exhibition itself, as I have not yet decided upon a hotel. I am staying for the moment at a very uncomfortable *hotel garni*, near the Grand Opéra, but spend a great deal of my time in hunting for something cheaper. You had better address your letters for the present, therefore, *Poste Restante*. Living, too, is very dear. They have raised the prices at all the Maisons Duval five sous! Think of that! In consequence, I am forced to look for a dinner elsewhere.

As there are none but foreigners in Paris, there are absolutely no fashions. I have tried to find the addresses of the dressmaker and bonnetmaker you gave me, but have not yet succeeded in discovering them. Perhaps they may have gone away in consequence of the Exhibition. As, if I remember aright, you said one of them lived in the Rue de la Paix, I have no doubt that this is the case. I have not yet been to the Bon Marché, but a friend tells me that they are only selling English goods of two seasons ago at that noted *magazin*. You wanted me to pick up some frocks for the children there—perhaps I might get you a bonnet instead, if you thought it worth while? Shall I go beyond twelve francs fifty?

There is nothing worth seeing at the theatres, and the Bois is quite deserted. In fact, the place is intolerably *triste*. You should pity me—particularly in my enforced condition of bachelor loneliness and discomfort.

I rather fancy that I said I should be back by Monday; but, as I want to study some curious agricultural inventions in the Exhibition, I think I shall stay another week just to look at them. It will be a very great sacrifice. It would be so different if you were with me, or, even if the place were only a little more amusing. As it is, I cannot help congratulating myself, as a kind and loving husband, that I am alone, to bear the infliction. Kiss the children for me, and believe me,

Your own darling old hubbie, PETER.

Telegram from PETER GOODBOY, Paris, to CHARLES SINGLETON, Megatherium Club, London.

En garçon for another week. Come over. Splendid fun. Have taken a couple of *fauteuils* at all the best theatres for the next six days. Dine regularly at VEROUR's. Have taken room for you next mine at the Grand. Expect you to-morrow.

Haché Menu.

WE understand that the Grand European Dinner, under the distinguished patronage of Prince BISMARCK, for which the invitations, it is still hoped, will shortly be issued, will be so strictly "*à la Russe*" that not only will nothing be placed on the table (the usual ornaments in flowers and sugar excepted), but all the carving will be a "*fait accompli*"—the Turkey, the most awkward "*pièces de résistance*," having been first boned, and then treated as a "*consommé*."

MISSING FROM THE CHAMP DE MARS.

THE following "exhibits" have unaccountably been omitted from the official catalogue to the Paris Exposition:—

Russian Department.

Duplicates of the orders conferred by the CZAR upon Prince CHARLES of Roumania.

Copy of the Menu of the entertainment offered by the Grand Duke NICHOLAS to the SULTAN.

The visiting card of Mr. LAYARD left upon H. I. H. the Russian Commander-in-Chief during his visit to Constantinople.

A fac-simile of the apocryphal will of PETER THE GREAT, with marginal notes by his present Majesty the Emperor ALEXANDER.

And a revised draft of the Treaty of San Stefano.

Austrian Department.

Secret Correspondence of Count ANDRASSY with the British Government.

Curious balance of forces, Magyar, Slav and German—a dynamic puzzle.

Unpublished communications with Prince BISMARCK.

Confidential understandings with the Authorities of St. Petersburg.

French Department.

Private Diary of Marshal MACMAHON during the last three years.

A volume of Wit and Humour by the Author of *The History of a Crime*.

"Après?"—a Historical Prophecy, by M. LEON GAMBETTA.

German Department.

The Political History of the "serious indispositions" of Prince BISMARCK.

Sketch Maps of Europe for 1889 and the remaining years of the century, from the portfolio of the Imperial Chancellor.

A curious collection of Puppets, with directions how to work them, by O. Von B.

And a German adaptation of "*We Don't Want to Fight*," with Prussian variations.

British Department.

Definitions of "Unanimity," by Lords CARNARVON, DERBY, and BEACONSFIELD.

The "tossing-up" half-crown of the British Cabinet.

A collection of views in and about Lancashire, dedicated to the Right Hon. Colonel STANLEY, Secretary at State for War, by the author of *Lothaire*.

"A Blaze of Triumph," being the last chapter to an autobiography signed "B. D."

And (the greatest curiosity of the Exhibition) a Jingo who "*does* want to fight,"—in person!

Mutual Insurance.

THE liability of Masters, under the Employers' Liability Bill, to compensate their Servants for injuries done by them to one another in their common employment, will probably not tend to increase the carefulness for their common safety of workmen in general. It can hardly be expected, for example, to make coal-miners more particular in their use of Davy Lamps, in firing shots and igniting matches. Perhaps, if Masters are to indemnify Servants for mutual injuries arising from accident, Servants, on the other hand, might fairly be bound to make good amongst them any damage accidentally done by any of them to their Masters' property.

Punch stands Corrected.

MR. HANBURY writes to us:—

"DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to spoil the point of your joke in this week's *Punch*, but I am not in any way connected with the well-known firm of brewers,

"Very truly yours,
"R. W. HANBURY."

This shows that the brewers' name was *not* so essential a mark of the animal at Tamworth as Mr. HANBURY fancies.

TWO PROBLEMS NOT IN EUCLID.

"GIVEN good Servants, to find good Masters and Mistresses;" and "GIVEN good Masters and Mistresses, to find good Servants."

EXCHANGING A GRIP.

MARKS of the Russian Bear's claws—in every clause of the San Stefano Treaty.

LAW AND LICENCE.



S Censor Morum, Mr. Punch has much pleasure in publishing the following account of a meeting of the Diddlesex Magistrates, held with a view to granting Wine and Spirit Licences to certain places of public entertainment. It shows what admirable assistants his censorship has in the Diddlesex Bench.

On taking his seat on the Bench, the Chairman complained that the Clerk had not touched his hat to him. He would have the Clerk know that the Magistrates were determined that they should be treated with respect by everybody.

The Clerk having explained that he was short-sighted, and had not seen the Chairman, the business of the day was commenced.

Mr. MILDMA, Q.C., said that he had the honour to appear for Sir RALEIGH CRICHTON, the proprietor of the Etherial Restaurant, which, as the Bench might know, was connected with the Etherial Fine-Art Gallery.

The CHAIRMAN said that the Bench knew nothing of the sort. The Bench were not to be bullied.

Mr. MILDMA, Q.C., disavowed any intention of bullying the Bench. He would respectfully state that Sir RALEIGH had spent a very large sum of money upon the Fine-Art Gallery.

Mr. DOGBERRY (*a Magistrate*).—We don't want to hear anything about that. What have we got to do with the Fine Arts?

Mr. MILDMA, Q.C., begged to explain. Sir RALEIGH had opened his Gallery more for the promotion of culture than as a source of profit. The frequenters of the Gallery belonged to the most respectable classes, and were sure not to abuse the privileges accorded to the Restaurant. He respectfully asked for a spirit-licence to the Etherial Restaurant.

The CHAIRMAN asked if the Restaurant were a public-house?

Mr. MILDMA, Q.C.—Certainly not.

The CHAIRMAN.—Well, we are here to license public-houses. People seem to think we are here for the convenience of the public. I have no hesitation in saying that we are here for nothing of the sort.

The other Magistrates heartily concurred in their Chairman's statement.

Mr. VERGES (*a Magistrate*).—Besides, this Sir RALEIGH CRICHTON, or whatever his name is, has treated us with disrespect. I won't say anything about the private view, but—

Mr. MILDMA, Q.C., interposed. He was sure that Sir RALEIGH had not the slightest intention of showing disrespect to the Bench. He was quite certain that the Bench would consider the case entirely on its own merits.

After two minutes' conversation, the licence was unanimously refused.

Mr. Serjeant BUZZFUS then rose to ask for a spirit-licence for Mr. MELTER MOSS, the proprietor of the Royal and Imperial Pig-and-Whistle Music-Hall and Casino. The learned Serjeant reminded the Magistrates that the licence had not been applied for for the last seven years, as Mr. Moss (through a misunderstanding) had been residing at Dartmoor and Portland. He asked for the licence with considerable confidence, as the Royal and Imperial Pig-and-Whistle

Music-Hall and Casino in years gone by had been well known to the police. Mr. MELTER MOSS had a very kind heart, and never allowed any of his guests to depart until they had had a good sleep under the tables, and were quite sober.

The CHAIRMAN interrupted the learned Serjeant to inform him that the Bench had unanimously agreed to grant Mr. MELTER MOSS his licence.

MEPHISTOPHELES AND MARGARET.

At Hawarden the other day, when the delegates from the Manchester Liberal Conference and the Welsh Liberals waited on Mr. GLADSTONE,

"One of the speakers was Mr. WILLIAM MATHER (Salford), who in the course of his speech asked Mr. GLADSTONE to come forward to help them rescue the QUEEN, 'a guileless Lady in the hands of that fearful *Mephistopheles*.'"

This fearful *Mephistopheles* is, of course, Lord BEACONSFIELD. Her Majesty Queen VICTORIA must be implied to occupy the position of *Gretchen*. But that won't do—for where the dickens is *Doctor Faustus*?

"Another speaker, Mr. WILLIAM CROSFIELD (Warrington), alluded to Lord BEACONSFIELD as a wolf in sheep's clothing."

Comparisons may be odious, but correct for all that. "*Mephistopheles*," and "wolf," though hard names, are intelligible, whether merited or no. But what is the "sheep's clothing"? Lord BEACONSFIELD may go clad in his Premier's uniform or in the robes of a Peer, but neither one nor the other can be regarded as the emblematic vesture of innocence. Let us hope, however, that the preservation of peace will confute the cry of wolf, and that at least the Prime-Ministerial *Mephistopheles* will not prove so black as he is painted.

GOLD IN EGYPT.

BURTON's *Anatomy of Midian* seems like to turn out anything but an *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Gold, silver, copper, lead, turquoises, alabaster, sulphur, to say nothing of antiquities from the ruins of thirty-two ancient cities—such are some of the treasures this new Moses has brought back from the land of Midian, the "Ophir," it is believed, which furnished Solomon with gold. It will go hard with our century and its Stock Exchanges if they do not find their Solomons to draw gold, if not out of Midian, out of a Midian-Exploration-and-Exploitation Company, promoters—say—Baron GRANT and His Imperial Highness the KHEDIVÉ.

We see magnificent pickings, not so much from under the stony ribs of Midian as out of the pockets of the public of all nations, which rises to magnificent programmes and a dazzling prospect of possible or impossible per-centages. And what a field for the prospectus-drawer is this re-discovered Land of Midian! Meantime, whatever plucking of his own poor fellows or the public the KHEDIVÉ may contemplate, all honour to Captain BURTON for the pluck which has been crowned with such a rich find as these newly discovered treasures of Midian. May they not prove spoilers of the Egyptians. They could scarce spoil the credit of their rulers!

HOME-RULERS IN HARNESS.

THE Honourable and useful Member for Dungarvan, the other day, visited and harangued his constituents. A number of them, headed by a priest, went out five miles from the town to meet their worthy representative.

"Bands also assembled, and the Member was received with much popular rejoicing. The horses were unyoked from the carriage, and Mr. O'DONNELL was drawn, amid triumphant cheering and shouts for 'Obstruction,' through the town."

Shouts for "Obstruction" during a triumphal progress! How truly Hibernian! They might have been taken by opponents for invitations to get in the way.

Horses unyoked? Had they but been asses! "Obstruction," considered as a political cry, approaches to a bray as nearly perhaps as possible for any vociferation that could have been uttered by creatures on two legs drawing a carriage.

Posts—Positive, and Comparative.

"HERE stands a Post!" cries CLEMENT SCOTT.

He's not the biggest boaster.

SCOTT, Champion Bill-sticker, we've got—

Who cries, "Here stands a Poster!"

ANOTHER MOTTO FOR HOLY RUSSIA.—Prey without ceasing.



'THAT FEARFUL MEPHISTOPHELES!'



THE DERBY QUESTION.

Coster. "GOIN' TO THE DERBY THIS TIME, BILL?"

Bill. "WELL, YER SEE, MY MISSUS SAYS AS 'OW IT'S WERRY EXPENSIV, AND SHE'D SOONER GO OUT O' TOWN FOR THE 'OPPIN', LATER ON."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

THAT troublesome body, called "Parliament," has reassembled. *Punch* hardly knows why. They had got a holiday. Why couldn't they keep it, and leave law-making, and troop-moving, and deciding grave questions of peace or war to their betters—Lord BRACONSFIELD & Co.? It must be extremely inconvenient to Her Majesty's Government to be bothered with questions, when Lord BRACONSFIELD has Indian troops to shift, and Her Majesty's personal instructions to take, and the business of the War Office and the India Office and who knows what offices besides to look after. But if Her Majesty's Opposition has any right to ask questions, which is all it seems to be good for, *Punch* would have liked to see Mr. GLADSTONE in his place at St. Stephen's on Monday, instead of receiving deputations at Hawarden. Hail o' the Wynd who fight for their own hand are as much out of place in Her Majesty's Opposition as in Her Majesty's Government. As soon as the House met—

(Monday, May 6), Lord HARTINGTON—*Punch* admires his impudence—wanted to know:—1st. Whether the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER could tell the House anything about the new negotiations said to be in progress between Her Majesty's Government and the Government of Russia? And 2nd. Why the House had not been told, before it broke up for the Easter holidays, that Indian troops were going to be moved to Malta?

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE could not tell the House anything about negotiations, and really did not see what the House had to do with the moving of troops, Indian or English. What the House *had* to do, was to vote the money for moving them; and that it would have to do very soon: it might make itself perfectly easy on that score. Mr. BRIGHT, during the holidays, had charged the Government and himself with deceiving the House. Just let Mr. BRIGHT stand up and say the same thing from his place in Parliament, *subaude*, and he would punch his head!

Mr. FAWCETT had not the remotest intention of charging Sir STAFFORD with intending to mislead him, or anybody. All he knew

was he *had* misled him, and a hundred other Members. When he wanted to cut the holidays shorter, he was told in the House that there had been no change of policy. He called bringing Indian troops into Europe a change of policy. (How so, you stupid Professor? If Lord B. meant to do it all along, it wasn't change of policy. It was development of policy. If you'll only open your mouth, and shut your eyes, and take what Lord B. will send you, you may have a good many more "developments" yet.) What was the meaning of the Mutiny Bill? (To punish soldiers who disobeyed orders. Who knows how soon we may have to pass something of the kind for Opposition Obstructives in the House of Commons?) Our standing Army was limited to the number voted annually by Parliament. Not so the Indian Army. The Government might bring 200,000 of that Army into Europe—if they could bring 7,000. (Cheers from the Ministerial Benches, lustily led by Sir R. P., as much as to say, "Why not? Oh! if they only could! Wouldn't it be jolly!")

Sir G. CAMPBELL didn't like it, no more did Sir W. HARCOURT, nor Mr. LAING, nor Mr. NEWDEGATE, nor Mr. RYLANDS; but Sir R. PEEL did very much, and so did Mr. BAILLIE COCHRANE.

Sir ROBERT PEEL felt it rather distressing to hear Mr. NEWDEGATE complimented by Mr. RYLANDS for constitutional backbone. What he wanted to see was every Member on that side of the House supporting Her Majesty's Government through thick and thin—(Certainly, Sir ROBERT; and the thicker the mud, the thicker should be the men.)

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER really could not understand what all the row was about. India would find the soldiers if England would find the money to pay them. That had better be done quietly. The troops were moved; and there was an end of it. He didn't see why the House should be moved, too.

And then the House sat corrected, passed to the important business of the salaries of the House of Lords' door-keepers, and Assistant-Librarian, and the Secretary of the Lord Great Chamberlain—who, it seems, is a Captain and Lieutenant-Colonel in the Grenadier Guards. And could there be a fitter man—*Punch* would ask any



INNOCENCE AT THE BAR.

Police Superintendent (in plain clothes). "WELL, MY LASS, I MAY JUST TELL THEE THAT THIS WHISKY IS GOING TO BE ANALYSED."

North Country Barmaid (innocently). "I'M CERTAIN IT'LL NIVER DEE FOR THAT!"

Police Superintendent. "WHY?"

Barmaid. "B'CAUSE IT'S NEARLY ALL WATTER!"

sensible person—than an officer of the Household Troops for the Secretary of their Lordships' own Nobleman-Usher, Gold Stick in special, and Master of the Ceremonies on all great occasions when the QUEEN and her Peers foregather? Who but a Court soldier should hold up the train of the most gorgeous and glorious of Court flunkies? Surely it is strictly according to the fitness of things. And it was one by the name of "JENKINS" who tried to cut down the vote of the salary of this Soldier-Secretary! Oh, JENKINS—JENKINS! "*Quantum mutatus ab illo!*"

This insolent attempt of the Lower House to look into the salary-list of the Higher, was followed by an equally impertinent intrusion on the salary-list of the House of Commons, and—on that horror's head horror to accumulate—on the pay and office of the Lords of the Treasury and the Lord Privy Seal! And that, too,—as if to add insult to injury—in the same breath with grumbling at the payment of such insignificant persons as cattle-plague inspectors! Altogether, the night's work could only be described as disgusting! Impertinent curiosity first, followed by impertinent attempts at cheeseparing—unsuccessful, as *Punch* hardly need say.

Tuesday.—After the Lord Grand Chamberlain and his Secretary last night, the Brummagem CHAMBERLAIN on the *tapis* to-night, with notice of a Motion, condemning—impertinent person!—the Government policy of warlike demonstration, and expressing the opinion—as if he had any right to one—that the good government, peace, and freedom of the South-Eastern populations, and the honourable and peaceful settlement of the existing difficulties, will best be settled by a European Congress and a frank definition of the changes in the Treaty of San Stefano which the Government consider to be necessary for the general good of Europe, and the interests of England!

What these changes are is just what England wants to know. But what business has Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to ask such troublesome questions? Let him wait till Lord B. thinks proper to vouchsafe an answer without being asked. He is the best judge of the right time to enlighten us.

Captain PIM, that simple sailor, means to move the House to move Her MAJESTY to move the Great Powers to meet in Congress in London!

More questions about Indian troops and their movements from Mr. WHITWELL, Mr. HOLMS, and Mr. LAING.

The Indian Government had paid the Ghoorkas' travelling expenses to Malta; but, of course, we shall have to repay them as soon as a Supplementary Estimate can be got out. The Indian troops serve under an Act of their own, and are bound to go where they are bid, though the Bill of Rights prevents them from being brought into this country without leave of Parliament. Ridiculous old Bogey of a Bill of Rights! We shall have to set that to-rights next.

Mr. HOLMS asked if, the Niggers could be ordered to the Channel Islands. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER said they could. So the Jurats had better look out; or, if the Government should find it necessary to clear Jersey Guernsey and Alderney of their cows, in case of cattle-plague invading those islands of the blest, they will know where to look for the armed force.

Mr. MELDON moved in a matter, where motion has been too long delayed, the salaries of the Irish National School Teachers—the worst paid, and so, naturally, about the most disaffected body of men in the three kingdoms. And it is to them England entrusts the bending of the tender Irish shoot, which should be a scion of the British Oak, but is only a sprig of shillelagh, good for nothing but breaking heads. It was delightful to see, for once, Irish Members of all shades, Mr. SMYTHE, and Mr. C. LEWIS, and Sir J. LESLIE, supporting Mr. MELDON, and even Mr. LOWTHER, for the Government, agreeing to his Resolution, on condition of omitting a reference to what we fear is too true, the general discontent of the National School Teachers.

Punch is glad to clap the Home-Rule Member for Kildare on the back, and to say, "Well done, MELDON!"

A handful of the House on its Pease and Q.'s, after narrowly escaping a Count Out on Intoxicating Liquors' Licence, had the satisfaction of being Counted Out, on Mr. MONK'S Bill for abolishing *Congé d'Élire*. Naturally, a MONK would like to see Deans and Chapters made nullities of. But Mr. HUBBARD opposed the attempt to do away with this clerical fiction. He thinks he sees in it a popular check against improper appointments. What a wonderful mind Mr. HUBBARD's seems to be! He dreams of correcting the inequalities of the Income-tax; and he believes in the *Congé d'Élire* as a check upon improper appointments!

Wednesday.—County Courts are very good things; but Mr. COWEN wants to put them into the place of their superiors *per saltum*—constituting seven County Court circuits, with travelling Judges at £3000 a-year, resident assistants at £1500, and a regular judicial apparatus. In fact, Mr. COWEN proposes to localise justice, to bring down our big-wigs to lesser wigs—punies indeed—and altogether to trim the great lights of the law-courts into very farthing candles. At least that is what the proposal looks like in legal eyes. How it may seem to suitors is another matter. But hitherto we have not been in the habit of consulting the geese as to the sauce they were to be served up with on the tables of the law. Are we going to begin now? No, say the Lawyers, with one voice—Mr. O. MORGAN, and Mr. GREGORY, and Mr. LEYD, and Mr. WHEELHOUSE, and Mr. SERJEANT SIMON, and last, not least, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Perish the idea of the one-horse Judge! There are three County Court Bills already before a Select Committee. Let the Hon. Member wait till he sees what comes out of that cauldron, before flinging his own Bill atop of the seething mass of County Court Reform.

Mr. COWEN took the hint, and withdrew his daring Bill. We have not yet heard that he has had any mysterious stroke, such as in old times was wont to fall on those who laid rash hands on Altar or Palladium.

Thursday.—We have untested or de-tested—which ever the word is—the University foundations of the past. But Government, by its Attorney-General, declines to fetter the pious founder of the future. He may fence his foundation with what conditions of creed he likes. This is in accordance with what the Courts have declared to be the law in the Herford College case. But is it sound policy? Thus does a Tory Government set to rebuilding the walls which a Liberal Government of the future will have to pull down!

Mr. GREY and Mr. RUSSELL—the double-headed nightingale of South Northumberland—took their (or should we not rather say *his*) place, and the oaths, and signed the roll. As Stefano says in the *Tempest*, "Four legs and two voices—a most delicate monster!" What a pity both heads cannot be allowed to talk! "His

forward voice (which is that?—the Liberal?) to speak well of his friend (W. E. G.); his backward voice (the Tory?) to utter foul speeches and to detract." Evidently the function of the Tory voice just now. But we are not to have this new sensation. After the two have taken their one seat, the next business of the House will be to say which has a right to it; and then, like *Stefano*, to pull its monster "by the lesser legs" out of the seat, and so perform the operation which nobody adventured in the case of the Siamese Twins, and sever the united pair—at the cost of the Parliamentary life of the one who has no right to a place in the Collective Wisdom.

Then to Committee of Supply, in which Messrs. PARNELL, BIGGAR, and MACDONALD came out as Joseph Humes of the period, in denunciation of the monstrous waste of cheese-parings and candle-ends. If only the trio would be as economical of the public time as they profess themselves careful of the public money!

A very lively little "mill" between the home and foreign-made cigar. Mr. RITCHIE, bottle-holder for the British article, would weight the foreigner with two pence a pound extra duty, declaring that Sir STAFFORD NORTHGOTE's proposal will be the death of the British Havannah. We should not much care for that, if the German Havannah were any better. But as it isn't, we cannot but wish that the British manufacturer were granted the two pence which Mr. RITCHIE says (and proved to an empty House by elaborate figures), will be his salvation. But Sir STAFFORD maintains his scale of duties. He says his new arrangement will promote "healthy competition." Does the competition between British and German-made Havannahs deserve to be called healthy? Is it not rather a competition of abominations?

Of course Sir STAFFORD carried his Motion, by 184 to 82, but Mr. RITCHIE made out his case for all that.

Then the House fought over Mr. DILLWYN's proposal to adjourn the Debate. The Budget will have to be recast, said hard-headed and hard-mouthed Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL. There will be the cost of transporting the Indian troops to Malta to provide for—a million and a half, at least, and not an inch of margin between revenue and expenditure. Is the House to have no opportunity of talking *that* over?

Sir STAFFORD NORTHGOTE said the House would have ample opportunity when the Supplementary Estimate was brought in. But he had to give way after a Division, and the Third Reading of the Budget Bill was postponed till Monday, when Mr. FAWCETT, in the name of the British Lion, proposes to have it out with Government about bringing the Bengal Tiger into European waters. And Sir H. JAMES will ask an awkward question on the same ugly subject.

Friday.—The House and the Jewish community have lost a valuable Member in Sir F. GOLDSMID, a victim to Railway Directors' shameful neglect of obvious precautions for the safety of passengers, and to the supineness of their accomplices in Parliament. Now a very valuable life has been sacrificed, Colonel YOLLAND is making inquiries, and the Government will consider if nothing can be done. Query: will the killing of a Jewish Baronet have the same startling effect as SIDNEY SMITH anticipated from burning a Bishop?

Mr. JAMES called attention to the Parochial Charities of London. But will attention come, Mr. JAMES, when you do call for it?

Mr. CROSS is looking into this precious sink of iniquity, jobbery, and malversation. There is some hope in that. The Cross at the door was the old City sign of plague in the house, and a warning, "bring out your dead." Unfortunately, though the plague of vested interests in ancient wrongs is still raging, in the City and elsewhere, the abuses are *not* dead, but all alive oh! and the difficulty is in getting live abuses carted off. They used sometimes, it is said, to bury live plague-patients by mistake. It is hard to get that mistake made with living abuses.

Mr. GREGORY talked of Stock Exchange frauds and rascalities. Ah, if he will invent a Gregory's Mixture that will cleanse the City's bosom of *that* perilous stuff. General chorus to the air of "*Fools and Their Money.*"

A Tory Utopia.

ON the 9th instant, being the fiftieth anniversary of the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, a deputation of Dissenters, grateful for that vindication of religious liberty, waited on Earl RUSSELL at Richmond to present him with an address of thanks and congratulation. This being reported in the next day's news, occasioned old Mr. MILDEW to exclaim—

"The Test and Corporation Acts were bulwarks of the British Constitution, Sir. Their repeal was the first step to the subversion of the Monarchy. It was a fatal mistake, Sir. But the country might yet be saved. What I say is this. Re-enact the Test and Corporation Acts, unreform Parliament, repeal the Roman Catholic Emancipation Act, and restore Temple Bar!"

MOTTO FOR KEBLE COLLEGE.—Not fast men but fasting.

COCKNEYS AND COMMONS.



THE Commons all over with bloom
Are blazing, resplendent as
gold;
Out in blossom the gorse and the
broom—
What a glory and joy to behold!

From their flowers, when the
Zephyr is still,
And the sun in the firmament
glows,
His hot rays an aroma distil,
Which regalement affords to the
nose.

As thou crossest from Hammer-
smith's shore
By the Causeway suspended in
air,
See the holiday folk trooping
o'er
Posies emerald and golden that
bear.

They have been to Barnes Common, and thence
Broom and furze torn with fingers profane,
Upon Sundays, when multitudes dense
By the railways descend from Cockaigne.

Putney Heath and Ham Common as well,
And all Commons that London surround,
Those despoilers invading pell-mell
Very shortly will bare to the ground.

For our Commons we've fought with the few,
Their enclosure who compassed for gain.
To be spoiled by the popular crew,
Have we rescued their beauties in vain?

FOOD FOR FOREIGNERS.

A DEMONSTRATION of good old-fashioned British abhorrence of the ways of foreigners occurred the other day in the quarter where they most do congregate. On Saturday last week a shop for the sale of horse, donkey, and mule flesh, as in France, Belgium, and Italy, was opened in Castle Street, Leicester Square. Of course

"The event created an unusual amount of excitement in the neighbourhood, and demonstrations of aversion continued throughout the day on the part of a rough mob. So much was this the case, that half-a-dozen police-constables were engaged in keeping the roadway clear for the ordinary traffic, and in preventing an anticipated disturbance."

This outburst of popular displeasure meant something more than the mere intolerance, on the part of the roughs, of tastes different from their own, and the disposition to interfere with other people, which they share with anti-smokers and teetotal fanatics. It signified, also, that peculiar detestation of outlandish food which animated our forefathers, but has been latterly supposed dying out. This sentiment would probably have been much intensified if, besides flesh which the British Public deems unclean, there had been exposed on sale the additional abominations of snails and frogs; whilst the superaddition of a few of the esculent fungi they call toadstools would have driven them frantic. To eat of the flesh of mules and donkeys, at all events, may well have been considered by that crowd as an act of cannibalism.

A Reserve Force (in Medicine).

QUININE.—Former wholesale price, ten shillings an ounce; present wholesale price, sixteen shillings an ounce, and rising with the Warometer. *Practical Result*: Hospital and Club patients forced to go without it, and put up with inferior bitters in its stead.

Lucus a non Lucendo.

(A Strong Case.)

LORD BEACONSFIELD, at the Royal Academy Dinner, with the pictures of the year all round him, lauding the Imagination shown by English Artists.

BACKING THE FRENCH LOT.—*Champ de Mars* against the Field of ditto.



POLITE FICTIONS.

Mrs. Brown. "DEAR ME, MRS. JONES, ARE THOSE TALL YOUNG LADIES REALLY YOURS? I HAD NO IDEA YOU HAD DAUGHTERS GROWN UP!"

Mrs. Jones (who is still possessed of considerable personal attractions). "OH, YES! I WAS MARRIED AT FIFTEEN, YOU KNOW! AND IS THAT YOUNG GENTLEMAN REALLY YOUR SON?"

Mrs. Brown (who is also possessed of ditto ditto ditto). "YFS—A—I WAS MARRIED AT TWELVE!"

A GOLDEN WEDDING.

MAY 8, 1878.

(With Punch's regards and respects to Lord Russell.)

WHEN fifty years of wedded life and love have passed away.
'Tis a graceful German custom to celebrate the day
With a bending down of children to the crown of good grey hair,
Flowers, gifts, kind words, and wishes, to the old, from the young
and fair.

We have ta'en the "Golden Wedding," and from German made it
ours,
Young faces gathered round grey heads, good wishes, gifts, and
flowers;
But such a Golden Wedding as we to-day have seen,
Not often has had honour since such festivals have been.

The Golden Wedding of Lord JOHN and Liberty his love—
'Twixt the Russells' House and Liberty 'twas ever hand and glove—
His love in those dark ages he has lived through with his bride,
To look back on from the sunset of his quiet eventide:

His love, when 'twas not easy to love her as 'tis now,
When every knee is bent to her, and bared is every brow.
When his lady is our lady, who in honour hold the name
That was then proscribed and spit on—a mark for scorn and shame.

His love, when he that loved her and sought her for his own
Must do more than suit and service, must do battle, trumpet-blown;
Must slay the fiery dragons that guarded every gate
On the roads by which men travelled for work of Church and State.

His love, when he that loved her must breast an uphill track,
With ears shut to the voices that called him to turn back

To high hopes, great ambitions the world's best gifts to share—
Prize of pleasure, bait of profit, so he'd leave that lady rare—

Beautiful with a beauty seen through all the foulness flung
Upon her sad sweet face by smiting hand and scornful tongue.
He saw and loved that beauty, and true to it was he;
Through evil days and ill reports his well-beloved was she.

Now time brings its revenges, and all are loud to own
How beautiful a bride she was, how fond, how faithful shown.
But she knows the man who loved her when lovers were but few,
And she hails this Golden Wedding—fifty years of tried and true!

And see the happy family that gather round their knees,
The peaceful days, the ordered ways, just laws, and wide-spread
ease;

The young strength from the weakness of old hates strangely
sprung;
The sound of hymns for curses, peals of peace for tossins rung.

Look and listen, my Lord RUSSELL, 'tis your Golden Wedding-day,
We may not press your brave old hand, but you hear what we've to
say—

A blessing on the bridal that has known its fifty years,
But never known its fallings out, delusions, doubts, or fears.

Thomas and John.

AMONGST the signatures to the "Declaration against War,"
headed by the Duke of WESTMINSTER, occurs the name of THOMAS
CARLYLE. Mr. CARLYLE is not generally believed to be a partisan
of peace at any price; and the most vehement of Anti-Russians
might suspect that there may be something to be said for the
side on which THOMAS of Chelsea is at one with "JOHN of
Birmingham."



A DELIGHTFUL ACQUAINTANCE.

H.R.H. "REALLY, MADEMOISELLE, YOU LOOK CHARMING IN YOUR NEW CAP!"
LA RÉPUBLIQUE (*in a flutter of delight*). "AH, ALTESSE!"

OUR OWN GUIDE TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Instructions—Observations—Three Belles—Lily and the Lion—The Road to Ruin—No. 1 Round the Corner.



“E in time! Walk up! and see the Show!” Here’s your own faithful and friendly Guide. No Pit, Boxes, or Stalls—all Gallery. Walk up! Walk up!

Pawn your umbrella at the counter on the left, and get a ticket. You won’t get more than eighteenpence on the best silk, but this is a shilling for admission, and sixpence for the Catalogue. Mind, insist on receiving this amount from the sidesman who hands you your ticket. Often the umbrellas are re-

ceived, the ticket given, and no money with it. Clearly this is wrong.

The men behind the counter are called, officially, the Uncles of all the Umbrellas.

Up the steps to the wicket.

Bow to everybody.

You can occupy a few moments, and lighten the labours of the wicket-keepers, by pointing to the right-hand wicket, and asking, “How’s that umpire? Out!”—the word “Out” being written up very distinctly.

If you go in by the centre gate you pay a shilling. But the pleasanter, and cheaper route, is to go to the gate on the left—carefully observe this direction—where you will see a book. *By merely inscribing your name in this book you can pass in for nothing.* Why so few avail themselves of this privilege, can only be accounted for by the existence of that hauteur and reserve, which is so characteristic of the English people, who object to giving their names in public, and who are positively timid about signing anything, without having previously read it.

You can sign your own name, as your presence in the Academy will inflict no lasting disgrace on your family. But should you prefer to use a *nom de plume*, or a *nom de pinceau*, write yourself down as “MILLAIS” or “LEIGHTON,” or any Academician on the list. They’re all good fellows, every one of them, and they won’t mind it, bless you!

Of course, much depends upon how often you intend inspecting the Academy; also what intervals are to elapse between your visits, and so forth. In all this let prudence and economy control your actions. *Valeat et plaudite.*

Now then, “In I go, JONES,” as SMITH said to his friend. Whereupon the other wag, annoyed, retorted, “Burn JONES!” And so we go to

Gallery No. I.

No. 2. Mrs. LANGTRY: a Sketch. By H. WEIGALL. As there are three portraits of this lady in the Academy, we will jump at once into Galleries II. and III., and classify them thus:—

No. 2. (Gal. No. I.—or First “Gal.”) Mrs. LANGTRY, a sketch. By H. WEIGALL.

No. 155. (Gal. No. II.—same “Gal” again, though.) Mrs. LANGTRY. By E. J. POYNTER, R.A.

No. 307. (Gal. No. III.—still the same “Gal,” only more so.) “A Jersey Lily.” By J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.

And sum them up—

Gal. No. I. POINTE. Gal. No. II. POYNTER, Gal. No. III. POYNTER.

Ne doubt about it. Here we have positive, comparative, superlative, as plain as a pikestaff—no, I mean as beautiful as a butterfly. The Lily of Jersey is lovely. So are the pears of Jersey; delicious!

But there can’t be such a pair (of this kind of Lily I mean) even in Jersey. Jersey is one of the Flannel Islands. I am glad to think that I wear Jersey next my heart! Let us sigh, and pass on. What a poem I could write, if there were only a few more naturally easy rhymes to Jersey! A song,—with music by WELLINGTON GUERNSEY. There was a composer of that name, I’m sure.

In all the towns upon the Mersey,
There’s no such Lily as in Jersey:
In fact, the case is *vice versa*.

But then perhaps this would be a libel, unless it were accepted as a poetic license, which is the sort of license that Sir CURTIS LINDSAY has got from the Magistrates—a license of imagination.

A propos of Jersey, the Ladies and Gentlemen whom I am cicerone-ing may not be aware that one of the Flannel Islands claims to have been high and dry at the time of the Deluge. It was here that NOAH and his family stayed, for some time, during that season. Hence its name—*Noah’s Sark*. It was here that NOAH went ashore, or, as the Nautical Poet says,—

“Mister NOAH
Went ashore.”

And when he left, the inhabitants, in grateful memory of his brief stay, erased the patriarch’s name from their visitors’ list, never mentioned him in conversation, and simply spoke of their island as *Sark*. You see, Ladies and Gentlemen, as was lately pointed out in a *Times*’ leading article, you do get some information by coming to the Academy, *me duce*, which you wouldn’t have obtained, if you had stayed away. *Moral*,—Never stay away.

One more couplet, Ladies and Gentlemen. Give your orders while the Divine Affiliatus is in the room. Another dish of couplets—hot and hot:—

Come with me to Piccadilly,
Come with me to Pick a Lily,
Painted by our Mister MILLY.

That’s a couplet and a half.

‘Arry the Irrepressible (among the bystanders). I say, what sort of ile did MILLAIS use for this pictur’? (Without waiting for the answer.) Why, *Ile o’ Jersey*, to be sure!

[Exit ‘ARRY by one door, and re-enter by another.]

Finding myself (as your guide) in Gallery No. III., whither I have strayed in search of the “Jersey Lily” (let J. E. M. be knighted at once for this as Sir PETER LILY), I cannot allow you to return, without visiting at once

Nos. 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, forming the series, called “The Road to Ruin,”—by W. P. FRITH, R.A.

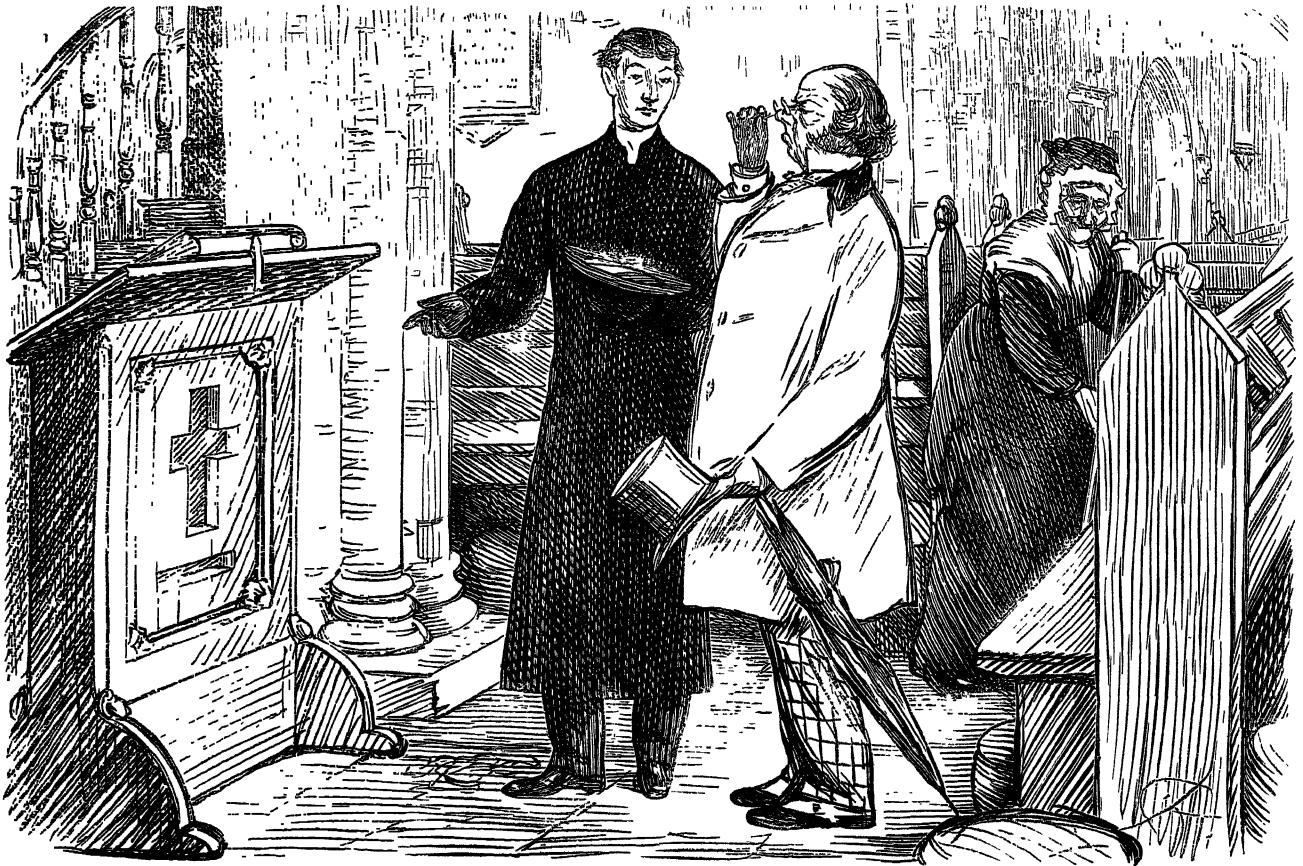
Even the Policeman (Constable R.A.), who is placed there to keep the spectators moving, is deeply affected. He assumes indifference; but ever and anon he turns away to wipe a manly tear, and perhaps, methinks, to seek some refreshment from a small supply of walnuts, which he has ready, aye ready, for eating, all shelled, picked, and carefully prepared in his tail-pocket. He is a study in Blue. *Circulez, Mesdames et Messieurs!*

Now, then, No. 1, “Loo in College.” Will you take Miss? Evidently the first Miss-take. Notice that the Room itself is in *Quad*—in the College Quad, of course; but thus it is that the Artist allows coming events to forecast their shadows: for in Picture No. 293, the young man himself, long after his College days are over, will be on his road to *Quod*.

No. 292, Ascot or a view of the Gamb’ling, and the Playing on the Green.

No. 293, The Shadows, forecast in No. 291, arrive; and they are very shady. *Arcades ambo*, Sheriff’s Officers both.

In No. 294, the Fool, who has so soon “parted,” is in Boulogne, where he has tried to write a play, and hasn’t succeeded. Again, see the irony of the first of the series made to tell even here! He had neglected his learning at the University! French had not been a compulsory part of the Academical Education. Oh, would it had been! For even now he might have retrieved his fallen fortunes. By translating and adapting a few French plays, which he could have bought cheap in their own native land, he could have secured a modest competency. But no: he has to depend on his own brains; and, alas! he has none. Yet stay!—he has, he must have—for in No. 295, he has bought a pistol (the French play would have been so much cheaper, and far more remunerative), and is going to blow those brains out. *Is he?* that’s the question. Mr. FRITH calls this “The End.” But I ask, with *Miss Squeers*, in *Nicholas Nickleby*, “Is this the hend?” and I answer, “Yes, so far as the series and the moral is concerned.” But, no: it is not the end, dramatically; and be it my cheerful mission to make the spectators happy, as they tail off from this last powerful and sad impression, with a sigh, wishing that the curtain would rise once more, and show a gleam of happiness. I ring the bell; I raise the curtain. Believe me, that young scamp has had far more brains than Mr. FRITH all along has given him credit for. I am certain that this apparent simpleton—whom we will call SAMMY—has been playing a deep game.



CONSPICUOUS BY ITS ABSENCE.

Crafty Ritualist (to influential Churchwarden, who has heard complaints about the new Reading-Desk, and has come to see about it). " 'Cross, my fear sir? Why, you see, not only is there no cross on it, but one has actually been taken away! "

Scene, the same as in No. 295. SAMMY, the Young Man places the pistol to his head, having fixed on the precise spot where his brains are.

Sammy (desperately and very loudly). Now—at last—to end this wretched existence!—to finish this miserable life, which only brings misery to all who love me. Farewell, my own dear EMILY (his wife). Farewell, my little TOMMY, my BILLY, my—(goes on with the names of his family, including the Boulogne Baby; then, wildly). "Come, Desperation, lend thy furious—"

[The door is suddenly burst open, and enter Uncle JOE, Aunt DEBORAH, the Wife, and Children.

Uncle JOE (knocking the pistol out of his hand, and concluding the quotation). "Hold!"

[Pistol goes off harmlessly in the air; nothing in it except powder. AMELIA, his Wife, throws herself on him; his Children cling to his knees; Aunt DEBORAH clasps her hands in gratitude to Heaven; and Uncle JOE stands in a conventional but impressive attitude. Tableau.

Uncle JOE. SAMMY, my boy, unbeknown to you, I have watched over your struggles and temptations. Like Burchell in the Vicar of Wakefield, and Oliver in the School for Scandal, I have been an Uncle in disguise. It was I (in a white hat and a green veil) who encouraged you to bet at Ascot: it was I, who, disguised as Smouch, the Sheriff's Officer, presented you with a writ (on which occasion I tipped the servants not to tell, though they would stay and enjoy the joke on the landing); and it was I, who, attired as a Boulogne landlady, traded upon your ignorance of foreign customs, and the French tongue, in order to charge you five francs fifty for shrimps and tea, and then expostulate with you in Boulogne Billingsgate. This angel (pointing to his niece) has told us all! Here is a cheque for two hundred thousand pounds, and you'll all come home to tea, and live with us. DEB! you goose! (to his sister) don't cry! I'm an old (sob) fool, I (sob) know, but I can't (sob) help it!

[Bursts into tears.

Sammy (seizing the cheque, and deeply affected). Uncle! Aunt! How can I ever repay you! (Anticipates their answer, and continues with effusion.) Never! (Aside to his wife.) I say, AMELIA,

we've managed it first-rate! The old 'uns 'll never suspect. (Aloud to spectators at the Academy.) And if our "friends in front" will only forgive past failings, and smile upon our future errors, there will not go home to tea this evening, a happier party, than those who complete the picture, and finish the tale in my

ATTIC STORY

on the last stage, étage au cinquième, of

THE ROAD TO RUIN.

Music. Limelight. Curtain. Everybody "called," and Mr. FRITH bows his acknowledgments from a private paint-box.

'Arry (one of the friends in front, to Constable R.A.). But, I say, why did he come over to England? When he were in France, at B'logne, why 'adn't he B'low'n his brains out there?

Constable R.A. (indignantly). Move on, Sir, please!

['Arry disappears.

And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, we will return to Gal. No. I.—the Gal. we left behind us—and commence with what is so often a lever du rideau at the theatres, the laughable farce of "No. 1 Round the Corner," which here is

No. 1. IMOGEN. By WM. FISHER. A work of pure Imogenation. Observe her eye! FISHER ought to catch it. He has.

That's quite enough for to-day. We'll go straight on at our next visit. Au revoir!

A Really Broad Churchman.

THIS is a real advertisement from a Hampshire organ, not unknown to Sir H. D. WOLFF:—

TO CLERGYMEN.—A UNIVERSITY GRADUATE will be glad to FURNISH SERMONS on reasonable terms. Theological views as may be desired. Warranted original, and never previously supplied. Evangelical, Ritualistic, or Latitudinarian. Always on hand, a choice selection of effective quotations, suitable either for the pulpit or the platform. Terms exceedingly moderate. Strictest confidence observed. For further particulars, apply, &c.



LAST RESOURCE.

POOR JONES, DETERMINED TO FIND AN UNPREJUDICED PUBL'G, TAKES HIS SEAT EARLY IN PICCADILLY, WITH HIS REJECTED PICTURE ON HIS KNEES.

PLAYING THE PREROGATIVE.

A FANCY OF THE FUTURE.

(Dedicated Respectfully to a Distinguished Quarterly Reviewer.)

THE Policeman passed, and did not notice them.

Then the two cloaked figures crept cautiously into the shadows; and as the iron tongue of Big Ben tolled out the still morning hour of one, as if by a common consent, they removed their masks.

"Well, my Lord Marquis," said the Earl of B-C-N-S-F-LD, for the elder of the two strangers was no other than the celebrated Statesman whose genius had created this stirring epoch; "well, and how does it all work?" There was an undertone of assured triumph in his voice, and, as he spoke, he carelessly flung back the rich folds of his Venetian cloak, at the same time disclosing the revolver, dark-lantern, and kitchen poker, with which he was modestly but efficiently equipped.

The sight of the weapons seemed to recall the wandering attention of his colleague, who had been gazing vacantly in the direction of Parliament Street. "How does it work?" he replied, absently echoing the interrogatory of his Chief, "how does it work? Ah! of

course. Well, it works, well—*very well!*" And then the poor worn-out voice grew husky, and human nature, struggling with the strain that was this once to prove too much for her, gave way.

The proudest Peer in the House, the gallant, light-hearted Marquis of S-I-S-B-R-Y stood here in the dark, at the foot of Westminster Bridge, and wept like a little child.

The Author of *Tancred* was not the man to deal roughly with an outburst of emotion, however ill-timed. Though the impatient beating of his foot upon the pavement showed that he was annoyed at the interruption, he let it take its course.

"He is a little over-taxed," he said, thoughtfully. "This Government of two, of which he alone discharges the duties of the entire Executive, is beginning to tell upon him;" and he was about to address a few kindly words of encouragement to the now calmer Marquis, when the latter spoke.

"This is my day's work," he said, brightening visibly, as he pulled a pencilled list from his waistcoat-pocket. "Shall I read it to you?" His companion gave a slight nod. He went on.

"The rest of the Cabinet have been seized and placed in honorary confinement in Rosherville Gardens."

A slow glimmer of satisfaction half kindled the eyes of the listening Earl. "Good!" he cried; "very good! When we have to govern a great country without a Parliament we can't mince matters, eh? Go on, my Lord, go on! Rosherville Gardens! Very good! Go on!"

The night wind wailed through the grand old constitutional battlements above, and then the voice of the Marquis seemed to sink to a deeper note as he continued,

"We have to govern without a Parliament, and—*without supplies!*" There was a slight irony in his voice now, but he resumed—"That obstacle, however, has been overcome. To-day all the Chelsea china in Belgravia has been seized by Special Commissioners, and to-morrow Government hirelings will empty the tills at all the Metropolitan Stations; while, on Saturday, the contents of the treasury of every theatre in London will be simultaneously seized at one o'clock precisely, and brought straight to the Horse Guards!"

"There will be money for the troops—piles of money for the troops," replied the Earl with an enthusiastic laugh. "Ha! ha! Who says that the sinews of war are not within the prerogative of the Crown!" And he twined his arm familiarly in that of his colleague, and made a movement as if he would depart.

"Come!" he said jovially—"day is breaking. We will breakfast at the Grosvenor."

In another minute the two figures, now masked and silent, were stealing stealthily towards Charing Cross;—stealthily, for these were troublous times, and martial law was the stern but necessary order of the day.

"Stop!—we're spotted!" whispered the younger Statesman, as the two halted, suddenly, opposite the Horse Guards. "The sentry has seen us!"

"Yah! yah! is dat you, Jon?" came the challenge across the vacant cab-stand; while the West Indian Sepoy, who was doing duty for the two Blues who were at that moment encamped with their Regiment at the top of the Himalayas, covered them with his rifle.

"Don't be alarmed. I have the password from the Duke," said the Earl, jauntily, under his breath. "Listen!" And

then, with a sweet strong voice, and perfect Ethiopian accent, he cried, "Ole Joe, kickin' up ahind and afore."

In an instant the rifle dropped, and on the fresh morning air was borne the countersign, "Pass, Ole Joe. All well! Yah! yah!" Exchanging a smile of satisfaction, the two Statesmen proceeded on their way towards Charing Cross.

"The Caffres have quite astonished Windsor, I hear," said the Marquis, gaining courage, as they neared the statue of CHARLES THE FIRST. "Certainly the 'importation of the Empire' was a fine card to play."

"It was," rejoined his chief, gazing proudly up at NELSON's cocked hat; "but it was nothing to *playing the Prerogative*."

BEAUTIES AND BELLES.



N acknowledging "The Navy" at the Royal Academy Dinner, Mr. W. H. SMITH said:—

"My friend sitting on my right has complained to me that the ships of the present day are unpaintable. That is no doubt to be regretted, but the sailor always conceives that to be a beautiful ship which is capable of doing its duty thoroughly, and maintaining the honour of its flag."

Although our modern Iron-clads are unpaintable, they are nevertheless beautiful enough to be "beauties without paint." So are our Muslin-clads, all of them—if they would only think so.

THE HAUNTED LIMBO.

*A May-Night Vision, after a Visit to the Grosvenor Gallery.
(With acknowledgment of a hint from HOOD.)*

I.

A WORLD of whim I wandered in of late,
A limbo all unknown to common mortals;
But in the drear night-watches 'twas my fate
To pass within its portals.

Dusk warders, dim and drowsy, drew aside
What seemed a shadowy unsubstantial curtain,
And pointed onwards as with pain or pride,
But *which* appeared uncertain.

I entered, and an opiate influence stole,
Like semi-palsy, over thought and feeling,
And with inebriate haziness my soul
Seemed rapt almost to reeling.

For over all there hung a glamour queer,
A sense of something odd the spirit daunted,
And said, like a witch-whisper in the ear,
"The place is haunted!"

II.

Those women, ah, those women! They were white,
Blue, green, and grey,—all hues, save those of nature,
Bony of frame, and dim and dull of sight,
And parlous tall of stature.

Ars longa est,—aye, very long indeed,
And long as Art were all these High-Art ladies,
And wan, and weird; one might suppose the breed
A cross 'twixt earth and Hades.

If poor Persephone to the Dark King
Had children borne, after that rape from Enna,
Much so might they have looked, when suffering
From too much salts and senna.

Many their guises, but no various grace
Or changeful charm relieved their sombre sameness;
Of form contorted, and cadaverous fape,
And limp lopsided lameness.

Venus was there; at least, they called her so:

A pallid person with a jaw protrusive,
Who palpably had found all passion slow,
And all delight delusive.

No marvel she looked *passé*, peevish, pale,
Unlovely, languid, and with doldrums laden.
To cheer her praise of knights might not avail,
Nor chaunt of moon-eyed maiden.

Laus Veneris! they sang; the music rose
More like a requiem than a gladsome psalm.
With sullen lip and earth-averted nose
Listened the Cytherean.

This Aphrodite? Then methought I heard
Loud laughter of the Queen of Love, full scornful
Of this dull simulacrum, strained, absurd,
Green-sick, and mutely mournful.

A solid Psyche and a podgy Pan,
A pulpy Cupid crying on a column,
A skew-limbed Luna, a Peona wan,
A Man and Mischief solemn;

A moonlight-coloured maiden—she was hight
Ophelia, but poor *Hamlet* would have frightened—
A wondrous creature called the Shulamite,
With vesture quaintly tightened;

These and such other phantasms seemed to fill
Those silk-hung vistas, which, though fair and roomy,
Nathless seemed straitened, close, oppressive, still,
And gogglesome and gloomy.

For over all there hung a glamour queer,
A sense of something odd the spirit daunted;
And said, like a witch-whisper in the ear,
"The place is haunted!"

III.

And there were creatures, nondescript, half-nude,
With flesh and raiment of amazing colours;
With strange and spectral life they seemed endued,
A prey to nameless dolours.

Carven from teak, hewn out of malachite,
Of moonshine some, and some of cheese half-rotten,
Their forms appeared, oppressive to the sight,
Monstrous and misbegotten.

And when they stood, they ever stood askew,
And if perchance they walked they always hobbled.
Limbs had they that like twisted thorn-trunks grew,
And heads which wagged and wobbled.

They hung all huddled in the dim inane,
Helpless as the three legs on a Manx penny,
Tangled in snaky scarves, as vesture vain,
Or else they were not any.

"What, what are these monstrosities?" I cried.
"Chimeras worse than aught in ancient stories?"
Then, in reproof, a solemn voice replied,
"These things are allegories!"

A Time (of teak), a Death (of mouldy cheese);
Day, standing cramped and dismal in a doorway;
Spring, lolling limply, hopeless, ill at ease;
And Summer, chill as Norway!

I could no more; I veiled my wearied eyes.
I said, "Is this indeed the High Ideal?"
If so, give me plain faces, common skies,
The homely and the real."

But no, this limbo is *not* that fair land,
Beloved of soaring fancies, hearts ecstatic;
'Tis the Fools' Paradise of a small band,
Queer, crude, absurd, erratic.

I turned, and murmured, as I passed away,
"Such limbos of mimetic immaturity
Have no abiding hold e'en on to-day,
Of fame no calm security."

For over all there hung a glamour queer,
A sense of something odd the spirit daunted,
And said, like a witch-whisper in the ear,
"This place is haunted!"

Plates before Pictures.

THE LORD MAYOR, on a recent appropriate occasion, took the opportunity to call attention to the absence of Pictorial Art from the Mansion House. The want of paintings at the Civic Palace has doubtless remained unnoticed because the attention of everybody there has been exclusively devoted to the plates.



MYOPIA.

Little Binks (to Unsteady Party who had lurched heavily against him). "I BEG YOUR PARDON, I'M SURE, BUT I'M VERY SHORTSIGHTED—"

Dissipated Stranger. "DO' MENSHT, SHIR—I'VE MET GOO' MANY SHOR'SIGHT PEOP'EH MORN', BU' YOU'RE FIRSH GEN'L'M'SH MADE 'SHL'SHT 'POLOGY!"

THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

FRAGMENTS OF A PROJECTED ÆSTHETICO-POLITICAL EPIC.

By the E-RL OF B-C-NSF-LD.

"Of late years the English School has given an indication of aiming at a higher range of imaginative composition than has hitherto prevailed; and I am not surprised at such an indication, because a national School of Art must inevitably in the long run represent the character of the nation to which it belongs. And certainly if there is an imaginative Nation in the World, it is the English Nation."—Lord BEACONSFIELD at the *Academy Dinner*.

THESE are thy works, Supernal Phantasy!
Dower divine of the Caucasian mind,
And heritage of England! Some there be
Who sneer at Saxondom as dull and slow;
Myself in earlier days—but there, no matter!
Standing amidst this annual Art-array,
This periodic Paradise of Paint,
Who dares deny the Gods' divinest gift
To the imperial race I deign to rule,
And, ruling, to inspire?

* * * "Inspire?" Precisely.
Semitic inspiration, Asian fire,
And Orient *finesse*, these things it needs
To supplement the Shakspeare in its blood.
A Polyphemus huge, to which I lend
Touch of Ulysses, quickening its bulk
With alien energy.

* * * But standing here
Amid his yearly yield of phantasy,
I laud the Titan. So *Titania*
Might deftly tickle waking *Bottom's* ears,
And praise him for the beauty of his dreams.

* * * Dreams rule us, and great dreamers rule the World,
That is, when they can well discriminate

'Twixt Vision and mere Nightmare. Here be dreams,

A twelvemonth's tale of them from May to May,
Set forth on canvas. I work out *my* dreams
On the world's solid stage; but Phantasy
Is fashioner of both.

* * * The High Ideal,
Like *la haute politique*, attracts high souls,
Imagination's favourite realm. And here?
Humph! No Madonnas simper from these walls;
Lords of the Silver Bow are absent here;
But the Ideal is a Protean Sprite,
And hath as many Avatars as Vishnu.
Job, Psyche, Hamlet, Faust, Sidonia—
What matter, so the constant soul inform
The changing shape? Here, truly, it takes many!
Religious? Here what Syrian fervour burns!
What more than Grecian fire and Grecian glow
Tasked to excogitate that infant Samuel,
Or plan the wild perspective of yon plain!
Lacks not the wondrous power which "bodies forth
The form of things *unknown*." Historic? Humph!
"Historic Conscience" has been charged with freak
And whim, but what are they to the strange work
Of Art's historic fancy? Then again
The Idyllic! With what fervour does rapt fancy
Devote itself to pools and pretty girls
In classic poses! Last (which should be first),
The dear Domestic, idol of the day,
In every phase of moony sentiment
And mild facetiousness!

* * * *Imagination?*
Stage-properties, and pap, and pretty-pretty!
With spurts of the fantastic and the insane!
So sums the Cynic. So might I have summed,
In days when I was Ishmael undisguised.
But now,—well, my Boeotian Behemoth
Likes titillation; since he's well in hand,
The spur's superfluous, and might spoil all.
'Twill please poor Polyphemus to imagine
That he's imaginative. *Bourgeois* taste,
Parochial inspiration, homespun feeling,
And bagman comicality, alike
Are rampant here, and war with the Ideal,
Ay, e'en as nigger minstrelsy might war
With the Olympian music of Apollo.
Cockney conceptions and *bizarre* conceits,
Are these Imagination's rightful issue,
Or births of smug complacent commonplace
And straining impotence?

* * * No matter! Could they,
These solid Britons, soar, they'd scarcely stoop
To my *manège*. The dullards once derided
My own Ideals; called them tawdry, turgid,
Mere soap-sud bubble, pyrotechnic glitter:
Now is 't not a magnanimous return,
In view of this array of housewife Art—
FRITH's tragedy, the comedy of CROWE,
The poesy of POOLE, the historic force
Of COPE, or HART, or THORNBURN—is 't not kind
To laud their wealth of latent sentiment,
Their passion for heroic incident,
Ideal beauty, intellectual grace?
Sphinx compliments Chimæra! Well, at need
Phœbus divine, Lord of the Silver Bow,
May sometimes draw the *long* one; ay, and hit
The white, although his target is not Truth.
But, say, the pleasures of Imagination.

Beer and Biscuits.

PALMER, Quaker, Liberal, Gladstonite, Anti-Jingo, and great local biscuit-baker, has been returned for Reading by a triumphant majority. Call you this nothing? ATTENBOROUGH, the Tory, had no chance, though he offered the electors a perfect assortment of pledges. After Tamworth, Reading! Is there no reaction here? Or will the Jingoos, as they thrust "Beer" down our throats in the one case, cram "Biscuits" into our mouths in the other?

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

"FINGOES"—our black defenders. "Jingoos"—our black guards.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MONDAY, May 13.—The Lords came back from their holiday in the country to their holiday in the House.

Lord SELBORNE is going to raise the Constitutional question of the employment of Indian troops out of India without consent of Parliament.

Et après ?

(*Commons*.)—Sir H. JAMES asked his question, "Will the troops moved from India bring up the forces employed above the number authorised by Parliament?"—and got his answer, "They will."

Et après ?

Next Monday the Marquis of HARTINGTON means to raise the Constitutional question, "Is the Bill of Rights still in force?"

Et après ?

In the mean time, by way of rehearsal, on Third Reading of the Budget Bill, the question was trotted out by Mr. H. VIVIAN, who contended, in a smart speech, in which he did not mince his words, that "Government had not only cast a slight upon Parliament, but had behaved in a highly unconstitutional manner."

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER explained, at the length

which indicated a bad case, how it was that Parliament had not heard a whisper of what the Government intended. On the 27th the Cabinet decided "on principle" to move Indian troops to a Mediterranean garrison. On the 28th Lord DERBY resigned. On the 4th of April came the Budget. Not till the 12th did the India Office send authority to the Viceroy to move the troops to Malta; not till the 16th were the necessary orders given in India. "How could I move an estimate for the cost of movements still *in nubibus*?"

All very well, Sir STAFFORD. But the House was still sitting when the movement was determined on, and heard nothing of it.

Mr. DODSON thought the Government had jockeyed Parliament.

Mr. ARTHUR MILLS thought they had done quite the right thing.

Mr. MITCHELL HENRY protested against this fashion of astonishing Europe behind the back of Parliament.

Mr. RYLANDS did not see, if this sort of thing might be done, what protection we had from the Bill of Rights.

Mr. PEASE protested against the way the House had been treated by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. So did Mr. E. JENKINS, Mr. NEWDEGATE, and Mr. LAING.



PATRONAGE.

Stone-breaker (to Artist). "TIMES IS BAD, MASTER; BUT IF YOU'LL DRAW IN ME AN' MY MATE, WE'D NOT MIND STANDIN' A PINT O' FOUR!"

(Methinks our Members "do protest too much," if nothing but protest is to come of it.)

And then the Bill was passed by 111 to 19; and another effort of Opposition force was frittered away.

Then to Supply.

Mr. O'DONNELL, complaining of the injustice done to Irish Members in the Reports, moved to cut down the vote for Mr. HANSARD by £3000, and Mr. GRAY "backing him," was grievously mewed down, to Mr. SULLIVAN's great wrath. Mr. O'CONNOR POWER was even within an ace of dragging, as he said, the mewling Member "to justice." Mr. GRAY deprecated this. He looked on the incident merely as evidence in favour of DARWIN's doctrine of development. He was told the Honourable Member who mewed could also crow.

Ultimately HANSARD saved his £3,000 by 278 to 26, and then Mr. O'DONNELL fell foul of the salary of the Editor of the *Gazette*. Why don't they give the post to Mr. O'DONNELL?

The Member for Dungarvan then turned his powerful mind to the vote for Stationery for the Queen's Colleges in Ireland, to which Irish Roman Catholic Members have pledged themselves to stop the supplies. But surely between Obstructives and Stationery there should be not hostility, but harmony. Altogether, however, the Irish Members managed to give the House what no doubt they would call a good time.

And then, about two in the morning, when the reporters had put up their books, and quiet Members were looking forward to bed, came on, of all Bills, the Irish Sunday Closing Bill; and the Irish Members, for and against, set in for serious Obstruction, and showed their mastery of the Art by dividing on Motions to report progress, and that the Chairman do leave the chair, till twenty-five minutes to ten on Tuesday morning.

Punch takes leave to congratulate the House and the Irish Members on their night's work! Time was made for slaves.

Tuesday (Lords).—Bishopries Bill read a Third Time, though Lord ROSEBURY thinks "suffragans" would be more economical, more elastic, and more efficient.

"An elastic episcopacy," is a new idea. But their Lordships preferred the less elastic arrangements of the Bill, and passed it by 107 to 33.

(*Commons.*)—Mr. O'MORGAN moved, and got, a Select Committee, to inquire what steps ought to be taken to simplify land-title and facilitate land-transfer. Why should not Honourable Members inquire if it amuses them? The lawyers can give you the best reasons why the inquiry should come to nothing. At the same time, is there any parliamentary reason why the House should add one more to its many egregious failures to give the lawyers the go-by.

Sir H. JAMES gave excellent reasons for moving a Resolution that City Aldermen and Common Councilmen should not elect judges.

Mr. C. LEWIS moved a counter Resolution, to the effect that they did it beautifully.

The debate resolved itself into a discussion of recent appointments; and ended in 102 to 57 for Recorder CHAMBERS and Common Serjeant CHARLEY. Summary of the debate, "Alarums, excursions, and Chambers let off," and "*Charley is my Darling.*"

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL brought in Sir J. STEPHEN's Bill for amending the law relating to indictable offences. Can it be possible that so excellent a measure has any chance of becoming law? It would be enough to neutralise the bad work of even this Session.

Wednesday.—Mr. MELDON moved his Bill for assimilating Irish Borough Franchise to English and Scotch. Except Mr. WARD, the Irish supporters of the Bill held their tongues—for once. The opponents of the measure had all the talk to themselves. There had been a good whip for the Bill. A considerable body of advanced English Members supported it; so it was only rejected by 228 to 197. Is it possible that anything could make the Irish constituencies worse? If so, probably this change would do it.

Thursday (Lords).—The Third Reading of the Factories and Workshops Bill brought up Lord SHAFESBURY on the riots which are now disgracing Lancashire, and renewing the excesses of a past generation. His Lordship, speaking for the great bulk of the operatives, declared his conviction that these riots were the work of "the idle, the vagabond, and the worthless." But they ought to be disclaimed by the best of their fellows.

The first fruits of the calling out of the Reserves, the starvation of wives and children, were discussed. The men had come forward at the call of the Government. Were their wives and children to be

thrown on the rates, or taken charge of by the War Office? The one course seems cruel; the other is dangerous.

LORD CARDWELL hoped the Government would deal with the matter in a just, fair, and generous spirit. So does *Punch*. So does England.

LORD BEACONSFIELD felt the subject to be one "of a highly interesting character." The wives and children of the Reserve men were already receiving their allowances in advance instead of in arrear, "which was, of course, an advantage," and showed the Government were not indifferent to the matter. But he would rather Lord DELAWARE did not ask for the correspondence about it between the War Office and Boards of Guardians. It might not be pleasant for the War Office.

(*Commons*.)—The House talked about the Lancashire Riots; Mr. CROSS sums up the Home Office instructions, which are unexceptionable, "Order must be preserved, but the greatest discretion must be used in employing the military."

In Supply, another Irish row over the Queen's Colleges' stationery. "The Queen's Colleges' stationery"? Would they *were* stationary. We shouldn't have all this row about them. It is their advanced and advancing character that makes them intolerable to the Priests and their nominees. But the row! We have all read or heard of the Cave of the Winds in the *Æneid*. "*Vasto rex Æolus antro*." It was from the Cave of the Winds that the tempest rushed, when Mr. CAVE declared that Mr. PARNELL was "a curse to the country." This naturally set Irish backs up, and shillelaghs were flourishing, and coats off, in a jiffy. "Is it a curse to the country—and him a blessin' to the House o' Commons—bedad!" And so at it, whack, whack, for the best part of the night.

But for all that, wonders will never cease—a Clause of the Irish Sunday Closing Bill was carried!

Friday.—The House sat at two. Mr. CROSS gave the last news of the Lancashire riots. He agrees with Lord SHARTESBURY that the rioters are the idle, worthless loafers of the districts. But why don't the decent, sober, hard-working operatives put down the idle, worthless loafers, who bring them and their cause into discredit?

LORD HARTINGTON, *Punch* is glad to know, means, for once, to go to a division on Monday. 'Till Her Majesty's Opposition dare divide, it has no right to call itself united.

SIR M. H. BEACH gave notice of Amendment to Lord HARTINGTON's Motion:—

"That this House, being of opinion that the constitutional control of Parliament over the raising and employment of the military forces of the Crown is fully secured by the provisions of the law and by the undoubted power of this House to grant or refuse supplies, considers it to be unnecessary and inexpedient to affirm any resolution tending to weaken the hands of Her Majesty's Government in the present state of foreign affairs."

This is, at least, raising the issue fairly.

Let Her Majesty's Opposition prove itself worthy of the occasion, or "for ever after hold its peace."

A fight over Colonel WELLESLEY's appointment as Secretary of Legation at Vienna *per saltum* over the heads of ninety-three secretaries and *attachés*. No doubt, Colonel WELLESLEY is a very lucky man. His name has helped him, and his connections and his commission in the Guards; but also his services as Military Attaché at St. Petersburg, the hardships he has borne and the risks he has run during the campaign. No doubt, many of the ninety-three have been very ill-used. But, after all, is it a matter to move Parliament in? If there is any job in the case, is it by any means one of the gravest kind, not half as bad, in all probability, as a score that are yearly being perpetrated in every branch of the civil, military, and diplomatic service? In short, it is a tempest in a teapot; and but that the House has lately been wasting its time so much more discreditably, *Punch* would be sorry that it had devoted so much time to Mr. BENNET-STANFORD's Motion.

Altogether, what with riotings out of doors, and rows and wrangles within, the kicks of an impotent Opposition, and the rough-riding of a high-handed Government, *Punch* does not remember a more disagreeable and discreditable week, since he undertook the weary work of expressing Essence of Parliament.

Ox and Bull.

It is expected that an Honourable Representative of a constituency in the Sister Island will move the following Amendment to the Preamble of the Cattle Diseases Bill:—"Whereas divers Cattle, whether native or foreign, are suspected of infectious diseases, it is expedient to slaughter them with a view to save their lives."

PALATES AND PALETTES.

THE absence of Paintings at the Mansion House, another Correspondent remarks, is the more surprising, as so much attention is generally paid there to the pleasures of the palate.

"THE LATEST INTELLIGENCE."

(From Our Own Correspondents.)



PARIS, Monday.
I HAVE it on the best authority that Count SCHOUVALOFF in his interviews with the CZAR has informed His Majesty that it is the intention of the British Government to seize Cronstadt, Sebastopol, and Odessa, unless the Treaty of Stephano is immediately withdrawn.

ROME, Tuesday.
I AM told on authority which I cannot doubt, that Count SCHOUVALOFF, in his interviews with the CZAR, has urged His Majesty to be firm. The Ambassador declares that the British Government will submit to any terms to avoid war.

VIENNA, Wednesday.

THERE is no doubt that Prince BISMARCK will support Russia. I am assured that the German Chancellor, in bidding adieu to SCHOUVALOFF, made use of the following remarkable words: "Russia may rest assured that we will not permit the Triple Alliance to be disturbed. My authority is beyond question."

ATHENS, Thursday.

I HAVE no hesitation in declaring that Russia can hope for no support from Germany. Prince BISMARCK, in bidding adieu to Count SCHOUVALOFF made use of the following important words:—"The Triple Alliance, commenced as a mystery, has now become a myth. Russia must fight her own battles. *Beati possidentes*, no doubt; but even possessors have responsibilities as well as rights. This in confidence."

BERLIN, Friday.

I HEAR from St. Petersburg that the mission of Count SCHOUVALOFF will certainly end in peace.

ST. PETERSBURG, Saturday.

ADVICES from Berlin declare that the mission of Count SCHOUVALOFF must inevitably terminate in war.

PARIS, VIENNA, BERLIN, Sunday Morning.

WE are in a position to state that the news you published from Rome, Athens, and St. Petersburg, is thoroughly inaccurate.

ROME, ATHENS, ST. PETERSBURG, Sunday Night.

WE are able to declare that the intelligence you have derived from Paris, Vienna, and Berlin is absolutely incorrect.

Looking Up, by Jingo!

MAY the following piece of statistics prove less ominous than it looks:—

"GUNPOWDER.—In the last four months the value of gunpowder exported was £137,494; last year, in the like period, it was £107,085."

The exportation of gunpowder slightly on the rise, is, so far, good for British manufacturers, and bad for no other people but foreign combatants. Let us hope that our Powder Millers will not be further enriched by the enormously enlarged sale through the immensely increased consumption of gunpowder, purchased by Her Majesty's Government in enormous quantities at the expense of her subjects, and exported only to be burnt against enemies too likely not to prove worth powder and shot, expended on them by thousands of valuable soldiers and countrymen of our own, destined themselves to become food for powder.

RED BRICKS AND RUBRICKS.



All go in for Christian greets.
Though like Christians some be plucked,
All in Christian beds are tucked;
Fed in hall on Christian dinners,
Not like us, poor Christ Church sinners,
Who, confessing thus our guilt,
Thank our stars that Keble's built!"

WHY was Keble College built?"

"Ask the gingerbread and gilt!"

Answers BURGON. "Oh, that slid on Quite by accident," says LIDDON;

"For though modest, humble, feeble, All our work has been for Keble!"

"Humph! best plough in broader furrows, That's my view of it," cries BURROWS.

"Yes," adds BERNARD, "reason why We've not built it in the High."

"Stay. I'll make it clear," says PUSEY,

"College life's but *cr  mant Bouzy*.

Therefore KEBLE offers all Beer that's Christian beer, though small.

Yes, the sons who pass her gates,

ADVERTISING A LA MODE.

(By Mr. PUNCH'S Own Man.)

12 Noon.

HAVING received a magnificently illuminated card of invitation to assist at the inauguration of the Grand Hotel and Aquatic Casino of the good town of Shrimpsville-on-Sea, I duly presented myself at the terminus of the London, Dublin, and Edinburgh Railway Company at the hour fixed for the departure of the special train chartered by the Directors of the Company. I could not help congratulating myself upon the fixture of the date of the ceremony.—Had I been asked to take part in the interesting celebration yesterday, I should have been forced to decline, as my services were then required to chronicle the initial passage of the new boat built to run between Herne Bay and Dinard by the Short-Sea-Passage-between-London-and-Paris-Company. To-morrow, too, would have been out of the question, as I have to attend the Press Lunch offered by the charming, talented, and popular Manager of the Royal East End Gaff. To-day, however, I am quite free, and can therefore recount the proceedings which are to give Shrimpsville-on-Sea a new Hotel and an Aquatic Casino. As I write, representatives of the Fourth Estate are taking their places in the magnificent saloon-carriages which have been put at their disposal by the Directors of the undertaking. It is a beautiful day, and everybody is in excellent spirits.

3 P.M.

I open my letter to say that we have arrived safely at Shrimpsville-on-Sea. The little watering-place is simply charming. Nothing can be more picturesque than the numerous bathing-machines, and the town pump is really a magnificent work of art. And now let me describe the Hotel and Aquatic Casino.† * * * You will see from the tariff (which I give above) that the charges, all things taken into consideration, are very reasonable. We are now going to partake of the excellent *d  jeuner* which has been so liberally provided for us by the worthy Directors of this really excellent undertaking. I have just seen the menu, and find that the dishes are of the most *recherch  * description. The wines, too, are of the best brands. I can just see the necks of the champagne bottles peeping out of the ice-pails.

7 P.M.

Just open letter to say it's all right. Directors capital fellows—all of 'em, and so say all of us! Chorus, "And so say all of us!" British Constitution. Very tired. Very tired. Going to sleep. All right!

† The Editor regrets that want of space prevents the publication of the description.

PEARLS FOR PARIS.

(Expected to be added shortly to the Exposition.)

ELEGANT Extract from an After-supper Speech, by H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES, confessing his Platonic attachment to the New Republic.

Autograph Letter from the CZAR of all the RUSSIAS, pledging his imperial word to do his utmost possible to preserve the public peace, despite the provocation of the Jingoese, and the Dizzy-bodies.

A Treatise on the Gout, viewed as an hereditary political disease, with a Preface, written jointly by Prince BISMARCK, and Prince GORTSCHAKOFF.

Romance, by VICTOR HUGO, founded on the patent facts:—(1.) That Paris is the axle of the common weal; and (2.) That every man of genius is by birth a Frenchman.

Proclamation by Lord BEACONSFIELD, as the Prime Autocrat of England, announcing that the knout will, on conviction, be applied to all political offenders, *i. e.* persons who oppose his spirited foreign policy.

Addition to the Aviary, in the form of a Round Robin, signed by nine-and-ninety Reporters for the newspapers, representing and regretting the marked inferiority of the present Exhibition in the matter of convenience of access to refreshments.

A Barometer umbrella-stand, warranted to change its colour on approaching change of weather.

Confession by Herr WAGNER that, in his belief, the Music of the Future will be composed in China.

Pr  cis of a measure just prepared for Congress, for securing Transatlantic copyright to European authors.

Pattern of a salt-spoon to be forthwith introduced at foreign tables-d'h  te for the use of British tourists.

A new patent noiseless latch-key, invented expressly for the comfort and convenience of fashionable young Ladies.

Extract from an *Avis aux Voyageurs* suspended in a chamber at the Sublime Hotel, announcing that the charge for *bougies* will be lessened to One Sou during the continuance of the Exposition.

A Paris newspaper containing, by desire of its subscribers, a good supply of English and other foreign news, in lieu of the bad novel that used to fill its *feuilleton*.

THE LORD MAYOR'S ORACLES.

WE have already had occasion to call attention to some of the LORD MAYOR'S oracular utterances from the Bench. There was one in the case of a young wife, who in despair at being deserted by a soldier-husband, had attempted suicide, to the effect that if her husband *had* deserted her, "it served her right for marrying so young."

The subject of his Lordship's latest oracle is Education. A young rogue was brought before him, charged with robbing his employer.

"The prisoner's father stated that his son had been educated as a pupil-teacher. The LORD MAYOR: His education does not seem to have done him much good. In fact, he appears to have been over-educated. People who are educated commit these offences much more easily now than formerly."

In another case—

"JAMES CROOME was charged on remand with stealing tea from Nicholson's Wharf.—The prisoner was found upon one of the floors with the tea in his pockets.—Mr. POUND, with whom the prisoner was apprenticed, stated that he and his family were all well educated.—The LORD MAYOR: Talk about education making us so much better; I don't believe it does.—Mr. POUND: If convicted, the prisoner's indentures will be cancelled, and he will be ruined.—The LORD MAYOR: And serve him right. He will make room for a more honest lad."

Probably this is only the LORD MAYOR'S illogical and inarticulate way of expressing his conviction that sending lads to school will not necessarily turn them from a dishonest bent, and that evil or foolish acts must entail evil consequences. If so, it is a pity that his oracles so ill convey his meaning, because they are likely to introduce serious confusion of ideas in heads as foggy as his own, and may give occasion to uneducated and unfeeling asses to gird at education and to justify hard-heartedness.

If we wanted a case to show how grievous an evil the want of education may be, where could we find one so striking as that of the LORD MAYOR?

Here is a man in a prominent position which gives him the opportunity of venting unwisdom from the judgment-seat, and for want of the school-training which would have enabled him to weigh the force of words, and master the rudiments of logic, he talks such mischievous nonsense as *Punch* has been forced, much against his will, more than once, to protest against.

BEATI POSSIDENTES.—Query, when possession costs £200,000 a day?



AN ALTERNATIVE.

(Time, 9 P.M.)

"CHARLES, LOVE, LADY LEDSBURY IS AT HOME TO-NIGHT, AND MRS. GELASMA HAS A CONCERT, AND THERE'S THE DUCHESS OF IPSWICH'S DANCE. NOW, ARE WE GOING TO THESE PLACES, OR NOT? FOR IF WE ARE, IT IS TIME FOR ME TO GO AND DRESS; AND IF WE ARE NOT, IT IS TIME FOR ME TO PUT A MUSTARD-PLASTER ON MY CHEST, SOME FLANNEL ROUND MY THROAT, AND GO STRAIGHT OFF TO BED!"

HOW IT HAPPENED.

SCENE—A Council Chamber. DATE—Some time on or after the 1st of April last. The Prime Minister discovered drawing fancy short cuts from India on a pad of official blotting-paper. Other Members of the Cabinet brushing their hats in the act of departure.

The Prime Minister (closing his reverie). Seven thousand, or seventy thousand! or, for the matter of that, seven hundred thousand! Capital! (Rises.) There! That's settled. There's nothing else, I think?

New Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Nothing but this. (Hands a Rhyming Dictionary to the late Secretary of State for War.) I shan't want it for the European work, you know. But you'll find it very useful with LYTON. And if you'll take my advice, you will not stifle the instincts of higher imagination. Remember the Hexameter Imperial is the key-note to an Indian despatch, Eh, my Lord?

The Prime Minister. It is the metre in which our policy is penned.

The late Secretary of State for War. Thanks very much. I'll look at it when I get home. (Puts it into his pocket.) I don't think there's anything else to tell STANLEY?

The Prime Minister. Nothing. The regiments are fixed: the new blue trousers of, I trust, a showy material and effective cut, are in hand; while as to the ships—?

First Lord of the Admiralty. They are provided, my Lord, and stored, to the last scuttle of coals.

The Prime Minister. Good. (With enthusiasm.) This is a great, a momentous move, Gentlemen. We separate under splendid auspices!

All (responsively). We do! We do!

[They cheer, and re-brush their hats.

The Prime Minister. Then, au revoir! (The rest of the Cabinet hurry off. He reverts to the blotting-paper.) Seven hundred thousand! A few strokes more or less with a little pen, and we can wake this Empire up in all its Titan strength, with remoulded shape and swarthier limb bid it astound the wondering world, and then, if the Commons should kick—

Re-enter the Chancellor of the Exchequer, hurriedly.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer. Beg your pardon for interrupting you; but do you know, talking of this Indian move, what with all this chopping and changing, and confusion, we've somehow quite forgotten—

The Prime Minister. What? Not to order the Ghoorka Regiments' new facings?

The Chancellor of the Exchequer. No;—to mention it in the Estimates!

The Prime Minister. Is that all?

The Chancellor of the Exchequer. That's all!

[They indulge in a burst of thoroughly hearty laughter as the curtain falls.

The Oxford Election.

THE Tories cry, "Twere fatal SMITH to choose;
Brains are so dang'rous without sound Church views;"
But no suspicion in their mind remains
Sound Church views may be dangerous without brains.

MAKING A NIGHT OF IT.

WHAT can be more foolish than to remain dancing from ten or eleven at night until three or four in the morning? Staying up talking and listening to talk from four one afternoon till twenty-five minutes past ten next morning.



OUR "IMPERIAL" GUARD.

LORD B. "YOU HAVE OFTEN HELPED *HER*, MADAM."

INDIA. "AND NOW I AM COME TO HELP *YOU*!"
[BRITANNIA doesn't exactly know how she likes it.]

A WORD WITH A FRIEND.



Smallpox, friend OBADIAH, continues, worse luck! to infest the neighbourhood of London. Not a nurse is admitted into the Smallpox Hospital unless she has been previously vaccinated, and Smallpox has never been caught by any such nurse.

So, Friend, thou must see that if the Vaccination Act were universally enforced, there probably would be an end of Smallpox.

A distinguished member of thy Society, who owns that facts, so far as he knows, "appear to be in favour of Vaccination," nevertheless objects to the enforcement of the Vaccination Act on parents who

disobey it, by repeated fine and imprisonment. He calls the law which subjects them to those punishments "monstrous," and he thinks that "it is a monstrous invasion of the rights of parents thus repeatedly to punish them." And so, perchance, thou thinkest likewise.

But suppose even that parents have the right to risk their children's lives, what right, Friend, has any parent to insist on letting his child catch the Smallpox and infect his neighbours? Think of that.

There is a certain mistake, Friend, which some Friends may possibly make touching Vaccination. They imagine, perhaps, that the Vaccination Act invades liberty of conscience, as though disbelief in Vaccination were purely a matter of opinion, and dissent from the Faculty as legitimate as dissent from the Church. They fail to discern the difference between a theological and a surgical *opus operatum*, and think it as monstrous to impose the one upon them as it would be to force the other. But the utility and incumbency of a rite are points of private belief which the State has nothing to do with. A rite enforced is a wrong. The efficacy of a preventive process of Surgery, and the necessity of it for the public safety, are questions which the State may be able, and bound to decide, and legislate thereon accordingly.

The State cannot recognise Dissenters whose dissent is medical. Nor does it permit the Peculiar People, even on religious grounds, to allow their relatives to die for want of medical assistance, even in cases which do not endanger other people.

Some quacks at one time kept a shop in the Strand for the sale of pills which they said cured all diseases—except those they prevented. Thence also they issued a publication to puff their pills, which was actually entitled *The Medical Dissenter*, meaning an organ of Dissenters from established medical science. They pretended that those pills, purifying the blood, were the most effectual preventives of Smallpox. Had this pretence been true, and demonstrable, Vaccination ought to be superseded by those catholic, though Dissenters' pills, and the State would be bound to enforce their administration. But as it is, Medical Dissent, when dangerous, has no claim to be tolerated.

Doubtless, Friend, a short way might be taken with the Anti-Vaccinationists, and, as our distinguished Friend points out, adopted in preference to repeated penalties. "If the law is right and wise," he asks, "why does it not take the child from the arms of its mother, and force the Vaccination upon it?" Why? Peradventure, OBADIAH, the best answer to this question is the one *Mr. Bumble*, accounting all dissent unprochial, would give—"Because the Law is a Hass!"

Prate and Progress.

THE Convocation of Canterbury has resumed its sittings, in subsequence to the reopening of Parliament. On Wednesday last week the newspapers announced that "Both Houses of Convocation assembled yesterday at Westminster for the despatch of business." Convocation will no doubt despatch as much business as it generally does, and, considering the amount of progress Parliament is making, thanks to the Obstructive Legislators in the House of Commons, we can hardly tell whether the one or the other is likely to despatch the least. At present they appear to vie each with each in not getting on; but Parliament beats Convocation by taking more time to do nothing. However, they seem to agree in their two principal occupations—both murderous—the one killing time, the other, despatching business.

OUR OWN ACADEMY GUIDE.

SECOND VISIT.

Begin with Gallery No. 1, and then on as best we can. Suivez moi, s'il vous plait.

No. 15. *Mrs. Bayley Worthington.* By P. H. CALDERON, R.A. Ideal Representative of a fashionable watering-place, as Hibernia is of Ireland, and Britannia of England. Excellent idea. Admirable portrait. Hope Mr. CALDERON will continue the series all along the coast, and what charming pictures he will make of Mrs. Brighton, Hastings, Eastbourne, &c. All to be hung upon the South Coast Line. The expression on this Lady's striking physiognomy is suggestive of "Well, I don't think much of you." Perhaps she is thinking of Mrs. Margate and Mrs. Rosherville. Bravo, Mr. CALDERON, you will have a splendid testimonial given you, in the shape of all the There-and-back numbers of the London Brighton and South Coast Railway Guide for the last ten years, handsomely bound.

No. 21. *Sandford and Merton*, in fancy costume, are going out to a ball without the permission of their revered tutor, *Mr. Barlow*. Hearing his step, they run down the kitchen stairs, and hide in the cellar. Observe the shadow, which the coming event of *Mr. Barlow* descending, with a supple cane in his hand, casts on the stone steps, and the terror depicted on the boys' countenances. A noble work styled by the Artist, "*The Princes in the Tower.*" By J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.

No. 25. *Psyche.* By E. M. BUSK. No. It is "*Toe-toe chez Tata.*"

No. 36. *The Pool.* By A. RAGON. Well, I should not mind in very sultry weather being in that pool, without *A Rag* on.

No. 44. *Study of a Kashmiri Nautch Girl.* By VAL. C. PRINSEP. A very Brown Study. Was she really as Nautchy as she looks? Nautchy, but nice. And thou shalt be my Valentine!

No. 46. *The Hour.* By J. PETTIE, R.A. *Très petite*, PETTIE. But, surely, you meant "*The Hour*," not the "*Hour*," which is the name of an extinct newspaper. Unless you intended it for one of "*Hour Girls.*"

No. 48. *Study of a Man's Head.* By G. C. HINDLEY. The man's head is fresh from the brush of Mr. HINDLEY, who studied it during the process, having first sham-poo'd, and then oiled it.

No. 51. *The Rev. T. Collingwood Bruce, L.L.D., F.S.A.* By R. LEHMANN. This is a tribute of respect to the Church by a *Layman*.

No. 53. *Women Moulding Water-jars, Algeria.* By EDGAR BARCLAY. Of course, Algeria should be written *Al-Jar-ia*. Artist's name suggestive. *Bar clay*, they couldn't mould the jars.

No. 59. *The Marquis of Bath.* By G. RICHMOND, R.A. Is that the way the Markis dresses in the country? What a shocking bad hat!

No. 64. "*Home Sweet Home.*" By G. D. LESLIE, R.A. Rather an affected family (affected by the music, perhaps); but they'll grow out of it.

No. 69. *Mrs. Dearman Birchall.* By FRED. G. COTMAN. What a nice name for a Schoolmistress! Tenderness combined with severity. In this case the word suggestive of tenderness precedes the one implying severity. The actual process is the reverse of this. But I don't believe she would have the heart to do it, Mr. COTMAN.

No. 86. *Christiana, &c., &c.* By R. THORBURN, R.A. I thought it was a scene near Colney Hatch. Out-door patients taking an airing. Girl gone mad on the subject of GAINSBOROUGH, and dressing herself all in blue. However, Mr. THORBURN says it's quite a different subject altogether. He ought to know.

No. 96. *Girl Reading.* By C. E. PERUGINI. Not at all. She is considering, "Shall I read the book, or eat this orange?" Really, the Artists don't know what their own pictures are about.

No. 114. *Cassandra's Prophecy.* By G. POPE. Oh, is it? And POPE ought to know, as he wrote the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, unless I am very much mistaken. It is suggestive of "Walk up! Walk up! Classical Entertainment inside! Poses Plastiques just a-goin' to begin!"

No. 145. *Nausicaa.* By J. LEIGHTON, R.A. Perfect. NAUSICAA is saying cooly, "Oh, don't! Now promise you won't! I'm so ticklish!"

No. 167. *Martaba, a Kashmiri Nautch Girl.* By VAL. C. PRINSEP. Here we are again! Captivating slave-very! What is she drinking? LIEBIG's Beef-tea? "Warranted for the hottest climate," &c. If so, what a splendid advertisement picture this would be, companion to the well-known Nabob Sauce. Or else it would do, if labelled, "*A Little Indian Pickle.*" Was she?

No. 184. *Mariana.* By E. BELL. Very likely that was her name. But MARIANA has evidently just returned from a party, and is conscious of having over-danced, and taken too much lobster-salad, and bad champagne. *Mauvais quart d'heure!*

No. 190. By P. H. CALDERON, R.A. Mr. CALDERON explains this



TRANSPARENT.

'Liza (noticing newly-married Couple). "RIDIC'LOUS, Y' KNOW! JUST AS IF FOLKS COULDN'T SEE THROUGH IT! WELL, THERE! WHEN ME AND MY YOUNG MAN GOES TO 'AMFION COURT, ARTER WE'RE TIED UP, I'LL HAVE THE CABRIAGE MARKED 'MARRIED,' AND NOT BE ASHAMED ON IT!!"

picture by a letter from OLIVER CROMWELL, and another from a gentleman called "Squire Papers." Having looked at the picture before reading the explanation, it had occurred to me that it was "Nuns going out for a drive at so much an hour, while the others are crying at being obliged to stay at home." Or it was "Nuns going to market, and the Superioress giving her last instructions as to what they were to pay for a duckling and peas, or whatever it might be." But I am wrong. OLIVER CROMWELL'S letter to Mr. CALDERON is highly satisfactory.

No. 356. *Come to bathe quietly, but, oh, I'm afraid there's a horrid lot of frogs here!* By E. ARMITAGE, R.A. The Catalogue suggests quite another idea. The picture doesn't.

No. 406. *An Autumn Morning.* By H. JOHNSON. View of Sponge Cake Farm, with a large slice cut out of one of the poundcakes fancifully shaped like a hay-stack.

No. 1375. *Salmon Leap, Cenarth Falls, Cardiganshire.* By FRANK MILES. It should have been called *Salmon and Wales*. Of course, we were aware that "*Salmon leap*;" But who, or what, is "*Cenarth*?" But why "*Cenarth falls*," when "*Salmon leap*," is a puzzler. Poor Cenarth! sorry for him. The Fish is leaping, MILES, in the air, and the Artist is to be congratulated on the leap he has taken, and not in the dark.

"We Don't Want to Fight," &c.

(Classically put.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,
How is this for marks?

"Inviti quanquam ssevo configere bello,
Adsit opus, Jingo testamur Bellipotentem,
Sunt nobis nummi, sunt agmina, tela, carinae."

Yours, ETONENSIS.

AT LONDON, AND ST. PETERSBURG.—SHUFFLE ON, and SCHOUVALOFF.

PARLIAMENTARY QUALIFICATIONS.

In view of recent Parliamentary experiences, the Committee appointed to inquire into the conduct of Parliamentary elections have, we understand, decided to recommend the following test-questions to be, in future, put to all candidates for Parliament by the Returning Officer. Candidates unable to answer them to be, *ipso facto*, disqualified:—

1. Can you go without sleep for twenty-four hours at a stretch?
2. Can you make a speech of three hours on a subject you know nothing about?
3. Can you crow like a cock, mew like a cat, bark like a dog, and bray like an ass?
4. Are you prepared to hiss and hoot everyone voting in a different lobby from yourself?
5. Are you able to call a man a liar to his face (or behind his back) without infringing the rules of Parliamentary debate?
6. Can you defy the Speaker, challenge his ruling, and call him to order, without rendering yourself palpably liable to arrest by the Sergeant-at-Arms?
7. Enumerate the various methods of obstructing a measure before the House, enlarging specially on the respective conveniences of counts-out, reports of progress, adjournments of the House, the Committee, or the debate, as the case may be, and motions that the Speaker or Chairman do leave the Chair, &c., &c. Illustrate your reply in a supposititious report of an all-night sitting.

Text and Acceptation.

BEATI pauperes we read,—

The poor are nil habentes?

"No," BISMARCK says. "Not they; that need
Beati possidentes!"



THE NEW HUSSAR HESSIANS AND PANTS.

"SEE, I'VE DROPPED MY HANDKERCHIEF, CAPTAIN DE VERE!"

"I KNOW YOU HAVE, MISS CONSTANCE. I'M VERY SORRY. I CAN'T SPOOP, EITHER!"

HOMAGE TO HARVEY.

(In Disguise?)

TO THE EDITOR OF "PUNCH."

SIR,—In your impression of the 13th ult. there was an article entitled "Harvey a Humbug," which I read with indignation, regarding it as a gross libel on the memory of a great and good man. But a friend kindly explained to me that it was only a report of a public meeting, that of an Association called the "Antiphysiological Society," and all mere irony; what was meant being precisely the reverse of what was said. Now then, Sir, how am I to construe an advertisement I read the other day, since the above date, in the *Times*, commencing as follows?—

HARVEY'S CLAIM to the DISCOVERY of the CIRCULATION of the BLOOD.—HARVEY's merit has been very much exaggerated. HARVEY never consummated the discovery of the circulation.

Then comes an extract from a preface to a medical work, of which the writer says, touching HARVEY, that—

"He left the circulation as an inference or induction only, not as a sensible demonstration. . . He had no notion of the one order of sanguiferous vessels ending by uninterrupted continuity, or by an intermediate vascular network in the other order. This was the demonstration of a later day, and of one who first saw the light in the course of the very year when HARVEY's work on the heart was published. MALPIGHI, the POPE's chief physician, examined the circulation by the microscope in 1666, and so demonstrated it."

Is this all irony, too, Sir? Irony like yours? The following notice, observe, was appended to the apparent, if ironical, disparagement of HARVEY:—

"The above ADVERTISEMENT is inserted by the SOCIETY for the TOTAL ABOLITION and UTTER SUPPRESSION of VIVISECTION."

What then, Sir, does the body professing itself a Society for the Abolition and Suppression of Vivisection, in depreciating HARVEY, mean to do him honour, like the deliverer of the address to the Antiphysiological Society which you reported? By saying that HARVEY did not discover the circulation of the blood, do the Antivivisectionists really intend to say that he did? If so, then, the former and the latter are both equally ironical. In the same spirit those ironical adversaries of Vivisection, I suppose, would contend that Sir CHARLES BELL was not the discoverer of the connection of the motor nerves with the fore, and the sensitive nerves with the hinder, divisions of the spinal cord. This, then, would be irony too. Sir CHARLES BELL's discovery, also, was effected through experiments on living animals, performed, as no doubt were HARVEY's too, as humanely as possible. The Antivivisectionists who disparage HARVEY, and would likewise, in consistency, decried BELL, vilifying both ironically, have also, I suppose, adopted a title which, representing them as aiming to put down Vivisection, is ironical as well. They would have us understand that their object is to promote that practice and not to prevent it; and the pretence of the latter design is only their irony. In short, they detract from the fame of HARVEY—of whose profession I have the honour to be a humble Member—only to extol him; just as you, perhaps, by way of an intended compliment, might call me an ass. But that sort of irony—indeed all irony whatever—is open to misconstruction, and, preferring the naked truth in plain language, by which I can never be taken in and led to make a fool of myself,

I remain, Sir, ever yours faithfully,

SIMPLICITAS.

BEATI POSSIDENTES.

AIR—"The Vicar of Bray."

WHEN gallant BEACONSFIELD uprose,
His Party's pride and glory,
He frighted all our country's foes
In fashion truly Tory.
And now that each true heart's at ease,
And every wrong is righted,
All argument at once should cease,
And Britons be united!
That this is law, and shall remain,
I boldly make profession;
A patriot's duty's to sustain
The Party in possession!

The Ship of State's in peril great
Of rough and dirty weather,
And seeing things in such a state,
All hands should pull together.
Why she was steered on such a tack,
If eads raise awkward question,
We'll larrup each base lubber's back,
And scout the vile suggestion!
For this is law, &c.

The obstinate and trait'rous dogs
Who claim to have "opinions,"
Would quickly swamp in faction's bogs
Our glorious dominions.
When English interests are at stake,
No time for shilly-shally;
Wake, Britons, wake, all else forsake,
And round your Leaders rally!
For this is law, &c.

The country should be one—with us;
The dolts who favour schism
Are moved by spiteful *animus*,
And void of patriotism.
For 'tis most clear, to doubt it's sin,
Each true-blue Briton knows it,
That whosoever our side's in
'Tis treason to oppose it.
For this is law, and shall remain,
I boldly make profession;
A patriot's duty's to sustain
The Party in possession.

MILITARY AND NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

WE are given to understand that at all official banquets, it is intended to replace the time-honoured toast of "The Army and Navy" by "Our Sepoys and Seaboys."

DREAM-GROUPS AT THE ACADEMY.



VICTIMS, Fallen amongst Thieves—Nausicaa, Zenobia, and Mrs. Langtry, Shopping in Constantinople, in Gusty Weather, on a Showery Day, in the Time of Roses.

Lord Coleridge on a Flaw in the Title of the Laird, Sedge-cutting in Wicken Fen, in the Glow of Morning, Fifty Years Ago.

The Marquis of Bath and the Marquis of Waterford Tipping the Princes in the Tower, at a School Treat, in Smithfield.

Sir Henry Hawkins asking a Member of the Long Parliament—"When did you last see your Father?" In Newgate, Under a Cloud; at the Trysting Tree on the Road to Ruin; or with the Chinese Minister at a Country Cricket Match in the Bernese Alps?

An Anxious Moment—Right Hon. Robert Lowe, Four Miles from any Town and Sympathy, on the Heath, in Solitude, with the Lowing Herd and Cornish Lions.

St. Martin's Summer—Right Hon. W. H. Smith (Westminster Union) Shrimping, with the Coral Fisher and Britomart and her Nurse, in a Social Eddy, in a Salt-Water Marsh, and thinking of an Eastern Question (an Eastern Puzzle), Conditional Neutrality, Trial by Battle, and the Post Bag.

Convocation, As Dry as a Limekiln, with Separate Interests—Bishop Cloughton, Dean Howson, Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, Earl of Shaftesbury, Professor Huxley, Rev. Newman Hall, and Rev. James Martineau.

A Dream of Ancient Egypt—the Gods and their Makers, and the Pasha, with the Tibia and Loot.

The Hour After an Entomological Sale—A Colorado Beetle?

A Love Missile from the Study of a Nautch Girl, Ready for the Hair come of Age, after Childhood in Eastern Life.

Lieut. Cameron's Welcome (Home, Sweet Home) from his Explorations in Africa, by the Three Graces, the Lively Polly, the Loughborough Nuns and the Lady Mayoress.

To Our Next Merrie Meeting All Among the Barley in Reaping Time, in Sherwood Forest, with Lieut.-Colonel Loyd-Lindsay and Major Browne Winding the Skein, in the Evening Light, for La Gloire de Dijon, and the Wayward Daughter.

AN AMENDE HONOURABLE.

PUNCH has no quarrel with anything about Queen Anne's Mansions except their ugliness. He had inferred from a statement in the City Article of the *Times* that an attempt—not the first—had been made to convert an unsuccessful private speculation into a limited liability company. He is glad to stand corrected by Messrs. QUILTER AND BALL, the accountants, whose statement puts a different face on the matter, though it cannot on the Mansions. Ugly they are, and must remain; but though heavily burdened, it seems that there was nothing "fishy" or unfair in the contemplated transfer of them by their projector and proprietor, Mr. HANKEY, to a limited liability company.

To complete and carry on this gigantic and amorphous pile, this *rudis indigestaque moles*, requires more capital than its projector can command. But there is no "hankey-pankey" about his proposed operation for bringing fresh financial blood into the big body. The Mansions have been fairly valued, the charges on them fairly made out, and after the debts and assets had been set off against one another, a considerable balance would have been payable to the vendor, whose only fault, besides the original sin of having built—we won't say "planned"—the ugliest pile of buildings in London, seems to have been too great eagerness to complete his gigantic caravanserai, and his too great liberality to his tenants. But what

loss there was, was mainly due to working an incomplete undertaking with the staff of a complete one.

The creditors mean to carry out, and carry on, Mr. HANKEY's design, with less liberality, we presume, and so as to make it pay its way, but not, we fear, with less defiance of the laws of architecture. That must be past praying for. In all other respects the Mansions may yet be as sound financially as we trust they are structurally; and as those who live in them like them, and, above all, as the tenants speak well of their landlord, and declare that his only fault has been giving them more than money's worth for their money, *Punch* is but too glad to withdraw all he said, or thought, to the discredit of the Mansions and their master's plans for bringing more capital into the concern. He seems to have shown himself a model landlord, if he is the reverse of a model architect.

MUMPKINS ON MAY.

WHAT a marvel of a May!

Why, unclouded sunbeams play,
As of old, upon the herbage and the flowers;
And the wind, so wont to rest
In the East, blows South and West,
And the husbandman is blest
With mild showers.

Ne'er a morn with rime is white;
Not a leaf droops nipt with blight,
Nor do birds with cold shiver cower and hush;
Hark! they whistle, chirp, and sing,
With the Nightingale for King;
Cuckoo, Skylark on the wing,
Blackbird, Thrush!

But the plains in May that smile,
Now and then, about this Isle,
Will be ploughed soon or built on, every one;
Model farms will intervene
Close and crowded towns between,
Where now glows the spangled green
In the sun.

For fifty years, folks swear
They've not known a May so fair.
In fifty more, dear friends, where shall we be?
Ah, in your time and in mine,
As our waning years decline,
When another May so fine
Shall we see?

We are frail as blades of grass;
Like Spring flowers away we pass.
Even now I want a pill—I don't feel well.
I by no means mean to croak;
But our end is dust and smoke,
And each clock, in every stroke,
Sounds a knell.

Chelsea and China.

"SAIREY," said Mrs. HARRIS to Mrs. GAMP, "as well be out of the world as out of the fashion. I'm a thinkin' of where would be the best place to go to for a blue tea-service and some plates and dishes."

"Chelsea, in course, my dear," Mrs. GAMP answered. "Cheyne Walk. An' it's there as Mr. WHISTLER lives, too—which it's only nat'ral."

Gout and its Cure.

"The last new cure of Gout in Bohemia is the sting of three bees placed on the foot."—*Daily News*, May 13th.

He came in on the Bee's wing;
He goes out in the Bee's sting.

A PREFERABLE POLICY.

APPEAL from PHILIP drunk to PHILIP sober? Not if you want to get anything out of him. Appeal from PHILIP sober to PHILIP drunk.

OH, IF WE COULD!—The best way to suppress the "Irish Obstructives." To Scotch them.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



most eventful week of the Session. First, the great Gladiatorial game in Lords and Commons. Then the return from St. Petersburg to Chesham Place of the Russian Eagle, dark, two-headed, double-clawed, bearing in either talon peace or war—who shall say which to offer, which to have taken?—a week big, it may be, with issues greater even than peace or war; a week that our children, and grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, to many a generation yet unborn, may have reason to look back on.

Place aux Pairs!

First, in the Lords' Lists (Monday, May 20), rode the courteous Baron of SELBORNE, and touched the shield of that good knight, my Lord of CAIRNS; and then—to describe the encounter *à la Laureate* :—

For four long hours, opposed within the lists,
They charged and clashed and countered,
locked in steel;
Defying each the other's point and edge;
Each impotent to shake the other's seat :
So that all they that watched about the lists,
Still looking to see either hurled to hurt,
Still seeing each erect and *debonair*,
Delivering their staves, at each new course,
Feateous and fair as first, said, murmuring,
"This is no fight *à outrance*, but a trick
Of tourney, where these Lords but show
their skill;
Not level lance, as in grave cause and great,
St George to aid, and God to guard the right."

So it was, that in Monday's encounter of lordly legal wits and weights, between Chancellor that was and Chancellor that is, to the lay mind the upshot is utter bewilderment on which side went the best of the battle—my Lord SELBORNE contending, with admirable force, that a grave breach of the Constitution and of the Law had been committed in moving Indian troops to Malta without the consent of Parliament, Lord CAIRNS arguing, with plausible law and potent logic, that neither the Constitution nor the Law had been trenched upon one whit. One maintains that the Bill of Rights and the Mutiny Act have in effect been broken through; the other, that neither applies to the case.

The utmost, says my Lord CAIRNS, that Government has done has been to go to the Indian Treasury for the first cost of moving the Indian troops, till they can ask Parliament to repay the money out of Imperial revenues. That repayment asked for and granted, they are in order with the letter of the Law as they are already with its spirit. The great point at issue—has Lord BEACONSFIELD violated, or, if not violated, strained the Constitution, by giving Parliament the go-by where the Common Law of England, as declared in the Bill of Rights, says the consent of Parliament must be asked and obtained?—remains, as far as the light of the great legal luminaries of the Lords goes, exactly where it was. Lord SELBORNE says "Yes," Lord CAIRNS says "No." Each gives reasons for his view that appear to the lay-mind conclusive till the other has given *his* reasons for the opposite conclusion.

Such was the upshot of Monday's debate in the Lords. Only two notable incidents mark it, besides this resultless clash of legal swords. One is, the defection of one of the staunchest of Conservative Dukes—RUTLAND—from his Leader, whom he charges with having put a grave slight, and committed a great encroachment, upon Parliament. The other is, the wholesome counsel administered to Her Majesty's Opposition by the Head of Her Majesty's Government. ("*Fas est et ab hoste doceri.*") Let the Leaders of Opposition lay to heart this lesson of the Leader of the Crown, the Cabinet, the Majority,—and the Jingo.

"If the noble and learned Lord who introduced this question believed that we have acted contrary to the Constitution, he ought to act up to his bold phrases, and come forward declaring his belief that our action was unconstitutional, and that it was his duty to ask the opinion of Parliament upon it. The noble Earl who spoke last said he did not do that because he did not like to be in a minority. But you will never be in a majority if your nerves are so delicate. (*Laughter.*) You must assert your opinions without fear, and if they are just and true and right, you will ultimately be supported by the country."

Put that in your pipes, my Lords GRANVILLE and HARTINGTON, and smoke it, and swallow the smoke.

Lord BEACONSFIELD laughed the Opposition's law to scorn, and would wait to defend his policy till he thought proper.

(*Commons.*)—Here, too, the same combat was going on, but not with quite the same air of mere tilting with blunt lances.

My Lord HARTINGTON and the good knight Sir MICHAEL-HICKS BEACH at least met point to point, Amendment to Resolution. Both should be of the Essence of Parliament, if there is to be virtue in that extract for times to come. Here is Lord HARTINGTON's Resolution :—

"That, by the Constitution of this Realm, no forces may be raised or kept by the Crown in time of peace without the consent of Parliament within any part of the dominions of the Crown, excepting only such forces as may be actually serving within Her Majesty's Indian possessions."

Here is the Colonial Secretary's Amendment :—

"That, as the control of Parliament over the military forces of the Crown is sufficiently secured by law and the power of refusing supplies, it is inexpedient to pass a Resolution weakening the hands of the Government in the present state of Foreign Affairs."

To-night the tilters were the two movers, Sir CHARLES DILKE, Messrs. DILLWYN, MOLYER, and Captain RICHIE,—in the *mauvais quart d'heure*, when Members are dining instead of debating, or dosing over debate,—then Mr. LAING and Mr. CHAPLIN, Sir W. HARCOURT and Under-Secretary the Hon. EVELYN STANHOPE.

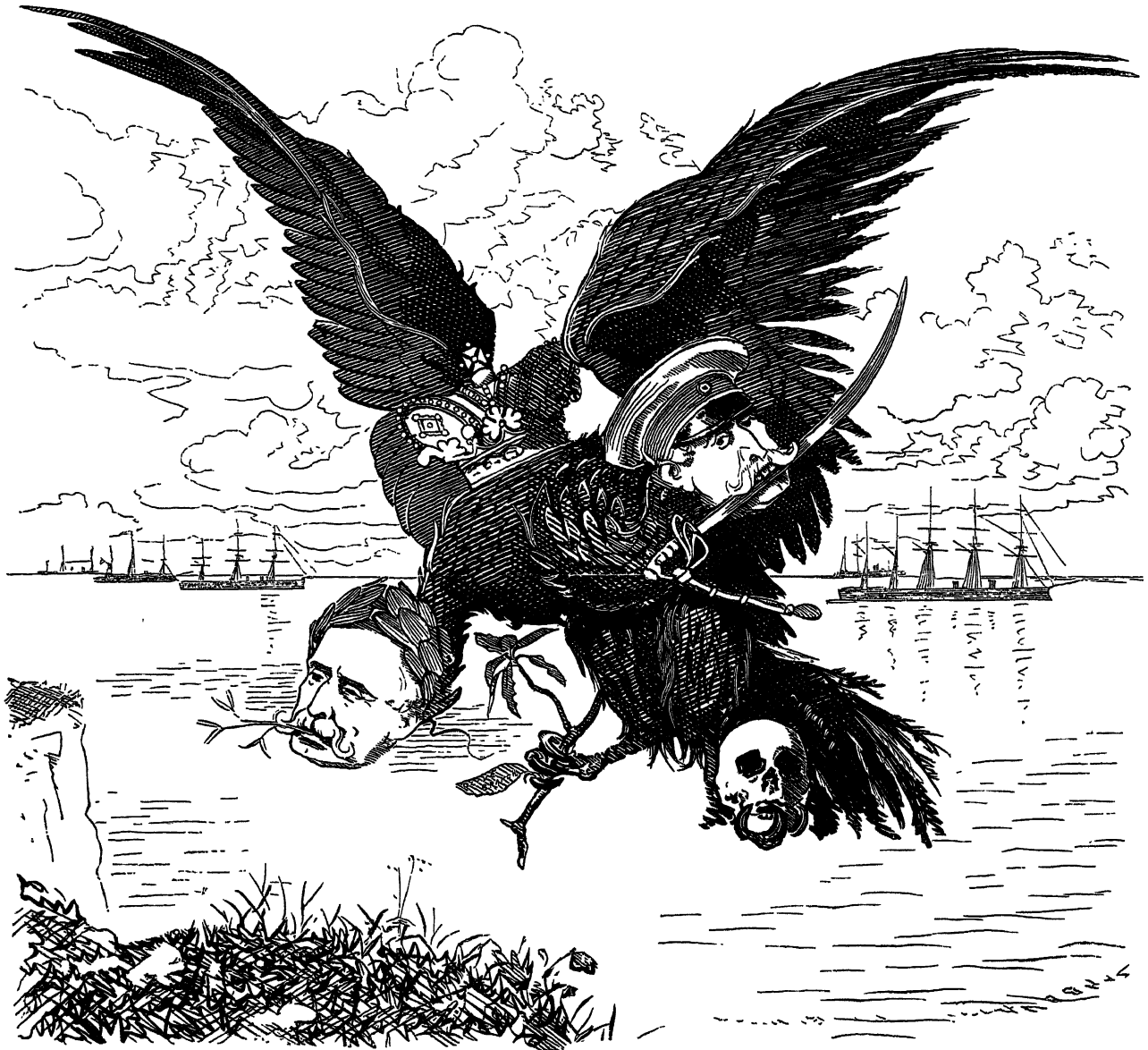
The Government had moved Indian troops to Malta, and would have to come to Parliament to pay for it. The Government might have asked Parliament before moving the troops, but the Opposition would have opposed, questioned, criticised, protested, perhaps even divided. In any case a noise would have been made and time would have been lost. There was good ground for contending that neither the Bill of Rights nor the Mutiny Act stood in the way. The LORD CHANCELLOR was ready to maintain as much. The letter of the Constitution safe, a *fee* for its spirit. My Lord B. was ready to jump that, and the Cabinet to jump *à pieds-joints* behind him. So it moved the troops—("*In Mallam defuitit Orientes*")—and left Parliament to hear of the movement from the newspapers. It is impossible to prove in legal black and white that the Government have violated the law declaratory of the Constitution, however

those who set Parliament above Prerogative and trust the Constitution more than the Cabinet may feel that the Constitution has been turned, if not trampled under foot, and a step taken which no Minister, since Lord NORTH's days of high Prerogative, has dared to attempt, and for which even Lord NORTH asked the protection of an Act of Indemnity. Those who think thus have eased their consciences by recording their protest against this ominous precedent. This has been the business of the week in Parliament. It has been a good fight well fought, and well worth fighting. My Lord HARDINGE led the way gallantly, and like a good knight; and we are bound to say was as knightly encountered by him

"Chi sul suo scudo porta il fago."

as he now takes up German, French, Latin, or Greek, it might be well to make hopeless muffishness on horseback a disqualification for a Commission. Thus far the War Office might wisely go to meet Lord HARDINGE.

(Commons).—The Gladiatorial combat of Monday resumed. First in the lists was that ablest of Intractables, Professor FAWCETT, who, not seeing when he bores others, can defy the penalties of boredom in the strength of an honest purpose, and now contended with characteristic straightforwardness that Government had pursued a policy of secrecy and concealment which nothing could justify; had set Parliament at defiance, and deprived it of an opportunity of expressing its opinion; that if carried out to its



Tuesday (Lords).—A bad account from under water of the *Eurydice*. She is settling down in the mud, and seems likely to stay there, getting heavier while she laughs lighters to scorn and defies dockyard dummies, saying to the hawfers "haw, haw!" and joggling herself out of toggles. Why essay to bring back *Eurydice* from that lower region where she rests with her brave dead—her hull their fittest coffin?

Lord HARDINGE is exercised with a sore fear that having eased the Army of the incubus of athletic asses, we are going to hand it over to the feeble officering of studious spoons, and asks that marks may be given to athletics and horsemanship at Woolwich and Sandhurst examinations. *Punch*, a little further on, has helped him to an examination paper. Without exactly giving marks to steadiness in the saddle or proficiency on the swinging trapeze, or requiring a man to take up foot-ball, hurdle-jumping, cricket, or swimming,

logical consequences, this policy would degrade the House of Commons into the mere registrar of the uncontrollable decrees of our uncontrollable Government.

After Professor, ATTORNEY-GENERAL. To Mr. FAWCETT succeeded Sir JOHN HOLKER, cool, shallow, self-complacent, self-confident legal brass, against obstinate, earnest, self-convinced conviction. Sir JOHN whittled away the Bill of Rights from a measure that declared the Common Law of the realm into a measure that made a bit of statute law, and did not make it well; pooh-poohed the Mutiny Bill in its application to the impugned act of the Government; contended that all that Parliament had to do with the matter was to find the money; and that if the QUEEN could move her troops where she pleased in time of war, she could do the same in time of peace; that "neither the Mutiny Act, the Bill of Rights, the Act for the Government of India, nor the wonderful Constitutional principles



PLOUGHING THE MAIN.

(Visitors to the Exposition Universelle.)

Suffolk Farmer (who suffers a good deal). "MUCH HE KNOW ABOUT HIS BUSINESS, THIS CAP'IN! HE DON'T FARE TO 'TIENT TO KEEP IN THE FURROWS!"

which had been pumped up by his hon. and learned friend the Member for Oxford had anything to do with the matter at issue," and that "it was much better that Parliament should look to the interests of the country than that it should engage in quibbles about Constitutional Law."

A Star-Chamber Attorney-General could not have held the right of the Crown higher, or doffed Constitutional and Common Law aside more lightly.

And then arose Achilles, and smote this light-armed archer till he reeled again and his flimsy armour rattled about him. Setting aside the unequal odds, it was a sight to see GLADSTONE fall foul of HOLKER, make mincemeat of his law and hash of his argument, sit upon him, squelch him, trample on him, dance over him. The "action of the Government," said W. E. G., "had been unconstitutional in two particulars. First,

"They had incurred a charge for those Indian troops at the very time they were proposing and carrying the financial measures of the year, without providing any ways and means for meeting that charge."

Next,

"They have placed the House of Commons under the virtual necessity of meeting expenditure which they have incurred without its sanction or knowledge."

Besides being unconstitutional, their action has been illegal, not only in defiance of the Bill of Rights and the Mutiny Act, but of the Common Law of the land, which puts the number of the Imperial Army under the control of Parliament, first by the vote of the men, then of the money.

"The Queen obtains from Parliament the right to raise 135,000 troops—strictly limited as to the use of the men, firstly, by the vote of the number; secondly, by the vote of the money; and thirdly, by the expiration of the Mutiny Act. But within two or three hours, by telegram, there are in another part of the world 200,000 or 300,000 troops, a number which, if need be, may be doubled, under no control from the vote of number, the vote of money, or the control of the Mutiny Act—that vast force having none of these restraints, unlimited as to number, and backed by a Treasury filled by more than £50,000,000 in the year—the whole of that vast force is at the will and plea-

sure of gentlemen sitting opposite, to be used for any purpose they please, without saying why, so long as they do not want any money. Is that to be the state of things under which we are to live? I cannot listen for a moment to the plea that there is no practical danger. That was the plea that was made in the time of 'ship-money.' It was said boldly and truly that Charles wanted the money for equipping a fleet—it was really required; but such were his unhappy relations with Parliament he could not get it from them, and, consequently, he must get it where he could. Shall we consent to part with the securities obtained for us by our fathers? It is not merely whether we shall rush into the midst of danger, but whether we shall go within an inch of it. Do we think that liberty is a thing so safe, so popular at all times, that the sentinels of the Constitution may occasionally go to sleep? Is that the view entertained by the House of Commons? It may be that this division will prove that such is the view of the majority. * * * But I find no difficulty in seeing my way to the right conclusion in these circumstances. I think it is our duty, from generation to generation, not to abandon, not to impair, not to suffer to be impaired, the ancient and ancestral liberties of this country; and to guard with the utmost jealousy every security that has been thought wise by the great sages of the Constitution for the purpose of guaranteeing our liberties. I was out of town when my noble friend gave notice of his motion, but I thank him for having given notice of it, and for the announcement of his intention to take the sense of the House. If these things are to be done, they should be done in open day, and the majority in favour of these proceedings will be a historical fact of cardinal importance. It is our duty to run the risk of that vote; it will be a great evil, a national calamity; but there is one evil greater, one calamity deeper still, and that is that a day should come when the minority of the House should shrink from its duty, and cease to use every effort to bring to the knowledge of the people the circumstances in which its liberties are being dealt with by its representatives."

"Ditto to Mr. GLADSTONE," says *Punch*, for all he may agree with the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER that whatever right is claimed for the Crown, or the Cabinet as its organ, must be controlled by reasonable and Constitutional construction.

After this memorable oration, it matters little what was said, *pro* or *con.*, by Mr. BALFOUR and Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, Mr. FORSYTH and Sir H. HAVELOCK, Mr. GRANTHAM and Mr. CHILDERS. But we are bound to record the protest of Mr. NEWDEGATE, pendant in the Commons to the Duke of RUTLAND in the Lords, against the act of the Cabinet.

With the interruption of

Wednesday, wasted over an Irish Borough Rating Bill, which came to nothing, the debate was continued, and concluded on

Thursday, when the ball was kicked off by Mr. CROSS, who denied that the Government had done anything unconstitutional—or why had not their action been challenged in the Lords? (a fair query)—or illegal—or why had they found a Chancellor and an Attorney-General to back their view of the Law? At a moment of emergency and danger they had taken bold and prompt action, knowing that Parliament would sanction the expenditure incurred in taking it. *Vold tout*. There was really no case for getting on the high ropes as Mr. GLADSTONE had done—no violating of the Constitution: no playing of the Prerogative: no riding rough-shod over Parliament—only a bold arraying of the national force in a moment of national emergency.

Mr. HERSHELL, in a lawyer-like way, gave a lawyer's reasons for his conclusion that the claim of the Cabinet—

"Amounted to nothing less than the right of the Crown to maintain a Standing Army anywhere it pleased outside the limits of the United Kingdom, without the consent of Parliament, and this was opposed not only to the spirit of the Statutes, but to the Constitutional practice of the last two centuries."

Mr. ROEBUCK levelled his horns and gored Mr. GLADSTONE and the Opposition savagely for trying to embarrass the Government at a critical moment.

Sir A. GORDON—another Conservative recalcitrant—reminded Mr. ROEBUCK how, at the most critical moment of the Crimean War, he had himself moved a Committee of Inquiry into the conduct of the Ministry who were carrying it on.

Mr. W. E. FORSTER, though on crutches, felt bound to stand up for the Constitution:—

"Their object was not censure, but to put on record such a Resolution as would prevent the Government establishing a precedent for the infringement of the liberties of Parliament * * * He should not have thought that any Government would have taken upon itself, in the name of the Crown and the Crown only, to bring about what seemed to be the greatest possible innovation—an innovation as regarded the relation of the United Kingdom to India, of this country to foreign Powers, and of the Crown to the other estates of the realm. There appeared to be in the House an attempt to minimise the step taken by the Government, but that had not been the case outside the House. Russia—Europe had been startled by the sudden discovery that we were not only the greatest naval power in the world, but one of the greatest military powers." (*Cries of "Hear, hear!" from the Opposition and cheers from the Ministerialists.*)

There it is, Mr. FORSTER. The cheers explain the division. Lord BEACONSFIELD's bold step, taken without sanction of Parliament, has strengthened England's military front, and Lord BEACONSFIELD's majority in Parliament accepts, approves, and ratifies his Lordship's act—and so, we have a right to conclude, does the country, till it says or shows otherwise.

In the face of this, Sir HENRY JAMES may retort crushingly on Mr. ROEBUCK; and argue convincingly in support of Common Law and Constitution against the light and airy treatment of both by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL. He may get Mr. CROSS into any number of cleft sticks; and even set Lord CAIRNS to-rights on the respective powers of the Crown and Parliament in relation to Standing Armies. No need for Sir STAFFORD to reply on Sir HENRY, or Lord HARTINGTON on Sir STAFFORD.

The troops are moved; the slight to Parliament is condoned; the Supplementary Estimate is presented—£100 a man! What need to add that the House divided 347 to 226—majority 121 for bringing Indian troops into Europe in time of peace without the previous sanction of Parliament. And the majority in the House, if not out of it, treats Lord BEACONSFIELD as the Admiral treated BILLY TAYLOR, "and werry much applauds him for what he's done."

SORTES VIRGILIANÆ.

FOR THE CZAR.

"Pacem orare manu, præferre puppibus arma."
Æneid. x. 85.

"LIFT hands for peace, and Yankee cruisers arm!"

FOR LORD BEACONSFIELD.

(*As Alecto, to BRITANNIA'S Juno.*)

"Hoc etiam his addam, tua si mihi certa voluntas
Finitimas in bella feram rumoribus urbes,
Accendamque animos insani Martis amore,
Undique ut auxilio veniant; spargam arma per agros."
Æneid. vii. 548.

THIS, too—my dizzy leadership obey,
My neighbours I'll to fight by rumours sway;
My Jingoës fire with love of frantic war,
Move Indian aids, and arms sow near and far.

NATURAL SELECTION.



LAST week Mr. BUTT "drew the attention of the Irish Secretary to a departure from the ancient practice of appointing the Mayors of cities in Ireland to be Governors of Lunatic Asylums." Wise people! Whatever may have been the motive of this doubling of functions,

whether the governing of Irish citizens was supposed to qualify for the governing of Irish lunatics, or the control of Irish lunatics to supply useful experience for the rule of Irish citizens, it is clear that those who established the practice saw that the two duties had a natural relation; that the ruler of the Irish City would be at home in the Irish Lunatic Asylum, and the Governor of the Irish Lunatic Asylum at home in the Irish Civic chair. Mr. BUTT might, perhaps, illustrate the wisdom of the practice by his experience of

Irish Home-Rule and its Rulers in Parliament.

COUSIN AMY'S VIEW.

SCENE—*The neighbourhood of Locksley Hall.*

Enter Lady AMY HARBURGH (*ætat. forty*); with a book of poems and several children.

LADY AMY *loquitur*.

CHILDREN, leave me here a little; don't disturb me, I request; For Mamma is very tired, and fain would take a little rest.

'Tis the place, the same old place, though looking somewhat pinched and small.

Ah, 'tis many and many a day since last I looked on Locksley Hall!

Then 'twas in the spring of life and love—ah, Love, the great Has-been!

Love which, like the year's own Spring, is very nice—and very green!

In the Spring the new French fashions come the female heart to bless,

In the Spring the very housemaid gets herself another dress;

In the Spring we're apt to feel like children just let loose from school;

In the Spring a young girl's fancy's very apt to play the fool.

On the moorland, by the waters he was really *very* nice;

There was no one else at hand, and I—forgot Mamma's advice.

He indulged in rosy raptures, heaved the most suggestive sighs, Said the very prettiest things about my lips and hazel eyes.

All his talk was most poetic, all his sentiments were grand, Though his meaning, I confess, I did not always understand.

So that, when he popped the question, I *did* blush and hang my head,

And,—well, I dare say the rest was pretty much as he has said.

But I think that his abuse is really quite too awfully warm, And to make the matter public was, I must maintain, bad form.

"Puppet" 's not a pretty word, and how he runs Sir RUFUS down! Yet a man who's not a poet need not be a tipsy clown.

Poet! That's the point precisely. LOOKSLEY could not comprehend

That a bard may be a bore e'en to his mistress in the end.

Geniuses are awful worries, full of fancies, fads, and fits, And a genius as a lover drives a girl out of her wits.

Rhapsodies and raptures *always* form a too exciting diet; There are moments when a maiden, though in love, would fain be quiet.

Too high strung, and too ecstatic, was poor LOOKSLEY's normal mood; For a woman does not *always* want to moan and gush and brood.

Solid fare and wholesome fun, if poets only would believe,
Are essentials in the life of e'en the softest slips of Eve.

Yes, he called me shallow-hearted, servile, false, and all the rest,
But if he had not so plagued me,—well, no doubt 'twas for the best.

True Sir RUFUS is not lively, but he lets me take my way,
And I do not feel at present drawn to "sympathise with clay."

Drag me down, indeed! We move in quite the most exclusive set
In the County. What is there that I should specially regret?

LOCKSLEY's famous—yes, and married, notwithstanding his fierce
curse,

To a dame with lots of gold and very little taste for verse.

Nice to be a Lion's Lady in Society, no doubt!

Not so nice to smooth his mane at home when Leo is put out.

Talk of tantrums! Read these lines he published after—well, the
jilt,

Pitching into poor Mamma and charging me with nameless guilt!

Dear Mamma! I thought her hard—but I'm a mother now myself,
And I know what utter nonsense is the poet's scorn of self.

"Old and formal"—that's the way he pictures *me*. Extremely
kind!

Coz, if you could see me *now*, you might a little change your mind.

"False" and "cold" are bad enough, but "dowdy," that is down-
right rude;

Bards, for all their lofty talk, are *not* a gentlemanly brood.

They've extremely touchy tempers, and are very apt to say
Very nasty things indeed, if they are not allowed their way.

"I have hit an angry fancy." There I really think he's right.
But you see that sort of thing is not a woman's fancy, quite.

'Twas his "fancies" bothered me; and all the stuff that follows
here

May be splendidly poetic; I should call it simply queer.

"Airy navies, purple pilots, savage women," and the rest!

Why did he *not* wed a Negress, if he thought he'd like it best?

Or if, as he says, he *knew* her words were nonsense, I would ask,
Wherefore utter, pen, and *print* them? 'Twas a most superfluous
task!

"Woman is the lesser man"! I hold that false as it is hard.
The most womanish of creatures surely is an angry bard.

Yet, sometimes, when, as at present, Spring is brightening all the
land,

Comes that longing for the fields Sir RUFUS *cannot* understand;

Comes a ghostly sort of doubt if e'en Society can give
All, quite all, for which a *well-loved* woman might desire to live;

Comes a memory of his voice, a recollection of his glance,
Thoughts of things which then had power to make my maiden
pulses dance;

Comes,—but I'm extremely stupid. Well, I know if our dear FAN
Took a fancy for a poet, I should soon dismiss the man.

Here she comes! She'll wed, I hope, rich Viscount VIVIAN ere the
fall.

She ne'er had had *that* chance, had I espoused the Lord of Locksley
Hall!

"Musam Tenui Meditatur Avena."

THE remarks made by one of our Conservative contemporaries on
Saturday last, about two recent elections, were obviously unfair.
Mr. TALBOT, as M.P. for Oxford, *may* represent Culture; but no
one can deny that Mr. PALMER represents Reading, as well as
Biscuits.

To Sir J. McGarel Hogg.

(With *Punch's* compliments.)

"METROPOLIS Waterworks Purchase Bill" discharged. 'Tis just
as well;
It's pretty clear this *Purchase* Bill would have turned out a *Sell*.

GOING THE WRONG WAY ABOUT IT.

HOPE by Anti-Socialist law-making to make an end of HOEDELS!
My worthy SCHMIDTS and MÜLLERS, 'tis a notion fit for noodles!

ALI SUAVI'S UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT AT A RISING.—Neither
Suavi-ter in modo nor *fortiter in re*.

COMPETITIVE CRICKETERS.



WELLINGTON—old fogies always swear by the Old Duke, don't you
know?—

"Viscount HARDINGE remarked that the Duke of WELLINGTON used to
say that the best officers were those who were accustomed to ride with the
hounds."

Arma virumque cano, don't you know? or, as CHARLEY construes
it, "An Army man and with a dog." I say, wasn't that an awfully
good story of Lord HAMPTON'S?—

"A right reverend prelate, who had risen to great eminence as a school-
master, had told him that a Commission had been placed at his disposal for a
boy of his school. In making the selection he had not chosen the boy that
would be most successful at the University, but he had instituted an exami-
nation compounded of physical and intellectual tests; and in sending the
Captain of the Eleven of the school he thought he had sent the boy who would
best maintain the reputation of the school."

Awfully jolly fellow this Right Reverend, don't you think?
Instead of choosing some big Sap, fit only for the Sappers, fancy
picking out the Captain of the Cricketers! My eye! don't I just
wish that our Doctor would do likewise! Because I and CHARLEY
CRIBBER we are going in for Crams, because our time is up next
Christmas, and we've got to go to Sandhurst, and it's an awful
bore, of course, to have to read in such nice weather, just when
fellows, don't you know, must go in pretty hard for practice, if they
fancy they've a chance to play in the Eleven.

CHARLEY says it would be awful jolly if athletics were as good as
mathematics in Competitive Exams; and if fellows could get marks
for foot-ball or lawn-tennis to count as high as those for Latin or
Geography. I'd say the same as CHARLEY, if it were not tortology
—that don't look spelt quite right, but you'll know what I mean—
and so no more at present from yours truly,

Dr. Swishtail's, Saturday.

BOBBY BICEPS.

New Setting an Old Saw.

THE old distich ran—

"If you be hurt with horn of hart it brings you to your bier;
But barber's hand can boar's hurt heal, therefore thou needst not fear."

Punch would substitute, after last week's Debate—

If you be gored with ROEBUCK's horn the hurt is not severe:
And though the ROEBUCK's bore as well, you'll survive it, never fear.

THE BILL, THE WHOLE BILL, AND NOTHING BUT THE BILL.

SEVEN thousand Sepoys at Malta will cost JOHN BULL (see Sup-
plementary Estimate) £748,000, i. e. £100 a man. Black draughts
come expensive! "Throw physic to the dogs!" said *Macbeth*.
"Throw money to the dogs!" says BRITANNIA.

Muscle and Mind.

"MARKS for athletics!" the Swells cry amain;
"So much more for muscle, so much less for brain.
Since muscle's the point with your upper-class lad,
And brain gives the pull to your lower-class cad."



A HARD CASE.

Enter Young Husband, who throws himself into a chair, and exclaims—

"WHAT! TOOTHACHE AGAIN, MARIA! I DO CALL THAT HARD UPON A FELLER! WHY, YOU HAD TOOTHACHE WHEN I LEFT THIS MORNING! AND HERE HAVE I BEEN AT EPSOM ALL DAY, WITH THE JOLLIEST LOT O' FELLERS EVER GOT TOGETHER IN ONE DRAG, AND WON A POT O' MONEY, AND HAD NO END OF A JOLLY TIME, AND I DID THINK I SHOULD FIND SOMETHING CHEERFUL AND JOLLY TO GREET A FELLER WHEN I GOT HOME! AND THERE YOU ARE!—TOOTHACHE AGAIN! I DO CALL IT HARD UPON A FELLER—PRECIOUS HARD!"

RIVAL DOCTORS;

OR, A CONSTITUTIONAL QUESTION.

SCENE—Consulting-Room at St. Stephen's. MR. JOHN BULL, with Doctors BEACONSFIELD and GLADSTONE in consultation over him.

Mr. Bull. Well, Gentlemen, your diagnoses differ greatly, and your prescriptions are singularly dissimilar. Who shall decide when Doctors—

Dr. Gladstone (scornfully). Doctors! This person has no better claim to that respectable title than CAGLIOSTRO, or an advertising quack!

Dr. Beaconsfield (blandly). Professional jealousy, MR. BULL, is very potent, especially with disappointed practitioners. As I have succeeded to the practice which this—ahem!—Gentleman, from proved incompetence, had to resign, it is not unnatural that—

Mr. Bull (impatiently). While physicians squabble, patients suffer. May I suggest that I am more interested in my own health than in your recriminations?

Dr. Beaconsfield. MR. BULL, this angry Gentleman attended you for a considerable time. His treatment was not precisely successful, I believe. His heroic regimen, his drastic drugs, harassed you in every organ, and ended in establishing a state of chronic irritation, as little conducive to health as to comfort. Under my mild and strictly antiphlogistic treatment, by a careful alternation of tonics and sedatives, your system has regained its tone; and now, to serve his own purposes, he would fain persuade you that you are in a perilous state, make you a sort of *Malade Imaginaire*—

Dr. Gladstone. Insidious Sangrado! Like the Vampire Bat, you soothe your victim to slumber that you may the more easily and unsuspectingly draw his life-blood. When opiates and depletives have done their evil work, what looks like calm, may end in—collapse!

Dr. Beaconsfield (acidly). Collapse? Nay, MR. BULL, I think I can guarantee you against the fate which has already befallen this Gentleman's professional reputation. The old original "True-Blue Pill" is the safest of family medicines; while a—for the present—gentle dose of my newly-introduced "Oriental Black Draught" will, I am convinced, strengthen you considerably, and secure you against the worst effects of the febrile epidemic now so prevalent.

Dr. Gladstone. I affirm, on the contrary, that his treatment invites the very disorder he affects to combat.

Dr. Beaconsfield. Ah! He is jealous of the fame already acquired for my Indian Tonic, which, even should the fever attack you—and that, of course, is always possible—would safely pull you through it.

Mr. Bull (doubtfully). But how, in the long run, would it affect my Constitution?

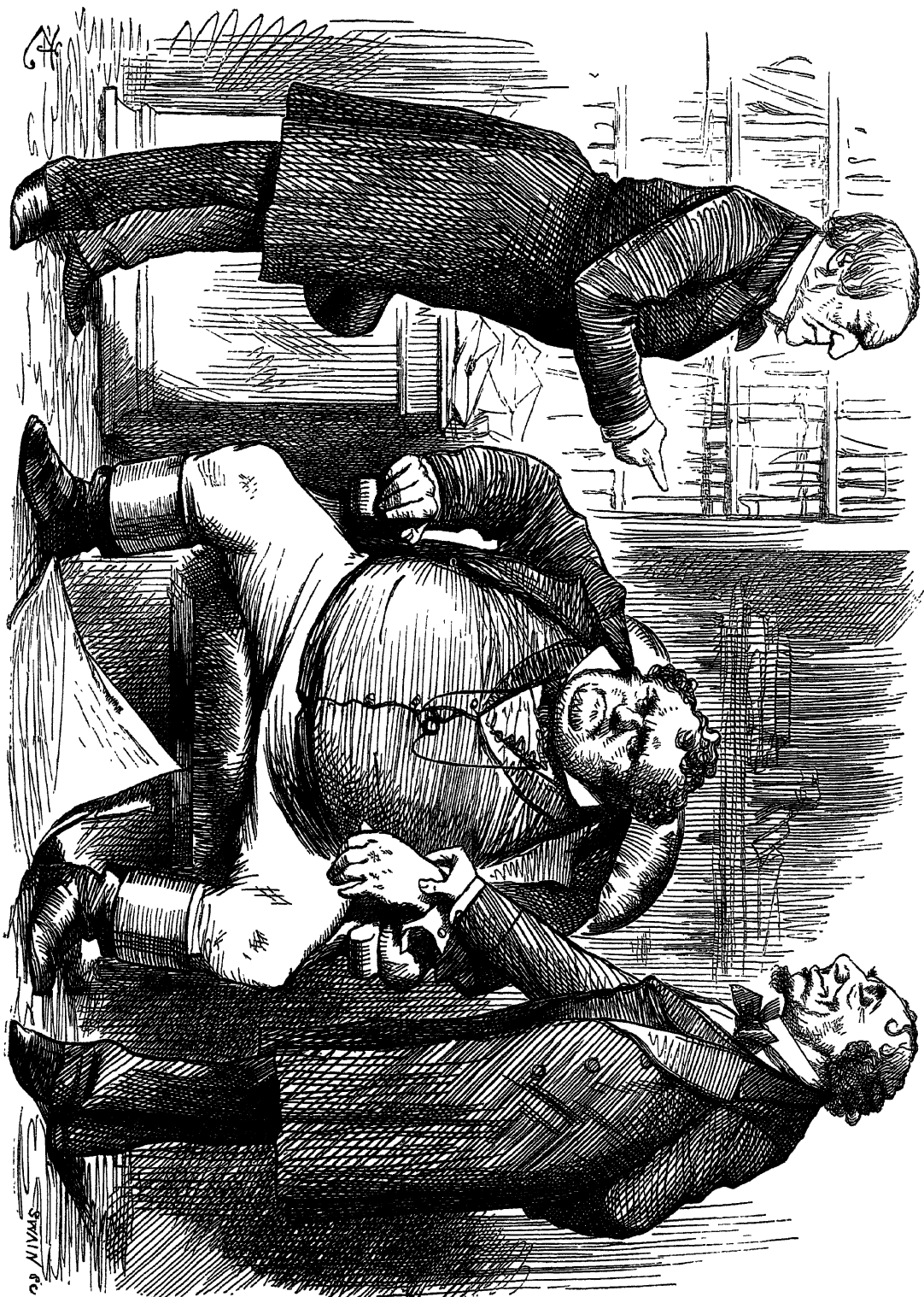
Dr. Gladstone (triumphantly). Ah! That's the question! Let him answer that!

Dr. Beaconsfield (blandly). Believe me, my dear MR. BULL, your Constitution is perfectly safe in my hands.

Dr. Gladstone. Safe? Why he is undermining it as fast as he can! He never understood it, or appreciated its delicate adjustments. He would strengthen one organ at the expense of the others, developing locally a factitious force which would issue in general paralysis. He would concentrate power in the upper parts of the frame, while enfeebling all the rest of the body by excessive drain of the circulation. He says my drastic remedies established chronic irritation. I assert that his boasted alteratives, if persisted in, will lead to acute mania, and end in utter atrophy.

Mr. Bull. Gentlemen, Gentlemen, you excite, you puzzle, you alarm me!

Dr. Beaconsfield. Give me your confidence, Sir, and this person his *congé*, or I will not answer for the consequences. If you listen to him longer, he will mar the best results of my recent treatment.



“DOCTORS DIFFER!”

DR. WILLIAM G. “I WARN YOU, MR. BULL, YOUR CONSTITUTION IS BEING SERIOUSLY IMPAIRED BY THAT—A—PERSON’S TREATMENT.”
DR. BENJAMIN D. “MY DEAR MR. BULL, YOUR CONSTITUTION IS PERFECTLY SAFE IN MY HANDS.”

Dr. Gladstone (indignantly). Your treatment? Mr. BULL, I have perused this Charlatan's writings. I have watched his practice, and I know that his system is consistently—yes, I will say consistently—unsound, and, above all, un-English. Your temperament, Sir, is not Semitic, your Constitution is not Venetian, and the Oriental-Italian Nostrums of this modern Nostradamus will not suit you.

Mr. Bull (aside). His words echo my own innermost misgivings. And yet the other seems clever. His assurances are comforting, and I would fain give him a fair chance, if not at the risk of permanent injury to my Constitution. (*Aloud.*) Well, Dr. B., I am in your hands—for the present. I may say, however, that I am more concerned about general Constitutional soundness than merely local vigour, or the external show of ruddy robustness. I may hint also that I am strongly averse to needless blood-letting; that your Oriental Black Draught is at best a doubtful experiment in western therapeutics, and that the "Patent Prerogative Pill," which you seem inclined to favour, is a medicine in which I have never had any faith, and which is extremely unpalatable to me, however cunningly sweetened, or carefully covered up.

Dr. Beaconsfield (aside). Humph! Not over-gracious or confident; but still a settler for Dr. G.

Dr. Gladstone (aside). CAGLIOSTRO triumphs,—for the present! Yet I think I have put a spoke in his wheel. But a time will come! When JOHN BULL has been quacked into a Constitutional Quaker Street, he will be glad to fall back upon the legitimate Faculty!

PAPER IN ATHLETICS FOR CANDIDATES FOR COMMISSIONS.

(With the Compliments of Mr. Punch to Lord HARDINGE.)



COMPARE six Generals who have been distinguished Cricketers, and trace the effect of a thorough knowledge of the game through their most celebrated campaigns and decisive victories.

2. Treat the capture of Sebastopol from the (a) Cricketing, (b) Foot-ball, and (c) Paper-chace point of view.

3. Supposing you were ordered to climb a pole forty feet high for purposes of strategic observation, how would you proceed to secure yourself when you got to the top of it?

4. Give an account of some of the best known fox-hunting runs by the Commander-in-Chief's hounds during the Peninsular War.

5. Is there any analogy between the Queen's Regulations as to captures in war, and the rules of Prisoners' Base? If so, point it out.

6. Give a short account of the University Boat Races for the last ten years, and the reasons for the victory or defeat of the winning and losing crews.

7. How far can you jump before, how far after, Mess—under ordinary circumstances?

8. How far do you think you could jump after Mess to get out of the way of a cannon-ball?

9. What class of exercises have you practised in the Circus Riding School? Can you do the bare-backed business—the flying, garter, and balloon leaps—and the juggling act? If you have passed into the First Class in Acrobatic and Pantomimic Performances, describe the animation business; a lion-leap; a cup-spring. Define a tram-poline.

10. Can you stand on your head with your helmet on?

11. Describe the process of coming down from the trapeze in full regimentals.

12. Do you hold a Certificate of Proficiency in Sparring from the Bruiser-Major?

13. Give the words of command for the "Sword Exercise on the Back-floating?"

14. How would you form a rallying square in six fathoms of water?

15. Write a short essay upon "The Bicycle, and How to Use it, (a) for Reconnaissances; (b) for Scouting-duty; (c) on service as an Aide-de-camp or for field reconnoitring."

16. Supposing that you wished to pass a deep ditch on active service and had only a tight-rope available, would you "return your sword" before commencing the traverse?

17. Give a short athletic autobiography, stating your favourite exercises, masters, contests, prizes won, &c., and, when you have finished, place your papers upon the desk, and prepare to take part in a six mile race with your Examiners.

OUR OWN ACADEMY GUIDE.

THIRD VISIT.

It is most gratifying to notice how the visitors to the Academy follow out minutely all the instructions given them on my first visit. It is pleasant to observe how everybody, by having studied this Guide, is gradually becoming acquainted with the true subject of each picture.

Also, which is eminently worth recording, the manners of the visitors to the Academy this year have vastly improved. My toes were only trod on severely twenty-five times when I was there last Tuesday, and I received two apologies. I had fifty digs in the ribs, given me by pushing people, with only one "Beg your pardon!" but in the majority of cases I was able to return the digs with interest. You can't have *otium cum dig.*—it's impossible. *Otium sine dig.* Only sixty stout, near-sighted persons placed themselves between me and the pictures I had waited an hour to see. Only forty ill-bred, selfish bores walked right in front of me while I was critically examining one of my favourites. If there is one place where merit can be obtained by the exercise of all the Christian virtues within half-an-hour, the Academy is that place. The floor and the gratings are more slippery than last year, but the ventilation has been improved. I suppose it is the only way of seeing collected Art, but pleasure is painfully discounted during this Pilgrim's Progress through the Pictorial Purgatory. Never mind! *Courage, mes Braves! Entrez! J'y suis! J'y reste!*

Now, then, into Gallery No. 1, where, at our last visit, *Mesdames et Messieurs*, we neglected a work or two, and then, forwards!

No. 10. *Meeting of Scottish Jacobites.* By CLAUDE CALTHROP. Here we are again. Will there ever be an Academy Exhibition without some meeting of some Scottish Jacobites? *Vivent les Costumiers!*

No. 102. *A Trumpeter.* By H. WEIGALL. Dedicated to the Whist Club. Life-size portrait of the man who knows how and when to play a trump.

No. 109. *The Silent Pool.* By ERNEST PARTON. A lively amusement, specially when you've lost your last life, and the star of hope has gone. Let somebody buy it for the Criterion, as an ideal portrait of SPIERS AND POND; *Spiers* will be represented by the *Spectators*. (On! oh! send for Constable, R.A.! This is jest, not *Ernest-Partons!*)

No. 117. *The Night-blowing Stock.* By WM. J. MUCKLEY. Well worth the attention of investors. This Stock gives scent per cent. for your money.

Nos. 156, 157. *Diana Hunting and The Triumph of Bacchus.* Studies for Decoration. By W. CHRISTIAN SYMONS. The first should be called "Hunted Hunting," or, "The Chased Goddess Chasing." And the second "Overcome by Wine," for if the "*Triumph of Bacchus*" means anything, this is what it does mean. But Mr. C. SYMONS should drop the "*CHRISTIAN*" out of his name, if these are to be his choice subjects, W. HEATHEN SYMONS would be more appropriate.

No. 160. *Down by the Riverside.* By C. W. WYLLIE. "Oh, WYLLIE! we have missed you" before this; but now I've got you, permit a question—Where's the "Down?" I've inspected the picture through a microscope, but can't distinguish any "down." Is it in Ireland? And do you mean, "Down. By the Riverside?" Pretty enough, whatever you mean.

No. 171. *A Member of the Long Parliament.* By J. PETTIE, R.A. Portrait of "An Obstructionist." That was a Long Parliament, with a vengeance, when you didn't go home till morning, and not then!

No. 206. *Head of a Girl.* By MARCUS STONE. Suggests a tale.

No. 210. *The Cities of the Plain.* By E. ARMITAGE, R.A. "The Cities of the Plain," as the ingenious, but ignorant, Sunday-School pupil answered, "were where all the ugly people lived." The *Jersey Lily* was never there.

No. 216. *Ready!* By Sir J. GILBERT, R.A. Not "*Cavalier seul*," but a crowd of them. Marvellous for its dash and go. "*Ready*" is an inspiring subject. There should be a rush for the



"WAR'S ALARMS."

Timorous Old Lady (in a twitter). "ARE THOSE CANNON BALLS, STATION-MASTER?"

Station-Master (compassionately). "OH NO, MU'M, THEY'RE ONLY DUTCH CHEESES, 'M', COME BY THE ROTTERDAM BOAT LAST NIGHT—THAT'S ALL, MU'M!"

possession of this picture, seeing how anxious everyone generally is to "collar the Ready." A companion picture to "Ready" might be "Tick." Its treatment I leave to Sir JOHN, but there's the Sir-gestation. "Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif!" (*Shakespeare, Henry IV., Part II., Act II., Sc. 4.* I give the reference, in case anyone should be curious as to the quotation.)

Q. No. 241. By C. W. COPE, R.A. Commander CAMERON has done special service. True. But what special service has the Church of England provided for the Return of—and as a return for—Commander CAMERON's service? I don't know. The Service for the Restoration was abolished long ago. Yet here we have the Vicar of Shoreham, the Commander's father, and his Curate (who, of course, couldn't help himself) in full canonicals, with service-books in their hands. It may be all right. I hope it is, sincerely; and trust that this picture of a *Surplice*, by a *Cope*, will not injure the reverend Gentleman's position. He is safe, however, legally; for the service is *al fresco*, and not within the Church. On the whole, it strikes me that C. W. COPE, R.A., has been rather wasting his time over the Cominghome Cameron picture.

No. 264. *Welsh Moorlands.* By ALEX. W. WILLIAMS.

"The distant landscape draws not nigh
For all our gazing."

It should be "for all our grazing." The mistake in this picture is the omission of Welsh rabbits at feeding-time.

No. 279. *Right Rev. Piers C. Cloughton, D.D.* By J. E. WILLIAMS. Chaplain-General, late Bishop of Colombo. Where are his insignia of Chaplain-General? Certainly his Reverence should wear an ecclesiastical cocked-hat—something like a mitre with feathers—if he holds this rank in the Church-Militant. Is there a Chaplain-Colonel? also a Chaplain-Captain, and so on? The Chaplain-Adjutant ought to come into Mr. MARKS's bird's-eye view of "Convocation" (No. 286, mentioned lower down). One advantage, however, the Right Reverend ex-Bishop possesses over his episcopal brethren, and that is, that while he has no *locus sedendi* in the House of Lords, he has always a seat in the House of *Piers*.

No. 286. *Convocation.* By H. S. MARKS, A. Intensely humorous—in idea. But why call it "Convocation?" With that picture before you, Mr. MARKS, surely it ought to have occurred to you that the more appropriate title would have been, "The Quarter Sessions, or an Assemblage of Beaks."

No. 372. *Peeling Potatoes.* By MRS. LUKE FIELDS. Half-a-crown reward to the uninitiated visitor who pronounces correctly the name of "FIELDS" for the first time. The same for correct first pronunciations of ALMA-TADEMA, YEAMES, YGLESTAS (a nasty one this), PRIOLO, OULESS (a regular stumper), MOSCHELES, LEHMANN, LUTYENS, GRÜTZEN, BOEHM (I've heard some people go dreadfully wrong over this), and, I dare say, a few others. This remark has not, I admit, much to do with the picture of *Peeling Potatoes*. This picture should be placed after the last of Mr. FRITH's series; then, as there is a Policeman (Constable R. A.) before No. 1, there would be a *Peeler* at both ends.

No. 993. *Sir Henry Hawkins.* By J. COLLIER. Very satisfactory, when one remembers that this is how COLLIER draws HAWKINS. Next year I hope there'll be a return match; COLLIER drawn by HAWKINS. Why not follow it up with CAIRNS by MALINS, BACON by FRY, COCKBURN by HUDDLESTONE (and *vice versa*).

No. 1333. *The Raid of Ruthven.* By W. B. C. FYFE. Mr. FYFE says in the note, "An incident in the life of JAMES THE SIXTH OF SCOTLAND," a clear note from our FYFE, unless explained by a spectator of the future, thus:—Little boy wants to get something nice out of the jam cupboard, while the guests are at dessert. His tutor, or his uncle, detects him in the act, places his back against the jam cupboard door and says, "No you don't!" This might have been termed "incident in the life of King JAMIE."

(Here's Constable, R.A., after us. So, run for the wicket, out we go, down the stairs, anyone's umbrella, and away till next time, which will be the last visit. Then to the Grosvenor!)

SAFE TO BE TAMED.—What the Russian "Cruisers" will never want—a British RAREY.





CLUB SMOKING-ROOM.

6.30 P.M.

Octogenarian. "LET ME OFFER YOU A LIGHT, AND SAVE YOU THE TROUBLE OF GETTING UP!"

Youth. "A—THA-A-NKS! SO KIND OF YOU!"

Octogenarian. "DON'T MENTION IT! I ALWAYS MAKE A POINT OF BEING CIVIL TO RICH YOUNG MEN WHO SMOKE AND DRINK SHERRY JUST BEFORE DINNER!"

Youth. "A—WHY?"

Octogenarian. "WELL—THEY MIGHT PERHAPS MENTION ME IN THEIR WILLS, YOU KNOW!"

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THE ARMY.

MR. PUNCH, ONNER'D SIR,

A YUNIFORM Wurkus test i olds the palleageum of porochial economy. There mustn't be no discrimination between the wictims of misfortun and the Paupers wot as come to puv-erty through wice and unprovidence. If so be a man ave left is wife and famaly chargabel on the Parish it don't sinnify a pin's ed weather he was snached away by Sudding Deth or the Caul of Dooty. Porochial economy proibbits the Gardians to alow one set of Paupers any luxurys or cumfurts beyond another. They mustn't do no more for enny on 'em than keep 'em from Starvashun, and they can't do no less for none. T'ood never doo to treat Paupers like other ofenders and diwide 'em into classes, and for there to be a Fust Class of Paupers like there is of Missdemeanants. Sitch a hinviduus distinkshun as that hair wood be the Thin End of the Wege. The fust Class Paupers wood bimeby get to be Pensioners, in Door and hout, the Latter smokin their siggars and suppin their clarrit, wilst has for the Former, at this Time of Yere we shoold werry shortly be Hadwertisin for Tenders to supply 'em with Lam and Sparragrass. No, yer Honner, the Principals of Porochial Economy requires all Paupers wotsomedever to be treated as hekally Wishus, and Witch they ar.

These here then, yure Honner, bein My sentiments. Hi shoold in Cearse be the wery Last Pusson to jine in the Cry ow Ard it his for the Pore Wives and Childern of the men wot's ben call'd out of the Resurves into the Harmy bein through loss of their Fathers' Employ-ment throw'd on the Parrish not for to be Granted suffishant houtdoor Releaf wot with the Guvment Allowance to kepe 'em out of the Wurkus, bein as it is and Ment to be a Plase of Penial manetenence. Wen the Men left the Harmy and jined the Rezerve, and marry'd, and So on, they know'd wot they was Liabel to, and their Wives as Wel. So they ain't got no rite to complane wotsomedever, nor no more claim to any extry consideration than huthers as. So wen i says i'm rather afeard t'wood be advisabel to make sum littel difference in Faver of them they've left behind, yer Honner, i'm shure you'll aquitt me of avin bin

sedooed from Porochial Economy by any sort of Pittifull and morkish Felins. No, no, yer Honner; but wot I feels is this, wot the Consequens mite bee of carryin sitch economy in their case strickly hout.

Their Usbans and Fathers has left their Omes and Ockipashuns if Necessary to fite for their Country. They won't fite praps with all the sperrit they mite if they adn't to think their Country ave Aloud their Wives and Children to be druv so menny Abandun'd Paupers into the Workus. And then they may say to theirselves Wot fools we wos ever to henter the Harmy and the Resurv at all, and huther men inclined to list for Sogers may take warnin by their Exampel not to foller it, witch ain't by no means the sort of Exampel we means to set by the Porochial Economy of drivin abandun'd Paupers into the Workus as a Rool. A werry hexcellent rool, but there's no rools without ixsepshuns, not heven the rools of Porochial Economy, tho' the ixepshun to the Abuv honly Pruves the Rool. But neads must wen the devvie drives, hand has to the Resurve Menn's Destitoot Wives and Children i'me afrage our wisest coarse would be to make a Ixsepshun, so as not for to push Porochial Economy too fur for Public Safety. Witch, insted of savin, it wood be penniwise and poundfoolish in the Hend. Cause wy, arter all, in the Long Run Porochial and Public Hinterests is the Same. It won't pay for us to set the Workus agin the Barricks, and for the Releevin Hoffer to withold Releaf so as to hinterfear with and frustate the Reerootin Sarjant. Werry sorry to say so, as yu may suppose, but that, Onner'd Sir, 'ood be too bad for even your Obejent Umble Beedle,

BUMBLE.

P.S.—Wives 6d. a day each, children 2d. Won't Guvment make it up enuff to keep 'em out of the Ouse, wen the necessaty for so Doin is hobvius even to the wery Porochial Authorities theirselves? Wot must be the consequens to the British Harmy of the Workus gettin for to be named the British Sojers Indignant Wives' and Children's Asilum? Stil, if possabel, spare the Raitpayers.

The Knowledge Most Needed.

SIR JAMES M'GAREL-HOGG, the other day, presided at the opening of a new building in Whitfield Street, Tottenham Court Road, erected to provide baths and washhouses for the southern portion of the parish of St. Pancras. It contains two swimming-baths. The London School-Board, at a late meeting, adopted measures to constitute swimming a branch of education. This is indeed as it should be. What sort of instruction can be more serviceable for the children of the poorer classes than teaching them how to keep their heads above water?

Law Mender and Law Martyr.

"REFORM and codify the Law as well." Tempt not, rash man, the fate which all foretell.

Read STEPHEN, read the future in the past: Must our first martyr also be our last?

Honour Where it is Due.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S Widow is to have GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S Pension continued to her. This is giving honour where honour is due. Let due honour be given also to Lord BRACONSFIELD as one of the best Administrators of H.M.'s Pension Fund that England has ever had.



ENCOURAGING.

George (who has just engaged himself to the Girl of his heart) breaks the happy news to his friend Jack (who has been married some time).

Jack. "Ah! WELL, MY DEAR FELLOW, MARRIAGE IS THE BEST THING IN THE LONG RUN, AND I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT AFTER A YEAR OR TWO A MAN GETS USED TO IT, AND FEELS JUST AS JOLLY AS IF HE'D NEVER MARRIED AT ALL!"

OUR OWN ACADEMY GUIDE.

FOURTH VISIT.

NOTE.—Pay your visit to the Academy as early as possible. Not that if you go late you'll find all the portraits out—which, by the way, you ought to be able to do at any time, or they're not the portraits I take 'em for—but because the pictures generally look so fresh. This applies specially to the figures and portraits. ALMA TADEMA's at 9 A.M. are too realistic: you feel quite inclined to say, "Beg pardon, I'm sure. I'll look in again when you're quite ready to receive me." But all the portraits appear fresh—fresh as paint. Their clothes seem to have been brushed, and there's a satisfied, brisk, sparkling air about them which wears off about lunch-time; and at 5 P.M. they all look hot, dusty, tired, bilious, and sleepy. Take my advice, and go early!

Be careful when inspecting the architectural designs in Gallery No. IX., to notice the figures. They like being taken notice of. They will, in most instances, well repay the trouble.

In No. 1089—*Interior of the Private Chapel at Tynterfield*, by ARTHUR W. BLOMFIELD—observe the Protestant minister, in academic gown and bands, explaining matters to a Catholic priest, in surplice and cassock, who, however, does not appear to be listening to him very attentively.

Look at the figure in

No. 1058. *New Hall for Music and Theatricals at Ticehurst, Sussex*. By E. F. C. CLARKE. Observe the Amateur Tenor who is just going to oblige the company. If his voice is only as big as his head, the roof will be taken off.

No. 1047. *Exterior View of the proposed Roman Catholic Seminary at Clapham, for the Diocese of Southwark*. By JOHN CRAWLEY. Very effective design; but notice in the foreground Father NEWDEGATE, in cassock and biretta, converting Mr. WHALLEY, in shooting-coat and pot-hat. *A propos* of Father NEWDEGATE, just cast your eye on

Nos. 1051 and 1077. *Queen's College, Oxford: Design for decoration, with*

old Windows restored. If treated in this manner, why not restore it altogether, and present it, as a birthday present, to His Eminence Cardinal MANNING?

No. 1091. *North-west View of the Cathedral, Queens-town, (exterior)*, and

No. 1114. *Interior View of the same Cathedral*, by Messrs. PUGIN and G. C. ASHLIN, are magnificent. I do hope Messrs. PUGIN and ASHLIN will not allow the effect of the interior to be spoiled by fixed seats, but insist on chairs, Continental fashion. There are difficulties; but the poor could have their chairs for nothing, and the rich can pay for the poor. This remark applies equally to the designs of JOS. A. HANSOM AND SON. What's in a name? Much, when you can't mention one of these gentlemen's works without calling it a Hansom building. The Messrs. HANSOM must take first rank—a Hansom cab-rank, of course—in their own line. By the way, why weren't the HANSOMS asked to send in designs for the Cabmen's Shelter?

In the name of the Law, where are the Police? I mean, where is the Policeman? Why has CONSTABLE, R.A., been removed from the line of Mr. FRITH's pictures? What has become of him? Has he gone wrong, or entered a monastery? He was not there when I was; but perhaps he didn't know I was coming. Oh Bobby! I have missed you!

No. 201. Two Lions wandering by moonlight on a terrace; and a Lioness going up some steps looking back at the others with a sort of wink, as much as to say, "He's somewhere about. Come on!" By B. RIVIÈRE. Where was the Artist himself when he drew these hungry-looking animals? In ambush, behind that ruin at the top of the steps? It should have been called "Fee Fi Fo Fum, I smell the blood of a Gallic man," or "Hide and Seek." Meet you again next year; *au revoir!*—no, *O Rivière!*

No. 380. *One of the Last Lays of Robert Burns*. By Mrs. H. (E. M.) WARD. Touching picture; very. *A propos* of "touching," though, if BURNS were suddenly "took" with an inspiration, and stood up, it would be bad for the roof, I fancy. Sporting men, who see the picture after being informed what the title is, will ask, "ROBERT BURNS? What did he lay?" They think he was a professional book-maker. Well, so he was.

No. 482. *A Chef d'Œuvre*. By S. HART, R.A. Wouldn't the Academy authorities have done wisely to have acted on the motto, "*Ars est celare Artem*?"

No. 543. By A. STOCKS. Recommended as a profitable study for the Ritualistic Clergy.

No. 546. By A. DIXON. A cheerful subject. It might be called the Result of Serious Convictions.

No. 553. By C. LANDSEER, R.A. Mr. LANDSEER calls it "Pirates." I thought it represented Amateurs rehearsing; the box of dresses having just arrived from the Costumier's. "The Pirates," perhaps, is the name of the play. Is it Mr. C. LANDSEER's?

No. 602. *Uncertainty*. By ARTHUR HUGHES. Evidently, "Will he bite?" Good for colour, or, rather, good for *Hues*.

No. 610. *The Prince's Choice*. By J. R. LAMONT. And a very odd one, to give the young Lady a kiss in public. But, in those days, and in those dresses, bless you! men, and women too, would do anything. Is it Kiss in the Ring in the olden time? There's a respectable ecclesiastic waiting for them at the church door, so if the Kiss comes first, there's the Ring to follow. Quite right, Mr. LAMONT; that you haven't got any more pictures in this Academy is a matter for regret and Lamont-ation. (Where are the Police?)

No. 613. *All among the Barley*. By E. H. FAHEY. Good name; but, seeing what the young couple are evidently interested in, and noticing the strong growth of poppies, perhaps the better title would have been "Poppy-ing the question."

No. 636. *The Otter's Stronghold*. By S. S. NOBLE. Admirable, NOBLE. But where's the Otter, and on whom, or of what, has he got a strong hold? Cookney says, "Call that Otter 'untin'! Why, as they're all in the water, I should say it's more cooler 'untin' than Otter 'unting.'" (This was said in the absence, on leave, of CONSTABLE, R.A.)

No. 638. *Moonlight*. By HENRY MOORE. Advertisement picture for TIDMAN'S Sea Salt. With this picture, some Sea Salt, and a romantic turn of mind, one would never want to go down to the seaside, no never, no Moore.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



"'Conference or Congress coming!' I cry—
 'A full and fair one—by-and-by.'
 'If you ask me when, and where,
 It's to meet—I answer 'There!'
 Where 'tis best for BISMARCK'S bile,
 For 'when'—well, not this yet awhile."

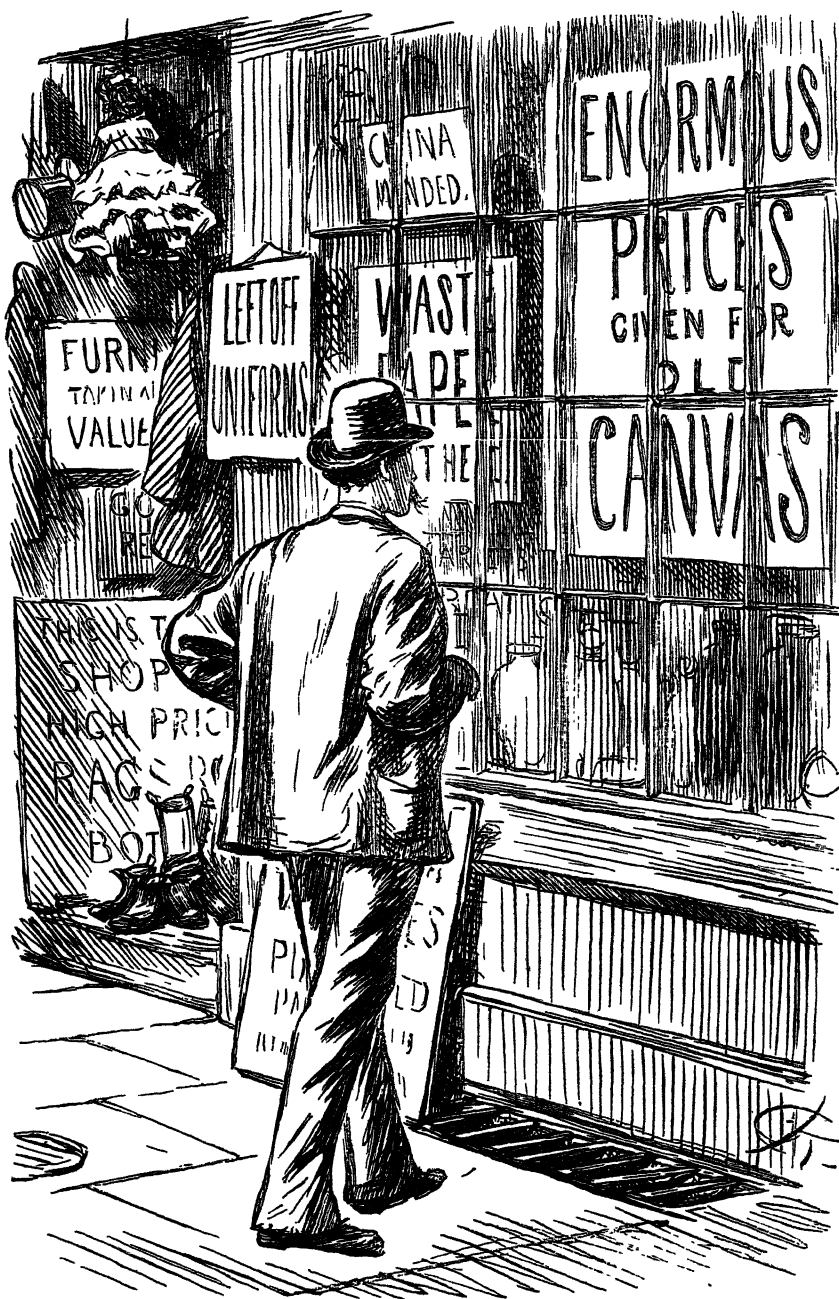
SUCH is the upshot of the week's rumours. A little more confident and *coulour de rose* to-day, a little more dashed with doubt and darker to-morrow, but on the whole indicating, as the Marquis of SALISBURY (*Monday, May 27*) told Lord CARDWELL, in the Lords, "That the prospects of a Congress being held have materially improved." Still, it is only a case of prospects and *pour-parlers*. When it comes to meeting, of course "poor parlours" (as an abandoned correspondent dares to suggest to us) "will be exchanged for sumptuous drawing-rooms" suited for the sittings of Plenipotentiaries who are setting about the most important act of diplomatic *cuisinerie* since the Congress of Vienna re-arranged the *menu* of Europe. Such acts should not be rapid acts, or it will be the worse for the actors, as witness the Treaty of San Stefano—ominously named from the protomartyr, as we see now that all Europe has taken to throw stones at it. So delay is *not* dangerous.

Does the Duke of RICHMOND'S Cattle Bill go farther than is necessary for stamping out the plagues of rinderpest, pleuro-pneumonia,

and foot-and-mouth disease? Does it aim at stamping out a quite different plague—that which plagues protectionist home cattle-breeders and dealers—the importation of foreign cattle? There is such a suspicion, and perhaps at least a shadow of a shade of a ground for it. As the Bill stands, all fat cattle coming from certain regions of Europe are to be pitilessly slaughtered on landing. It vests in the Privy Council a discretion in the case of cattle home-bred, or imported from Canada and the United States. The Marquis of RICHMOND deprecates this distinction as invidious. What's sauce for foreign beef should, he thinks, be sauce for British; the discretion which can deal with British and American stock may be trusted to deal also with Swedish, Norwegian, Spanish, and Portuguese.

Norway has had no disease; yet the fat Norse ox must be slain as soon as he sets foot on British ground. It is all very well to say not many Norse oxen are imported. But the effect on price of such restrictions is not to be calculated by a rule of proportion. The Bill savours of protection. It is openly charged with tending to raise the price of meat, to the gain of the British breeder, and the loss of the British feeder. The Marquis moved a Clause giving the Privy Council a general discretion to relax the rule of slaughter on landing.

The Duke, as President of the Council, best knows how far its



"A BREAK IN THE CLOUDS."

STODGE, WHOSE THREE PICTURES WERE REJECTED BY THE ROYAL ACADEMY, SEES A WAY OUT OF HIS DIFFICULTIES!

discretion may be trusted. He declines to trust it beyond English and Yankee stock. (They should write over the door in Whitehall, "Privy Council Cattle Department, Discretion Limited.") But he disclaimed the intention of protecting the breeder; the Bill was meant to protect all—breeders, farmers, buyers, sellers. *Punch* is a consumer of beef, not a breeder. He will wait with some anxiety the verdict of his butcher's Bill on the Duke of RICHMOND'S.

(*Commons*.)—The Indian troops once more in motion. One would have thought the House had had enough moving in this matter last week. Not a bit of it. First Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL moved for a Select Committee to inquire into the cost of our Black Guards serving out of the Black Country. When the Marquis of SALISBURY presided over an inquiry into extra-Indian service of Indian troops in 1867, the highest authorities, it seems, were hopelessly by the ears on the military and political aspects of the matter; but the financiers were agreed that whatever else Sepoys might come, out of India they wouldn't come cheap.

To our surprise Sir GEORGE seems quite to approve of opening wider the doors of white fellowship to our black fellows:—

"He would suggest that we might bring a few of the native Indian troops home, in order that we might see them, and that they might see us. He believed that contact with those troops would remove

many of the prejudices entertained in this country; that when we knew them better, we should find that they were not savages, but orderly, pleasant, and good-natured people, and that we should like them pretty well, while they in turn would like us."

Nothing more probable, or more pleasant. Still, Sir GEORGE, do you know the first blush of the thing rather takes one's breath away. It is true you don't mind that. Still, think of ugly little Ghoorkas, with their still uglier kookeries—both knives and messes—at the Regent's Park Barracks; or Sikhs, and Pathans, and Rajpoots, and Afreedies, with their Bheesties, Dooly-Wallahs, and other mysterious followers allowed in the Indian service, acting as a guard of honour to their Empress at Windsor, chaffed by the Eton Boys, and frowned at by the Military Knights. Nay, why stop at *Indian ink*, if we must get used to black in our military wear? Why not Caffres at Charing-Cross Barracks?—Fingoes called out to put down Jingoos, the next time they go breaking Mr. GLADSTONE'S windows, or riding rough-shod over the British Lions in Trafalgar Square? What would the British Nursemaid say to a couple of Irregular Indian Native Cavalry, in tunics and turbans, sitting like bronze images in place of the usual brace of that most regular of English Native Cavalry, the British Horse-Guard, in the niche on either side the familiar portal in Whitehall? And if the British Nursemaid could be brought to tolerate such dark protectors, how about the British tax-payer? JOHN BULL would find, as we pointed out last week, that Black Draughts come expensive, and might be inclined to throw this form of physis to the dogs, after his first experience of its depletant effects on his pocket.

The Government, by Col. STANLEY, granted the Committee.

On the Motion for going into Supply, Mr. GLADSTONE did his best to raise last week's Debate over again, and Messrs. RYLANDS, E. JENKINS, JACOB BRIGHT, MUNTZ, and HOPWOOD, did their best to help him. Lord HARTINGTON protested, like a discreet gentleman as he is, and Mr. FAWCETT forcing a division, the Intransigentes of the Opposition were defeated by 214 to 40. *Punch* can only say, "Served them right," but must venture to doubt if theirs is the right way to serve either Her Majesty's Government, or Her Majesty's Opposition.

In Supply, the House had a foretaste of Lord BEACONSFIELD'S Great Indian move, in the shape of a modest item of close on £400,000 for transport of 7,000 black soldiers to Malta. There was a good deal of grumbling, but the money has been spent—and of course must be repaid. If JOHN BULL will have "the forces of the Empire" made moveable, he must pay for the machinery. You can't make omelettes without eggs, or move Indian troops over sea without money—and a good deal of money.

Tuesday (Lords).—Lord STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL modestly asked whether Her Majesty's Government had in view any plan for making the Militia available for service abroad.

Lord BURY pointed out to the noble Eastern-questioner—

"That in order to effect such a cardinal change in the Militia service it would be necessary to release every man enlisted under the present system from his engagement, and thus absolutely do away with the existing Militia force. This Her Majesty's Government had no intention of doing. Indeed, there was no necessity for any

such step, as, under present regulations, any Militia man willing to enlist for general service could be transferred to the line and receive a free kit for doing so."

(*Commons*).—Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE appealed to the House to help him to get on with business—that of Supply first, of late so wearily and uselessly delayed by Irish Obstruction. This naturally kindled the righteous indignation of the chief masters in the art of "How not to do it yourself, or let anybody else do it."

Mr. PARNELL lectured the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, and Mr. CHAPLIN lectured Mr. PARNELL, and Mr. BIGGAR lectured Mr. CHAPLIN.

Mr. PEASE, in the name of undenominational education, complained that Dissenting schools had not been fairly dealt with by the Education Department. It appeared that the Department had only dealt with them too fairly, i.e., declined to make grants to them any more than to Church schools, where they were not wanted. Lord GEORGE HAMILTON very clearly and completely vindicated the Department, and Mr. PEASE, as a reasonable Friend, was content to leave the matter in his hands.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER asks for a Select Committee to overhaul the reporting arrangements of the House. If it could exercise a discretion!—have its own telephones, say, for keeping superfluous voices afar, and its own microphones, not for making short speeches longer, or small speakers bigger—they have these already in the Gallery, but for reducing utterances that mean nothing to their intrinsic nothingness!

The House was Counted Out, rejoicing over Mr. R. VANS AGNEW, on Hypothes.

Wednesday.—On Irish Sunday Closing Bill. Two clauses fought over, and one carried, limiting the operation of the Act to four years. Will it live as long? If it does, it will have established a better right to live longer than we should have been inclined to allow it.

Thursday (Commons).—The visit of the SHAH is to be *incognito*, Mr. BOURKE says, by his own desire. All the better. It won't be necessary to cut him, which, otherwise, *Punch* must have done.

In answer to Mr. BUTT, who asked for time to discuss Irish University Education, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE pleaded, on behalf of Mr. BUTT, for time to proceed with more pressing public business, and drew an alarming picture of Parliamentary arrears. The House has so wasted its time that at the rate Supply has been moving, if every Government night between this and August were given to Supply only, the Civil Estimates could not be got through, to say nothing of Army and Navy Estimates still outstanding, legislation, or discussion.

Of course Mr. PARNELL complained of the delays, which he attributed to the personal squabbles of English Members! For which he was rapped over the knuckles by the SPEAKER. But the House, by sitting well into the small hours, did get through "Law and Justice," one of the items of Supply which most wants overhauling—if there were anybody to overhaul it systematically and sensibly, which there isn't, as *Punch* concludes on the legal principle "*De non existentibus et non apparentibus eadem est ratio*."

BETWEEN TWO FAMES.

The French Government has prohibited any National Celebration in honour either of VOLTAIRE or JEANNE D'ARC, on May 30th, the *jour de fête* of both.

His day, who spat upon "the Maid,"

And *hers*, the Maid he spat on—

France loving both, with doubts is stayed,

'Twixt VOLTAIRE's *fauteuil*, pile of Maid,

Which stool 'twere best she sat on,

Lest Anti-clericals make games,

Or Clericals crow o'er them,

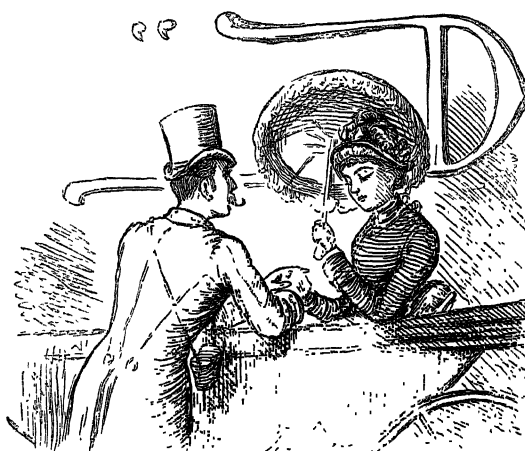
France deems it best for both their fames,

Who led Church foes, who lit Church flames,

To honour and ignore them!

THE RIGHT MAN.—Has any bookmaker, in quest of information as to the probable winner of the Derby, ever thought of applying to Mr. MECHI? He hangs out at Tiptree Hall.

ECHOES OF EPSOM.



EAR Lady JANE, if you would deign to smile upon my suit—

"There's nuts for all who hits the ball, and on'y a penny a shoot!"

"Although I've tried my love to hide, you cannot fail to see—"

"A thimble here, a thimble there! Now, where's the blessed pea?"

"My love, my life, be my dear wife! No more my pleading shun."

"The odds I'll lay. I'm safe to pay. Here! two to one bar one!"

"Oh, take me, dear, and never fear my love will soon be gone."

"I'll take you, Sir, in tenners, or in ponies—if you're on?"

"Forgive my haste. I would not waste my youth in fruitless courtin'."

"Just cross her hand with silver, and the Gipsy 'll tell yer fortun'."

"I've rank and wealth, and perfect health; there's nothing that I lack—"

"I shuffles 'em, so! In coorse ye 'll know which o' them there's the Jack!"

"Oh, be not shy; but say if I may call you my own JENNY?"

"This ain't no sell, my noble Swell. Try yer luck! Three shies a penny!"

"I cannot wait—I 'll know my fate, be the answer e'er so hard!"

"C'rrect weights an' names, and colours, same! See here, my Lord, c'rrect card!"

"Oh, dearest, think! I'm on the brink of wild despair. Consider—"

"A mossle o' ham, or a drop o' cham, would save a starvin' widder!"

"Ah, smile divine! Then you are mine! Oh, name the happy day!"

"They're off! It's done!—the Favourite's won! Oh, dash! oh, lor! Hooray!"

"Oh, joy! oh, bliss! If I might kiss those lips, our loves were sealed!"

"Confound my luck!—my bank is bruk!—I've been and backed the Field!"

A DERBY GLOSSARY.

(By our Cynical Contributor.)

AMUSEMENT. Yawning from 8 A.M. till 12. Bad champagne from noon to 4 P.M. Headache for the rest of the day.

Barouche. A carriage supplied by a livery-stable keeper, which might be converted into a bathing-machine if it had better springs.

Conviviality. Jovial hypocrites making fools of themselves and each other.

Drag. Four horses drawing any number of asses. Nothing to do with the Royal Humane Society.

Epsom. "The place to spend an unhappy day." A town not worth its salts.

Form. Dressing like a miller *plus* a blue veil. To preserve the "old form," decorate your hat with Dutch dolls.

Grass. Another name for mud.

Hill. Site of "all the fair" without any of the "fun."

Lunch. The first stage of indigestion.

Music. Stale airs from the lowest stratum of the lowest of the Musici.

Halls, and the most exorcising of the barrel-organs.

National. A term applied to a holiday chiefly patronised by fools and knaves "worse halves," and roughs.

Ovation. The howls of an idiotic crowd about an invisible winner.

Prophets. Persons who command no respect in their own country—or any other.

Refreshment. The first stage of intoxication.

Sweepstakes. So called from their emptying your pockets.

Turf. The parting-place for fools and their money.

Usage. A weak excuse for tomfoolery, excess, and extravagance.

Vow. Made at the end of the day, to be broken next year.

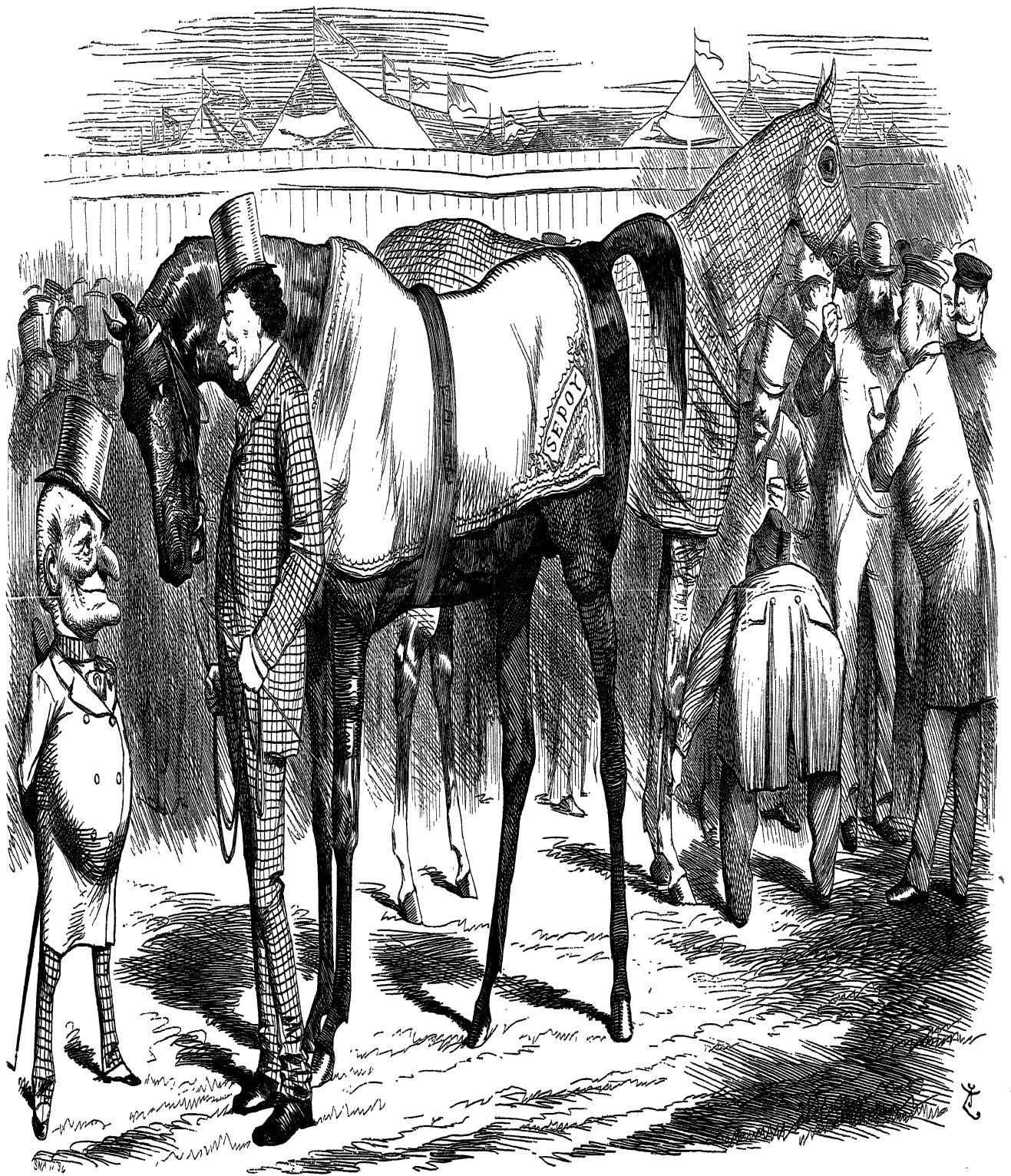
Wine. A deleterious compound which, like charity, covers a multitude of sins, and still more sorrows, stupidities, and sick headaches.

Yesterday. The coming spectre of to-day.

Zero. The level of everybody's spirits *after* the Derby Day.

The Australian Eleven v. M. C. C.

The Australians came down like a wolf on the fold,
The Mary'bone Cracks for a trifle were bowled;
Our Grace before dinner was very soon done,
And our Grace after dinner did not get a run.



THE "DARK HORSE."

MR. P. "HE'S COST A LOT! DO YOU STAND TO WIN WITH HIM?"

TRAINER. "THAT'S TELLINGS! ANYHOW, HE CAN FORCE THE RUNNING FOR 'CONGRESS'!"



MIDDLESEX MAGISTRATES GOING TO THE DERBY.

THE DARK HORSE.

A DARK HORSE, limbs fine, tail high, nostrils wide,—
As yet on English turf unknown, untried.
But BEN, the veteran trainer, close and 'cute,
Appeared to have a fancy for the brute—
"Appeared,"—for BEN is hard to understand,
And rather given to hide, than show his hand.
There never was a Dark 'Un more discussed
Than this same *Sepoy*, out of *India*, by
Imperial Policy.

Tipsters have squabbled, quidnuncs fumed and fussed.
The hopes of some on his career seemed centred;
"He'll never run," said others, "though he's entered."
"Don't like these foreign strains," old turfites cried;
"Right British Sportsmen would not run such cattle."
Others were sweet upon his style and stride,
And boldly backed him for the equine battle.
STANLEY, a cautious jock, though smart and able,
Who lately had belonged to the same stable,
Refused the mount as risky, and withdrew,
Leaving BOB SALISBURY to wear the Blue.
Some held the *Sepoy* as a "second string."

The real interest of the Ring
Having been centered in a mighty grey
Called *Congress*, shaped to go, some think to stay,
But somewhat backward in his preparation,
Owing, 'twas said, to leary BEN's own blundering,
Whether o'er-cleverness or vacillation
None knew, the trainer loved to keep men wondering;
And a good Dark 'Un was his great delight;
Long odds he ever liked to be upsetting;

So, spite of opposition far and wide,
The public backed the Great Untried,
And *Sepoy* kept a front place in the betting.
But as the day of the great race drew near,
'Twas found, with mingled joy and fear,
That *Congress* came again with a great rush.
The swells and cads, the touts and tipsters crush
To take stock of the old favourite once more,
Still clothed and hooded, but legs right, all four.

The grey looks fit at last; true sportsmen pray
This likely looking horse may win the day.
BEN keeps his counsel. *Sepoy* strips. "Friend BEN,"
Says *Punch*,—good judge of horses as of men,
"The nag is smart, but can he stay the course?
Don't think he looks quite like a Derby horse.
Is it with him that you declare to win?"
'Cute BEN replies, with such a curious grin
One knows not if he's serious or funning,
"That's telling—but at least he'll force the running!"

RIGHT AND WRONG WHALES.

Smith's Sound, lat. 82° N.

MR. PUNCH,

Sir,—I am astonished at some people's impudence—Mr. FARINI's especially. I learn from a friendly porpoise who has lately been making a run up the Thames with a family party, that after placarding London streets with "The Whale's Coming!" he has dared to announce the arrival of one of our family in the Westminster Aquarium. He has got his friends in the newspapers to make a mighty fuss about its capture off Labrador, where, we are solemnly informed—

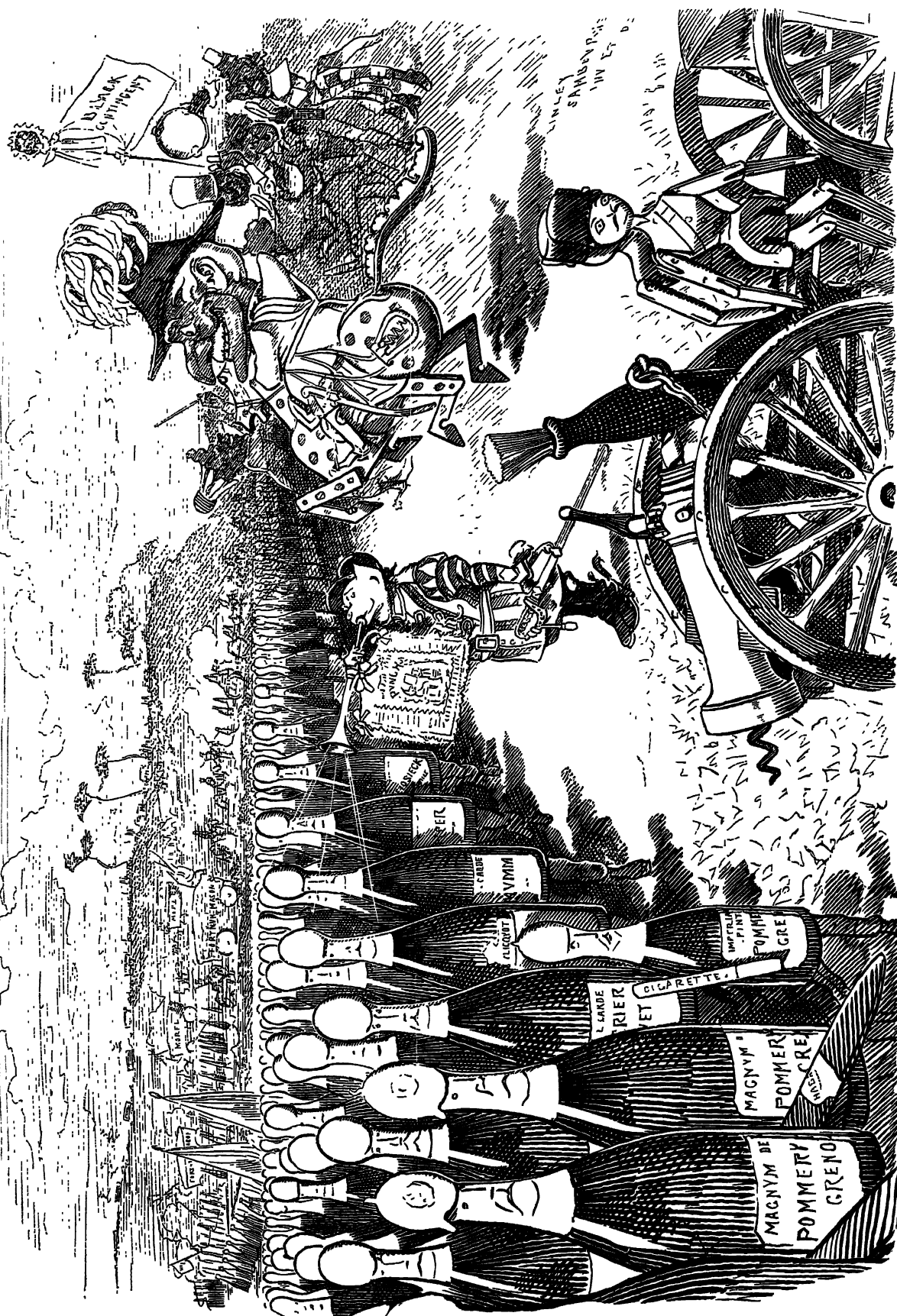
"That a constant supply of these 'monsters of the deep' may be readily obtained for the future, Mr. FARINI has, through his agents, secured the exclusive right of the Whale fishery off a large portion of the Labrador coast, and purchased an enclosed bay, serving as a kind of 'Whale preserve.'"

Will you believe me, Sir, when I assure you that the new arrival so pompously heralded is not a member of the Whale family at all, but belongs to another and very different branch of the Cetacean family—the Dolphins—is a *Beluga*, in fact, not a *Balena*.

He may be "very like a whale," but a Whale he is not. His colour, size, the position of his blow-holes, all give the lie to his claim to rank with,

Sir, Your Obedient Servant,
THE RIGHT WHALE (*Balena Mysticetus*).

ADVICE GRATIS TO BRITANNIA.—(From a Disinterested Frenchman.)—Show your teeth, Madame, even if they be black.



OUR DERBY RESERVES.



HIGHLY GENTEEL.

Sir Charles. "BY THE BYE, MRS. DE TOMPKYNS, DO YOU KNOW YOUR NEIGHBOURS THE PONSONBY DE TALBOTS?"

Mrs. Peter de Tompkins. "A—NO!—STRANGE TO SAY, FOR THEY ARE A KIND OF CONNECTION OF OURS."

Sir Charles. "INDEED! HOW SO?"

Mrs. Peter de Tompkins. "WE HAVE THE SAME MONOGRAM, YOU KNOW!"

OUR DERBY RESERVES.

It was upon the middle of a jovial June day,
When famous old Field-Marshal *Punch*, in red and gold array,
Upon the crown of Epsom Downs, midst Surrey's hilly curves,
Mustered, in bright magnificence, his Derby-Day Reserves.
Proudly upon his spotted steed the stout Field-Marshal sat,
A thing of beauty from his boots to the plume of his cocked hat.
And *Toby* true his trumpet blew with a spirit-stirring blast,
As o'er the hills and o'er the plain his forces gathered fast;
And ne'er more serried ranks were ranged, or marched-past steadier
files,
Than those deployed before the Chief whose ruddy face rained
smiles.

Up came the gallant *Cliqueuts*, the *Heidsiecks* up came they,
The *Pommerys* and the *Roederers*, and the *Perrier-Jouets*,
The mighty *Mumms* and *Moets*, and the *Ruinarts*, in rows,
And many another regiment whose brands *Rheims* only knows.
Along the rails, thick on the hill, the baggage-train well found—
FORTNUM AND *MASON* know their work—took up their camping-
ground.

"Call up the guns!" cried Marshal *PUNCH*. Then up came the
Artillery.

The gallant "*Cork Screws*"—Irish troops—to charge the ranks of
Sillery.

A thousand points are thrusting home! A thousand *Corks* "go
pop!"

A thousand lips are draining "fizz" as if they'd never stop:
And in they wire like one o'clock, whilst, lusty Lord of Lunch,
Adown the dark and glistening ranks high rides Field-Marshal
PUNCH!

Oh, was there ever such a *Brick* to fight, write, drink, or feed
As gallant old Field-Marshal *PUNCH*, who rides the Spotted Steed!

"THE COURSE OF EVENTS."—The Race-course.

THE OBELISK'S LAST MOVE BUT' ONE.

"Your Obelisk's ne'er drawn such crowds, it declares,
As now that it's moored off Adelphi new stairs;
Since a derelict over from Ferrol it came,
In the Cylinder-ship, *Cleopatra* by name!"

SAYS *WILSON* to *DIXON*, "We've done it, by gum!"
SAYS *DIXON* to *WILSON*, "The *cruz* is to come."
SAYS *WILSON* to *DIXON*, "Two hundred tons weight,"
SAYS *DIXON* to *WILSON*, "To lift, and set straight!"
SAYS *WILSON* to *DIXON*, "If you can do that."
SAYS *DIXON* to *WILSON*, "Or else crush me flat."
SAYS *WILSON* to *DIXON*, "Our stone if we show."
SAYS *DIXON* to *WILSON*, "O'er Paris we'll crow."
SAYS *WILSON* to *DIXON*, "Luxor theirs they call."
SAYS *DIXON* to *WILSON*, "And we ours Luck's all."

For Leisure Moments.

A NEW "holyday quarterly," called *Ours*, edited by Miss ANNIE THOMAS, has just appeared. As Mr. G. A. SALA, author of *Twice Round the Clock*, is writing in it, we ought, at all events, to be provided with amusement for 'Ours during the day. We wish it every possible success.

A Delicate Attention.

It is rumoured that Mr. G. PALMER is about to commemorate his return to Parliament, and his first vote, by the introduction of a new Biscuit, richly embossed with Sepoy emblems, to be called the "*Beaconsfield Cracknell*," and that every effort will be made to have it ready for the use of the Congress.

THE DERBY (CLEAN) SWEEP.—DIZZY.



A SPIRITED ANSWER.

Minister. "JANET! JANET! DRINKING AGAIN! DON'T YOU KNOW WHERE ALL THE DRINKERS GO TO?"

Janet. "AH COULD NA SAY WHAT ITERS DO, BUT AH AYE GAE WHERE AH KEN—(hic)—AH 'LL GET THE BEST CHEAPEST!"

ART NOTES.

OUR Bank of Elegance notes are not in high credit. But our Bank of Arts notes ought to be, when the bank is HENRY BLACKBURN'S & Co., and the notes are his *Grosvenor Gallery Notes*, and his *Academy Notes* for 1878. Never were more unmistakable cases of "value received," than theirs who purchase these two wonderful shillingsworths—the best aids to memory, for the collections they relate to, that have ever been produced. The illustrations, excellent records of the pictures, in many cases from sketches by the painters, are full of spirit, and, for their scale, wonderfully effective; the remarks terse, and to the point.

After *Punch's Own Guide* to the Academy and the Grosvenor, the best, he has no hesitation in saying, are Mr. BLACKBURN'S.

Mr. COMYNS CARR'S Illustrated Catalogue of the Grosvenor Gallery Exhibition of Drawings last year, with his admirable introduction and careful photographic illustrations, is to these popular little productions of Mr. BLACKBURN'S as a hundred-pound note to a shinplaster. It costs a guinea, and is worth a great deal more. But though more elaborate and exquisite alike in its text and its illustrations, it appeals to a smaller public, as the hundred-pound note does—worse luck! Still it should not be passed over, for that reason, in any notice of recently issued Art-Currency.

Porte it Isn't.

(From the *Sublime to the Ridiculous*.)

"The Porte—that is the building which from its gateway was so called, and in which the Government Offices and Archives of the Ottoman Empire were housed—has been burnt, whether by the act of an incendiary is not yet known."—*Constantinople Letter, May 25th.*

'Twas once strong military Porte,
Then Porte in a storm, not a doubt of it;
Lastly, Porte in blue blazes, and now
Porte with all the spirit burnt out of it.

"THE DOGS OF WAR."—Maltese Tarriers.

IN MEMORIAM.

John, Earl Russell.

BORN, AUGUST 18, 1792.

DIED, MAY 28, 1878.

THE Golden Wedding, but three weeks ago,
Of him and Liberty, his mistress dear!
'And now the true old heart, which then beat slow;
Is stopped, and England bows beside his bier,

Remembering the brave work of that long life
Which saw the light, when France, in Mænad mood,
Mad with the shock of old and new at strife,
Strove to give Liberty fresh youth by blood;

Rousing a horror, that from those who wrought
Such deeds in Liberty's most sacred name
Had spread to Liberty herself, till thought
Of her grew hateful, and men spurned her name.

But he was of the few of firmer heart,
Who kept the Goddess and the godless throng
Of her blood-drunken worshippers apart,
Held her truths fast, and did her shrine no wrong.

For they had drawn their faith from purer springs,
Where Liberty sat side by side with Law,
O'erbearing howl of Mobs and hest of Kings,
With Order for their guide who came to draw,

So, from the first day of his public life
Unto the last—some sixty years and more—
As Liberty's liege knight he served, in strife
Of good with ill, whate'er name either bore.

Content to wait, but still with trust to win,
In God's fight, for God's cause—the good of man:
Oft baffled, but with heart to re-begin
To-morrow what to-day's strength failed to span.

Whatever victory stands writ in light
O'er crime, hate, ignorance, fair claim denied,
O'er Wrong usurping arms and place of Right—
His name is written at that conquest's side.

Others might change their colours and their cause,
Some, whose weak eyes slow opened to the light,
Some, who in fear of progress prayed for pause;
His road was ever on, from right to right.

The faiths his youth had held when held by few,
He lived to see the faiths of most and best,
Till in their wake the common herd they drew,
And shaped the law, and stood for truths confest.

Rare fortune! It was given his age to see
The fulness of the day whose dawn he saw,
The harvests garnered, at whose sowing he
Had heard the seed proclaimed not worth a straw.

No wonder if, with all he had done and known,
He held him somewhat stiffly, in the trust
That where he showed the way 'twas wisely shown—
That all his "would-be's," would; his "must-be's,"
must.

They called him cold and proud who judged by shows,
Not knowing what a fire was at his core,
What springs of love 'neath that hard surface rose,
What flowers that seeming sand-waste bred and bore.

Only when sorrow came his hearth to share
With sadness love and reverence could not cheer,
'Twas seen how pride could bow, how faith could bear,
And trust in God make even darkness clear.

He lived to see the fifty years complete
From his first battle won in Freedom's cause;
Like one that hears, 'twixt sleep and waking sweet,
The songs that tell of May-time in the shaws,

He heard their greetings whom he might not see,
Nor take their hands, nor thank them face to face;
And then the long-tried spirit was set free,
And England bows above his resting-place!

OUR OWN ACADEMY GUIDE.

POSITIVELY THE LAST VISIT.



OMBINE Nos. 59, 287, 301, 548, 1355, and 1359. *Marquis of Bath. The Right Hon. W. H. Smith, M.P. Robert Smith, Esq. Sir G. Scott. T. H. Wyatt. Rev. G. Currey, D.D. The Very Rev. Dr. Howson. By G. RICHMOND, R.A. A Richmond Party. The Marquis of BATH brings his own buns, and the Rev. CURREY comes in hot. But not a Lady among them! and yet every one goes to Richmond for Maids of Honour.*

No. 129. *The Gods and their Makers.* By E. LONG, A. Excellent. Second title, "Idol Moments," "*Ars Longa*," not "*vita brevis*."

No. 133. *Sweet Margery.* By G. A. STOREY, A. Own Sister to Little Swansdown. *Nomine mutato, fabula narratur, i.e., "Another name, same Storey."*

No. 259. *Portrait of Himself.* By T. WEBSTER, R.A.

Very like, perhaps, but who knows Himself?

No. 398. *The Salute.* By J. C. HORSLEY, R.A. Cheerful and dramatic. Second title, "Private business."

No. 402. *Dutch Boats Be-calmed.* By C. THORNELLY. We shall see the companion picture to this next year, called "*Dutch Boats Be-blown*."

No. 450. *The Head of the Lake.* By E. A. WATERLOW. Not water-low at the head of the Lake. That would be too suggestive of water on the brain.

No. 472. *Henry Irving as Duke of Gloster.* By E. LONG, A. Decidedly E-long-ated.

No. 481. *The Sonata.* By V. ORMSBY. He must have painted the Daughter first if this is the *Son arter*. (Where is CONSTABLE, R.A., or an ar-ray of Constables? Police!!)

No. 568. *Convalescents, Children's Hospital.* By A. D. LANCASTER. Apparently recovering from scarlet fever, which they haven't as yet got out of their clothes.

No. 815. *Master Charles Tiller.* By WM. PERCY. I've heard of, and seen, a man-tilla, but this is the first time I've come across a boy-tiller. Farewell, brave PERCY!

No. 830. *Trial by Battle.* By J. TENNIEL. The work of a rising young artist.

"I speak of JOHN TENNIEL,
Whose fame is perennial!"

That's my motto, Sir; and I can't help it if "perennial" must be spelt in this way. Too late to change now.

No. 936. *The Play Scene in Hamlet.* By KEELEY HALSWELLE. Labourd: all work and no play. But "*Halswelle that ends well*"—hem! SHAKESPEARE.

No. 956. "*Corney Reach*." By G. C. KERR. Dedicated, of course, to Mr. CORNEY GRAIN, who can reach two octaves at once easily.

No. 1187. *Cyril Flower, Esq. Chalk Drawing.* By JOHN SANDYS. *Sandys* drawing, not *chalk*. Excellent likeness of a splendid Flower in full bloom.

No. 1323. *Preparing for Conquest.* By A. JOHNSTON. I congratulate CONQUEST. One of CONQUEST's pupils for the Grecian Theatre. *P'y suis*. Very much the pink of perfection, or the perfection of pink. A. JOHNSTON *pinx-it*.

No. 1332. *John Corbett, Esq., M.P.* By J. C. HORSLEY, R.A. All Mr. HORSLEY's humour has been thrown into this picture, which represents a portrait of a respectable elderly gentleman, disturbed while reading a rather *risqué* French novel in a yellow cover. It might have been called "Somebody Coming!" Bravo, Mr. HORSLEY, capital R.A. and A1!

No. 1338. *Equestrian Portrait of Gertrude, daughter of Frank Chance, Esq.* By STEPHEN PEARCE. To be described as "Chance and design."

No. 1339. *The Iris Pool.* By S. J. L. PICKERING. The idea probably suggested from SHAKESPEARE's *Antony and Cleopatra*, where the latter says, "*Charmian, let us to billiards*." As the Queen's other waiting-maid was *Iris*, the logical mind can see at a glance what (however remotely) was the germ of this picture,

which has no more to do with CLEOPATRA's billiards than with her Pyramids.

No. 1342. *A Mill in Picardy.* By ROBIN JOHNSON. No signs of a fight; but the Artist has evidently an eye for the very sort of retired spot where a mill used to be in the palmy, or fisty, days of the P. R.

Nos. 1356 and 1389. "*Waterfall*" and "*Torrents from the Mountains*." By EDMUND GILL.

EDMUND GILL
Went up a hill
To paint a pail of water;
Then came down,
And in Town

His pictures were shown after.

Both works evince a considerable amount of labour, which is just what would be expected from an artist, who, if he is not a "hewer of wood," is, at all events, a "drawer of water." As the Cockney said, when no policeman was near, "This Gill is one of the strong *pints* of the Academy."

No. 1376. *The Parish Kirk.* By W. E. LOCKHART. Without referring to the Catalogue, I should have said that this picture represented prisoners and their friends in a County Court, or a Court of the County. Another version of *Waiting for the Verdict*. If it is a true picture of a Parish Kirk, I'm glad I don't belong to the Parish. If I did, I shouldn't go to that Kirk, to be one of that "Kirk's lambs."

No. 1377. *The Earl of Dalhousie.* By W. W. OULESS, A. Is it really? Picture of a Naval Officer, who has been dressing up for Dumb-Crambo in some Lady's white fur mantle. The word has been suddenly found out, and somebody has rudely snatched the mantle off his shoulder, saying, "Come, you don't want this any more!" Observe the puzzled expression on the Naval Officer's genial countenance. He can't make out who has discovered the word, and thinks "somebody must have told them."

No. 1380. *Herr Joachim.* By JAS. ARCHER. Portrait of that distinguished Violinist, HERR JOACHIM, more particularly distinguished, in this picture, by being represented as *Hair-Cut Joachim*. Never saw this eminent Musician so neat and tidy. Capital likeness. Everybody knows who it is meant for; and that, let me add, is a strong point in favour of a portrait. Of course, JOACHIM is represented as playing first fiddle. A was an "Archer," who took a good shot; and I congratulate him on the bow.

No. 1390. *Introduction of Christianity into Britain.* By J. E. CHRISTIE. Evident title—"Christie-anity."

No. 1403. *Reading "Robinson Crusoe:" the Footprint on the Sand.* By A. F. PATTEN. The youthful student appears deeply interested in the celebrated footprint on the sand; at least, that is the impression left by a patten on the canvas.

No. 1405. *The Labour of the Danaids.* By J. R. WEGUELIN. Misnamed. It ought to have been "Family Jars."

No. 1410. *The Pasha.* By J. E. HODGSON, A. Observe the Pasha's expression: his hand on his scimeter (or some dangerous sort of weapon in a sheath), which will be drawn at once if the Artist doesn't paint to please him. "You take my head off," says the Pasha, with grim humour, "and I'll take off yours. Now then paint away. Allah Kerim! Bismillah! Mashallah—Kismet!"

No more time for the Academy. Last visit, until something bends my, at present, inflexible determination. Yet there are plenty more pictures, and a lot of sculpture; among which lot I've only had time for "Lot's wife." Striking work in marble, by HAMO THORNYCROFT, the *pose* representing her being salted just as she was turning. (Where are the Police? Where is CONSTABLE, R.A.? Fetch him back, or "The Road to Ruin" will send us all wrong!) Next week for my first visit to the Grosvenor: *c'est le premier pas—chez Coutts*. I shall take my own flask, and my own licence.

Arsenic in Violet Powders.

PROBABLY adulteration has never put on a more hideous mask than its latest, of arsenic in violet powders, leading to large destruction of infant life.

Arsenic, it seems, is cheaper than starch. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ*—these tears of sorrowing parents. The wholesale chemist to whom the supply of these poisonous powders was traced must have been ignorant, or careless, of the poisonous effects of arsenic affixed to the tender skin of infancy. It may be hard to believe him ignorant; but to suppose him careless!

All have read of snakes under flowers. Think of poison in violet powders, and of the infinitely precious lives whose loss has been laid to this last and most abominable of all abominable adulterations!

SUS. PER COLL.

MR. MACKONOCHE has been sentenced to *suspension* for three years. Is not this likely to make him more stiff-necked than ever?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THE "OLD MAN"
HIMSELF HOPS OVER.

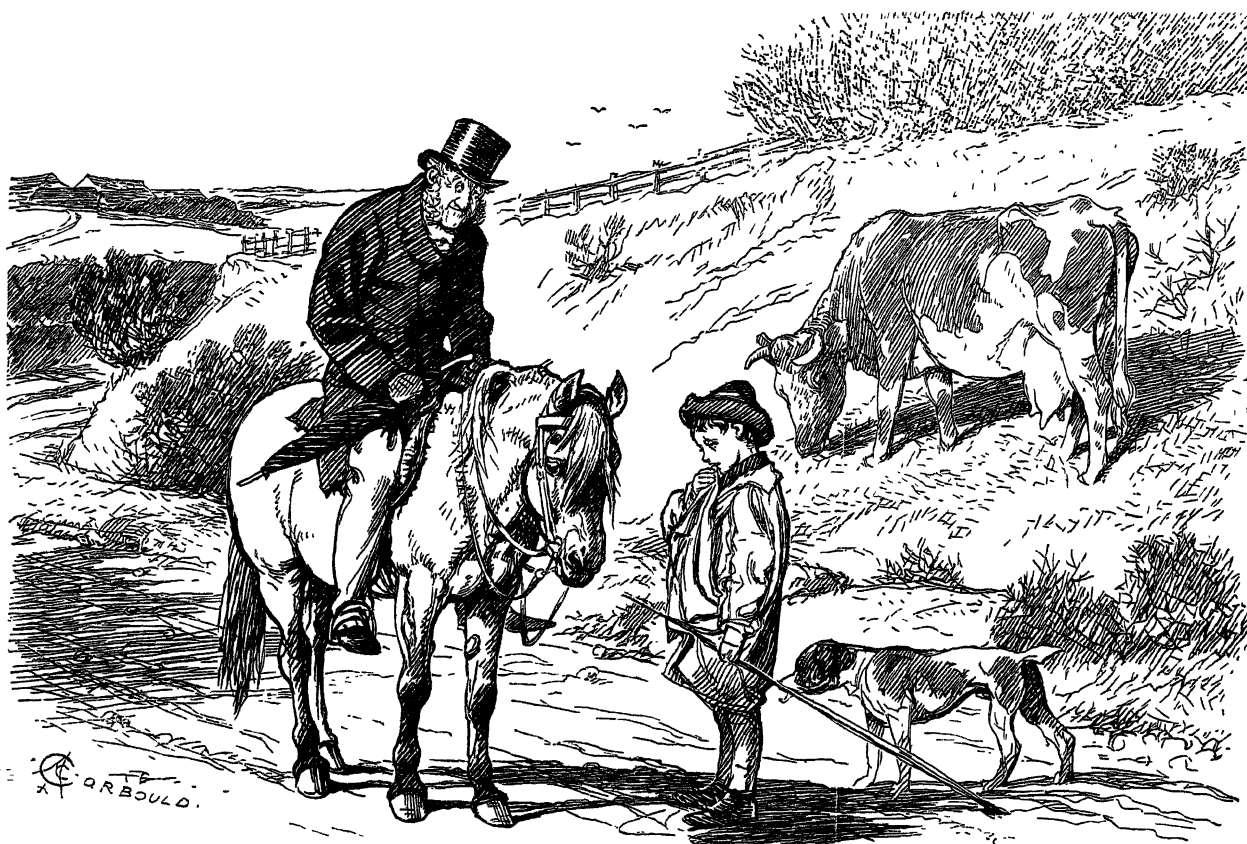
ILD and whirling week! Meeting of Congress fixed for the 13th. Invitations issued. Plenipotentiaries for England chosen.

Sinking off Folkstone of the armour-plated German man-of-war, *Der Grosser Kurfurst*, by the ram of her consort, *Der König Wilhelm*.

Attempt of NÖBILING — whether Ultramontane, or Socialist conspirator, or merely vanity-maddened notoriety-hunter, is as yet doubtful — to assassinate the venerable Kaiser WILHELM.

Derby run; favourites nowhere.

Altogether our *gobemouches* have seldom supped fuller of sensations than in this first wet and joyless week of June, 1878.



NEGATIVE PROOF.

Old Gent (who firmly believes in the School Board, to Cow-boy). "OH, YOU GO TO SCHOOL, DO YOU? NOW, I DARESAY YOU CAN TELL ME WHO IT WAS THAT WAS SAVED WHEN THE WORLD WAS DROWNED, CAN'T YOU?"

Cow-boy (all abroad). "NO-A, ZUR-R!"

[Old Gent goes his way, a firmer believer than before.]

Monday, June 3rd (Lords).—The Marquis of SALISBURY read out BISMARCK'S Card of Invitation for the Grand European Treaty party *Unter den Linden*—small and early; with the news that the English Government and all the Great Powers had accepted the invitation, and that our Representatives at the Great European Family Party would be the Earl of BEACONSFIELD and the Marquis of SALISBURY. From the terms of the invitation it appeared that the Treaty of San Stefano would figure on the table—as the *pièce de discussion*, not *de résistance*.

LORD GRANVILLE was delighted to hear it; but he could not understand, with the Cabinet's Will and Brain on the Spree, how the Cabinet was to get along. Was there any precedent for a Cabinet thus dispensing with its pillars and main-stays?

LORD BEACONSFIELD did not believe there was. All the better. Nice customs must curtsy to great Kings, and triumphant Ministers may claim the liberty to make precedents. The Cabinet would be more important in the absence of its head and right hand. It might even start a will of its own. What a novelty that would be!

LORD SALISBURY was the organ of the House for a becoming word of disgust over the attempt on the life of the stout old Kaiser.

LORD ELPHINSTONE gave a graphic picture of the difficulties in the way of raising the *Eurydice*. The fact was the Admiralty had neither time nor means for the job. It had been a bungle thus far, and he could not hold out any prospect of improvement. BRITANNIA had better make up her mind that she has seen the last of her *Eurydice*.

(Commons).—MR. GLADSTONE has written one of his perfervid articles in the *Nineteenth Century*, called "Liberty in the East and West," attacking the policy of the Government in flinging the Indian *tulwar* into the scales of European force. It is such an article as BURKE might have signed his name to, though less passionate. But it has been too much for the *Pall Mall Gazette* and MR. HANBURY. The Journal denounced it; the Member is for bringing it under formal Parliamentary censure—the modern equivalent of burning by the common hangman. The common sense of Parliament knows better—if the Jingoës in Parliament don't. MR. GLADSTONE has written nothing he is not prepared to say and stand

by in his place in the House of Commons. His vitriol is rose-water compared with the scathing and scalding *douche* such a defiance of the Bill of Rights would have provoked in the days of BURKE and BARRÉ.

The business of the invitations to Congress, and the representation of this country there, was discussed in the Commons between SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and LORD HARTINGTON, who couldn't imagine how the tail of the Cabinet at home could possibly wag the head at Berlin. He considered that Government resided in Her Majesty's Ministers *en bloc*, not in a brace of them. Neither of the Plenipotentiaries would be a Member of the House of Commons, and neither could speak the will of the House with voice potential.

THE CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER didn't see what that mattered. The Cabinet was of one mind, and it really made no difference whether that mind were *Unter den Linden* or in Downing Street. Other countries would be represented by their Prime Ministers and their Foreign Secretaries, and why should not England?

The House, by MR. BOURKE, spoke out its horror at the attempted assassination of the German Emperor, its delight at his escape, and its satisfaction at hearing good news of his progress. English indignation is deepened by the thought that the Emperor's son and daughter-in-law were the QUEEN'S guests when their visit was first darkened by the news of the sinking of *Der Grosser Kurfurst*, and then abruptly cut short by the shooting at *Der Alter Kaiser*.

The County Government Bill is the first Innocent done to death. It will not be much regretted. It was too much for the County Magistrates, too little for the County reformers.

The Government wished to have given EARL RUSSELL a public funeral. But his family have deferred to his wishes by burying him in the vault of the Russells. But why should not his ashes have reposed in Westminster, while his name stood inscribed at Chénies? Or, if he willed his body to sleep in the ancestral vault by his son's side, why should not his statue, or, at least, his bust, stand in the Abbey among the Statesmen of his time?

Then the House resumed the debate, adjourned from Friday, on the motion of the O'CONNOR DON, a fitting moderator for a discussion on Irish University Education.



TITLES TO DISTINCTION.

Passenger (from the South, waking up). "PRAY, SIR, WHAT STATION IS THIS?"

Native. "THESE PAISLEY, SIR!—PAISLEY! CELEBRATED TOON, SIR!—BERRITH-PLACE O' TH' POAT TANNAHUL, SIR! AND—HEM?—AH'M A PAISLEY MAN MYSEL', SIR! AH WAS BORN I' PAISLEY—AH WAS—"

[Lurkily the Train had now run into the Station, and stopped.]

The organs of the Irish Roman-Catholics—Messrs. BLENNERHASSET, ERINGTON, SYNAN, Major NOLAN, Mr. A. MOORE, Mr. O'SHAUGHNESSY, and Mr. MITCHELL-HENRY—urged energetically that justice demanded that Roman-Catholic parents should have a University to send their sons to, where they would have due—i.e., priestly—security for faith and morals.

Mr. PLUNKER pointed out that University Education was open to Roman-Catholic as to Protestant in Trinity College, Dublin, and the Queen's Colleges. It was idle to expect that an English Parliament would ever give the Roman-Catholic hierarchy that absolute control of religious teaching which they must claim in a Roman-Catholic University.

Mr. LOWTHER pointed out that Maynooth was the only endowed educational institute in Ireland not open to all denominations. All the rest were free to all creeds. So they must continue throughout Great Britain.

The Resolution was negatived by 206 to 67.

Tuesday.—The Lords, under the guidance of the Earl of KIMBERLEY, did a little bit of tinkering at the Public Health Act, in the way of facilitating water-supply to cottages, and declined to recognise a distinction urged by that staunch sanitary reformer, Earl FORTESCUE, between "pot-water" and "slop-water." Finding their Lordships in a sanitary mood, the Marquis of RIPON tried to get a rise out of the Government on River Conservancy Boards. But the Duke of RICHMOND knew better. It was a ticklish subject. If they could have laid it on the County Board's shoulders, well and good. But the County Boards had gone by the board. Let all the vexed questions which are sure to gather and grow round Conservancy Boards sleep till the County Boards come to Parliamentary life again.

Earl COWPER expressed the rather bold belief that the Lord President of the Council, with the knowledge he possessed, could and would bring in a River Conservancy Bill that would be satisfactory to all parties concerned!

No. The Duke of RICHMOND may be a remarkably clever man, but he is scarcely clever enough for that, my Lord.

(Comments.)—In answer to an inquiry of Sir E. WILMOT, Mr. EMBERTON told the House that our last improved "rams,"—or "beaks," as they should rather be called,—are moveable, and can be stowed in board when not wanted—a comfort to ships sailing in company, seeing that our Iron-clads are apt to "put

the beak"—as Black Country husbands the boot—into their consorts.

If the Congress wants to have the pleasure of Greece's company, it will send Greece an invitation. In other words, "Let Greece wait till she's asked."

Mr. BOURKE, to the great satisfaction of the House, gave a good report of the progress of stout old Kaiser WILHELM.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER thinks that our feeling of horror at the attempt, and thankfulness for the Emperor's escape, has been sufficiently expressed. So does *Punch*. The SECRETARY of STATE has already, in the name of the country, forwarded an address of congratulation and condolence to the German Government. We trust he will always speak as completely in the sense of JOHN BULL as on this occasion.

Has not the House a CHAPLIN, as well as a Chaplain? The one is not more naturally employed in reading prayers, than the other in moving the adjournment of the House over the Derby Day. Our only regret is that the Member for Mid-Lincolnshire had nothing in the race. *Punch* makes him a present of a name for the next nag he may enter for the Blue Riband—*Jingo*.

Mr. CHAPLIN gave the House a "tip"—we are sorry to say like other of his "tips," a wrong one—*Sir Joseph*. Let us hope Honourable Members did not put on their money after their own prophet to their own loss.

Mr. R. POWER seconded the Motion. We need not wish "more power" to him, for he was very pleasant.

If only Irish Members would follow their natural bent, and be usually as amusing as Mr. R. POWER was on Tuesday!

Even Mr. BIGGAR announced his intention of voting for the adjournment, for the characteristic reason, that he believed horse-racing, so far from improving the breed of horses, had a contrary effect.

Mr. ASHETON opposed the Motion.

"No one grudged the House a holiday less than he did; but they were going to take their holidays very soon. Those who kept the officials of that House, not from twelve to six o'clock on a Wednesday afternoon, but up all night, to discuss at what time Irishmen should drink whiskey, were the persons who might fairly incur the charge of infringing on the holidays of those gentlemen. And as for the Members themselves, did any one imagine that one the less would go to the Derby whether they adjourned or not. The Derby Day was one of the most disgusting days in the year ('Oh!'), unless you went to the Derby, for you could do no business on it. He would sooner see a holiday given on the day of the Oxford and Cambridge Cricket Match, or the Queen's Ball, than on that of the Derby."

(Why not on all three? *Punch* would not object to the House taking more holidays, if only it would work when it wasn't playing.)

Mr. SULLIVAN—

"would not say that we were going to fiddle while Rome was burning ('Oh, oh!'), but he would say we were going to trifle while Europe was on the verge of the most critical events. Would the Government make this motion if it were a Government day? He protested against the adjournment as a waste of time."

(The House can waste time without adjourning, Mr. SULLIVAN, as you and your friends ought to know by this time.)

Mr. BLAKE objected to the adjournment—

"There was a picture in the Royal Academy which showed that the road to ruin ran parallel to the racecourse."

(Not to the course at Epsom, Mr. BLAKE—at Ascot.)

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER—

"For himself would vote for the adjournment as a custom which, whatever might be said against it in the abstract, had prevailed very long, and which there was no good reason for setting aside. As far as the unfortunate Members of the Cabinet were concerned, as it was a day always selected for a Cabinet Council, an adjournment was of no advantage to them."

(*Cheers*—as if the House enjoyed the idea of the unfortunate Cabinet Ministers "kept in.")

After a bout at Scotch Roads and Bridges, and narrow escape from a Count Out, the House plunged into the slough of Irish Educational Endowments.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL moved for a Select Committee to inquire into the condition, revenues, and management of the Endowed Schools of Ireland, and gave excellent reasons for believing that educational endowments in Ireland have been even more abused than in England—which is saying much.

Lord C. BERESFORD moved to add to the motion of the noble lord words which would extend the inquiry to the practicability of establishing schools upon the denominational system, and gave the oddest reason ever urged in favour of denominational schools:—

"He could not help thinking that this religious principle was too much talked about in connection with education debates. The whole question of religion was a mere accident of birth. (*Laughter.*) His father and mother happened to be Protestants, and therefore he was a Protestant. So it happened all the world over. (*Renewed laughter.*) Why not live and let live? (*Hear, hear!*) His belief was that a Mahomedan or a Buddhist, or any other man, who went through life fairly and honestly, had as much chance of going to heaven as he had. (*Loud laughter.*)"

Spoken like a jolly Jack-tar! The truth's the truth—hang logic! Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who seconded the Motion, hit the weak point in Lord CHARLES's Amendment, if not in his straightforward sea-ology.

The IRISH SECRETARY, who promises a Government Bill to deal with Irish Intermediate Education, declined a Select Committee, but would grant a Commission. But the religious *crux* in Ireland seems insuperable in the present temper of England and the House of Commons.

Wednesday.—The House was away . . . and the mice did play, in the places of the Members.

"All on the Downs the House was poured."

And the Members who followed their CHAPLIN's tip and backed Sir Joseph dropped their money. The Blue Riband was "not for Joe."

Thursday (Lords).—The Earl of SHAFTESBURY hoped the Congress would weigh the claims of the Armenians to protection. The Armenians are a religious and money-making body—something like our own Quakers—of whom it is popularly said in the East, that one Greek is a match for two Jews, and one Armenian is a match for two Greeks.

The Marquis of SALISBURY promised fairly, as he does all round. Lord SHAFTESBURY is asked, as we all are, to have confidence that the sentiments which will animate Her Majesty's Government will be those of sympathy and justice.

"So mote it be," as they say in the old City toasts. Only, one cannot help wondering how the Jingoes will like it. And if these be the sentiments which are to shape the B. and S. policy in Congress, what *have* they and W. E. G. been fighting about all this time? Why has the European Concert been so long in tuning up? And why that *Trillo del Diavolo*, the war, if my Lord B. is, after all, to take the first violin-part in the quartette in which he so curtly declined to figure two years ago?

(*Commons.*)—The Lord Mayor of Dublin appeared in all his glory at the Bar of the House to present a petition in favour of a Scheme of Education that would be satisfactory to the Roman Catholics of Ireland.

Unhappily the *Oceanus dissociabilis* of *odium theologicum* still rages between the Roman Catholics of Ireland and the Protestants of England. No one has yet found the means of drying that sea up, or sailing over it, or bridging across it, or tunnelling under it. And so Irish Roman Catholics and English Protestant shepherds still stand on either shore shaking their fists at each other, while the poor little lambs look up and are not fed.

Talk on the subject of the time—Congress. It now turns out that England will be the only Power represented by a Prime Minister, Foreign Secretary, and Ambassador—*lucida sidera* in a triplet. It is a satisfaction to have it on the assurance of Sir STAFFORD NORTH-COTE, that the questions which will be decided in Congress—so far as this country takes part in them—will be decided on the responsibility of the collective Cabinet. One feels at once, what a comfort that will be to Lords B. and S., as well as to the House of Commons, and the country, and the world, if it only knew what it has to be thankful for.

At last the House got to Supply, and—wonderful to record—did a good stroke of business with unusually little idle talking; what there was being chiefly from Mr. O'DONNELL, who vented a great deal of unusually venomous and vicious nonsense about the conduct of the Cape War, imputing inhumanity and even "savagery" to our administrators and officers!

Really, Mr. O'DONNELL earns his "honorarium," as "*advocatus diaboli*."

BETSY TO BENJAMIN.



AH, BENJY, it jest is a triumph for both on us, speshally me; And it does an old ooman's eyes good sech a well-planted facer to see. Which patriotism's the card, and all others is rubbidge and flam; I knowed it, dear boy, from the fust, and you took my advice like a lamb!

Ascuge me, my BENJY, if once your purceedings I seemed to suspect, Which your BETSY were certingly sore at what seemed aggrawatin' neglect; But now DARBY—drat him!—is gone, and SALISBURY's safe as a gun, Why in course there ain't nothing between us; our buzzums is beatin' as one.

Oh, they chivied us orful at fust, and pertikler was down upon me.

All along o' the langwidge I used, and my slaps at that W. G. But I stood like a modern Goloshes,* an Atlage supportin' the State, And now we've wanguiged the lot, and our wictory's glorious and great!

Just doesn't BRITANNIA look prime in the pose of your own BETSY P.?

Which it surely ain't wain to suppoa as her attitood's copied from Me!

Her 'elm is a-cook like my bonnet, her trident has took jest the poise Of my friend SAIKRY GAME's own umbreller, when threat'nin' them wagabone boys.

* Perhaps the good lady means Colossus.

Which what else is them Rooshians and get'rar? a nasty rampagious lot! But JOHN BULL is the Bobby of Europe, and means for to give it 'em hot, If so be as they don't hold their row, as no doubt whatsomdever they'll do, 'Cos our strenth and our attitood cows 'em—thanks, BENJY, to me and to you.

It is all spiteful fibs for to say as there needn't a' bin any shine if we hadn't took up from the fust sech a selfish and swaggerin' line. We must show 'em we're Cock o' the Walk, as they'd all bin and gone and forgot; That's the proper Imperial style, and your peaceful palaver is rot.

JOHN BULL, my dear BEN, is that proud of the valorous figger he cuts, That with wotes, or an 'andful of mud, all the mouths of bage traitors he shuts. Quite right! Why the doose should he listen to partisan snivel and whine, When he's got two sech patriot horgans as your'n, my own BENJY, and mine?

Constitootion? That's one of the things as is far better left on their shelves: Constitootions, in ticklish times, may be trusted to shift for themselves.

Akademikal rubbidge, my BENJY, whatever old GLADSTONE may say, Must not be allowed, for a moment, to stand in our conquering way.

Oh, I know there is parties as prates about Bills o' Rights and the rest, And sez that though bounce may look big it is *but* a blown bladder at best; That selfish conceit proudly posing as cockahoop champion of right, Though hailed with the cry of the crowd, is a poer and a pitiful sight.

The traitors, how dust they? But there, BEN, our hundred and twenty and one Is the honly reply we need make, and the 'owlers is bustled and done.

Oh ain't we a glorious lot? So imposing, and bouncing, and big! And it's all jest along o' my BEN, and his favourite pardner, B. PAGE!

[*Exit attitudinising.*]



HYGIENIC EXCESSES.

Smith. "SO YOU'VE GIVEN UP WINE AND BACCA, BROWN?"

Brown. "YES, HORSES AND DOGS DO VERY WELL WITHOUT STIMULANTS; AND WHY SHOULDN'T WE?"

Jones (fat man). "AH!—I GO FARTHER. I'VE GIVEN UP EVERYTHING BUT RICE. LOOK AT THE HIPPOPOTAMUS! HOW HEALTHY IT IS, IN SPITE OF ITS SIZE!"

Robinson. "MATTER OF TASTE! LIONS AND TIGERS ARE MORE IN MY LINE. I'VE GIVEN UP EVERYTHING BUT RAW MEAT ONCE EVERY TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, AND KILL IT MYSELF. I'M GOING TO GIVE UP CLOTHES NEXT MONTH—SO'S MY WIFE!"

Smith. "TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, BROWN! I'VE A GOOD MIND TO GO IN FOR THAT KIND OF THING MYSELF, AND GIVE UP EVERYTHING BUT SKITTLES!"

NEPTUNE'S NOTION.

ONE more of my Sea-Rams gone down like a shot!
A plague on the ugly and lubberly lot!
More trouble they give than whole legions of Tritons,
Till the prospect my godship prodigiously frightens,
Ah, Vulcan, you played me the scurviest joke
When you placed these leviathans under my yoke!
The Iron God's brood upon land may look fine,
But, by Thetis, they seem all abroad on the brine.
They can't keep afloat without infinite bother,
Or even keep out of the way of each other,
But either go in for spontaneous sinking,
Or all set a-butting each other like winking!
A fine guard of honour for Neptune in sooth!
I would rather go back to the ways of my youth,
Ere hulking Hephaestus had furnished my ranks
With assistants I wish I'd declined without thanks.
Rams! Rubbish! The name's a misnomer, no more;
Rival Rams, in their combats *à outrance* ashore
But bravely in bellicose fury no doubt,
Until one of the two gets the best of the bout;
But the harder they drive, in their impetus rash,
The more the hard-headed brutes' skulls won't go smash;
But my Sea-Rams, it seems, may by accident quite
Disable each other for serious fight,
And butter and buttered alike go to pot,
In a style which if I understand I'll be shot.
One end it would seem waits the whole lot, and that's
The fate which befel the famed Kilkenny Cats!
The Monsters! they multiply faster and faster,
But the whole of their record is one of disaster.

I hold them big s'lams, and I'm vastly inclined
To fancy BRITANNIA is much of my mind.
It is costly to keep them, while keep them one can,
And plagu'y to lose them, with many a man:
And BRITANNIA would see, were she wise,—which she's not,—
That by far the best plan's to get rid of the lot!

Opposition not Obstruction.

THE SPEAKER judiciously distinguishes between the opposition of small minorities to certain Bills, as in the case of the Irish Sunday Closing Bill, and mere obstruction for obstruction's sake to despatch of business. The rule by which fair may be distinguished from vexatious opposition seems simple enough. The opposition is fair when the Bill opposed is vexatious.

The New Opera.

AT Her Majesty's an Opera called *Carmen* is to be produced. Perhaps this is the first of a series to be called, respectively, *Draymen*, *Cabmen*, *Policemen*, and so on. We have been informed, however, that *Carmen* doesn't mean *any men* at all. It is simply the *no-men* of BIZET's Opera.

Datur Hora Quiet.

Is there anyone who wishes awfully to go to Paris, solely to see the Exhibition, but not on any account to mix in the gay life of the capital? If there is—*Requiescat in PASSY*.

WHERE TO LOOK FOR THE BIGGEST DERBY CRACK.—In the Cabinet.



FIGURES FROM A "TRIUMPH."

(A RELIEF—ON THE ROAD TO BERLIN.)

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(At Covent Garden, for the first representation of "Paul and Virginia.")



SIR.—*Paul and Virginia!* Ah, Sir, it is a masterpiece! I allude, not to the music, but to the English libretto by JOSIAH PITTMAN! The immortal JOSIAH PITTMAN! What a Pittman!—a Pittman who works in a perfect goldmine of English, where the poetic vein offers wealth inexhaustible! JOSIAH begins with the "Argument," from which I must extract a few gems.

"*Madame de Latour*," writes JOSIAH, "a French lady of noble birth, and *Marguerite*, a French woman of

humble origin, reduced to the same condition by some early indiscretion and consequent misfortune, have repaired to the Isle of France,"

where they have become mothers respectively of *Paul* and *Virginia*. Then he goes on to tell how *Paul* and *Virginia* love one another; how *Monsieur Sainte-Croix*, "a rich but cruel planter," is struck by *Virginia's* beauty, and "conceives an ignoble desire for her;" how *Madame de Latour's* rich aunt sends for *Virginia*; how *Virginia* goes to Paris; and how *Paul*, "forlorn and broken-hearted, wanders in distraction over the solitary cliffs"—by the way, if he had wandered in distraction over even one solitary cliff of any height there wouldn't have been much of him left to go on with—but no matter,—on goes *Paul*, "calling on his beloved *Virginia*"—who was in Paris at the time—"and in visions beholds her in gilded halls"—JOSIAH doesn't forget *BALFE* and *BUNN's Bohemian Girl* who "dreamt that she dwelt," &c., &c. And then he continues the story, finishing with how "the wrecked ship, conveying *Virginia*, is seen sinking not far from the coast during the infuriated tempest," and how "the desolate *Paul* and his family receive from the waves the lifeless body of *Virginia* cast ashore."

The "Argument" concluded, M. VICTOR MASSÉ's Overture commences. It is evidently intended to illustrate the "Argument" musically. "The early indiscretion" of the Ladies is plaintively alluded to on the flute, and "the consequent misfortune" comes out strongly on the cymbals. The stringed instruments forcibly depict "the ignoble desire" of *Monsieur Sainte-Croix*. The "visions of gilded halls" are indicated by all the power of brass in the orchestra, and, of course, wind is strongly employed in the storm.

The curtain rises, and reveals to us the two victims of early indiscretion and consequent misfortune, sitting together in "A Hut of Bamboos, with Landscape at back." The two indiscreet Ladies—I beg JOSIAH's pardon, I mean the indiscreet "lady" and the indiscreet "woman of humble origin"—recount to one another the respective merits of their children, *Virginia* and *Paul*. To quote the Poet PITTMAN—

Both. "I love to speak of their tender years,
Yes, of heavenly light they're both the reflection,
In their mutual love forget we our cares,
And we tend them both with equal affection."

So these two elderly indiscreet ones sing, in the hut of bamboos (they should have been called the two bamboozled ones), with the landscape at their back. But I am afraid that their morality is still a trifle lax, as the last verse of their duett expresses a doubtful sentiment:—

"Flow'ret wild in freedom growing
As in freedom both were born,
Like the dawn that, rosy glowing,
They portend a sunny morn."

Then in comes *Domingo* (a mulatto slave) played by M. MAUREL. The above description of *Domingo* as a "mulatto slave," may have suggested to M. MAUREL the highly artistic idea of having his arms, hands, legs, and the upper part of his chest jet black, while his face was a dirty whitey-brown. This is, perhaps, M. MAUREL's idea of a "mulatto." Perhaps he has seen a mulatto just like this. But has anybody else?

The action, such as it is, proceeds. A ship, from France, arrives, and the following Pittmanic dialogue, to music, occurs:—

"*Paul's Mother* (*aside*). Some new mischance does me forbode.

Domingo.

I'll you escort.

Madame de Latour. No; stay, and mind the children.

Paul's Mother (*aside*).

I fear."

The "children" are *Paul* (M. CAPOUL) and *Virginia* (Mdlle. ALBANI), two little tiddy wee mites, who, of course, require a good deal of looking after. *Domingo*, left alone, gives his opinion (or JOSIAH PITTMAN's opinion) of the weather:—

"See, the sky darkens, fierce lightnings flash,
Rain is showers pouring, loud thunders crash!
Amidst the fury of this great shower
I trust the mothers have found some bower."

"Some bower," indeed! An omnibus, a public-house, a cabmen's-shelter, a Burlington Arcade, or a colonnade at least. However, being under cover himself, he ends by exclaiming,

"Which way shall I go? Oh, poor me!"

and taking a large red umbrella (like those spread out over the drivers of some of our larger three-horsed omnibuses), he dashes out by a side-door, carefully avoiding *Paul* and *Virginia*, who enter, from this fearful storm, dry as chips, protecting themselves by playfully holding over their heads a "big banana leaf." They run forward, strike an attitude, and smile at the audience. From this moment until the end, except when they are in the deepest despair, they are always, the pair of them, posing and smiling at one another and the audience; M. CAPOUL, as "little *Paul*," occasionally varying the monotony by grinning fearfully, opening his eyes, and coming out as a facial contortionist of great power. No doubt he has taken his idea from the boyish side of the character, that boys will be boys, and will make faces even at their little sisters. Then they duett together, and then *Virginia* sings to him on her own account—and PITTMAN'S—

"Thou know'st our two mothers are sharing
My equal affection: wherefore
The more, dear, for thee they are caring,
So gratefully love I them more.
For them every day I am praying,
Imploping kind Heaven above,
But when for thee pray's I'm saying,
More ardent my fervour I prove."

Then, after *Virginia* has sung one line,

"Wouldst thou ask me, dear PAUL, what is true love's perfection?"

they both sing together the reply—

"See the sweet birds in their snug nest
How they content will love and rest.
Nature's gift is their love, the same is our affection."

To the loving couple, enter *Meala*, "a female Mulatto slave" (whitey brown face and chocolate-coloured silk "fleshings" on her arms—quite the female Mulatto, of course, Madame SCALCHER, who is in the neatest, brightest, spick and spannest costume, showing no kind of evidence of her having been, up to the very moment of her entrance, pursued by dogs; or, as she, inspired by Professor PITTMAN, expresses it,

"My life weary I drag; fierce hounds close me follow."

Only if the aforesaid "fierce hounds" do "close her follow," where are they?

Then she implores protection, and *Paul* and *Virginia* give it by taking her back to M. *Sainte-Croix*, whom we meet in "Tableau Second" armed with a neat hunting-crop, and cracking it on every possible occasion. *Sainte-Croix*, despite his name, is a dreadful person, and addicted, on Professor PITTMAN's evidence, to strong language. For instance he addresses *Meala* thus—

"Whence com'st thou? Say, by the devil,
Dost thou pity now implore?"

Well, that is strong, isn't it? Then *Virginia* sings, in order to soften the obdurate planter,

"Crossing forests wild and dreary
Neath a fierce and burning sun,
Here behold me faint and weary.
Oh pardon grant!"

Then the chorus of blacks (real blacks most of these are, properly got up, faces, arms, and legs all one colour) sing

"The Master's relenting,
To joy he's consenting.
Form the ring—
Let's dance and sing."

And then they execute a wild Christy-Minstrel-out-of-St.-James's-Hall sort of dance, with "cocoa-nut accompaniment"—(the slaves having, of course, previously accounted for the milk in the cocoa-nut)—called the "Bambula!"



LIFE IN LEITRIM.

Saxon Angler. "OH, BUT I CAN'T TRY FOR A SALMON. I HAVEN'T GOT A LICENCE——"

Native. "IS IT A LICENCE YE WANT TO KILL A FISH? SHURE YE MIGHT KILL A MAN OR TWO ABOUT HERE AN' NOBODY'D SAY A WORD T' YE!"

"The bambulà,
Ah, ah!
It gives me pleasure."

"Slave I'm born,
Sad, forlorn.
It's gay measure"

"Soothes the strife
Of my life."

Then *Meala* ought "to take a banjo" (at least so Professor PITTMAN's stage directions say, but she didn't), and sing a maniacal song about a tiger. *Paul* and *Virginia* manage to sneak away, leaving the vicious *Sainte-Croix* (as Professor PITTMAN's stage-directions describe his action) "*drinking, and pulling towards him the young mulatress.*" I've heard of "A mulatto girl," and a "mulatto woman," but it remained for the genius of a PITTMAN to give us as the equivalent of "*una giovane mulatta*," a new English word "mulatress." Every one will be on the look out for Professor PITTMAN's New Poetic Dictionary!

The opera is too long and too heavy to follow in detail, great as are the temptations offered by the Pittmannie Poetry.

The vision of *Virginia* in "gilded halls" in the Third Act (when she won't sing, and "the old lady" who has requested her to oblige the company with a song, is described by Professor PITTMAN as appearing "vexed"), was cut short, and the strongest point in it lost by *Sainte-Croix* not entering the gilded hall. I've no doubt he said that he, one of the principal singers, was not coming on merely as a "super" in a pantomime, without a word to say or sing. What did he care about the plot, or PITTMAN!

Then comes the Last Tableau (while everyone is hurrying off to get their coats, cloaks, cabs, and carriages), showing how

"On the sands *VIRGINIA* lies lifeless: *PAUL* reclining over her."

"Reclining" is good. *Brayvo, PITTMAN!*

"The inhabitants of the island surround them; motionless and stupified."

And the "motionless and stupified" inhabitants sing this finale:—

"On this earth separated
By fate to them unkind,
Their love not here abated,
Soon in heav'n lasting bliss, joy ne'er ending, shall find."

May such be the Apotheosis of the Poet PITTMAN! Farewell!
I am, ever, YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

MR. PUNCH understands that with a view to Lord BEACONSFIELD's visit to Berlin, a *Travelling Statesman's Dialogue-Book in Three Languages*, for the use of National Representatives, is in active preparation. The following dialogue (in English only) appears to be an extract from the work in question.

AT A CONGRESS.

Good morning, Gentlemen. I am an Englishman.

Sir, we are pleased to hear it. What can we do for you, Sir?

You can give me Egypt, a part of Turkey in Europe, the Black Sea, and Armenia.

With pleasure, Sir. Can we do anything more for you, Sir?

You can also degrade GORTSCHAKOFF.

We will attend to your orders, Sir.

I wish also an indemnity for the Indian troops.

Will sixty thousand million roubles do, Sir?

It is too much. Thirty thousand million roubles will be sufficient.

You are too generous. We thank you very much. Prince GORTSCHAKOFF (before he is degraded) shall produce the money.

Have you anything more to say to us, Sir?

Only that BRITANNIA rules the waves.

We know it, Sir. Is there any further communication you wish to make to us, Sir?

Only this. We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do, we have the ships, we have the men, we have the money, too.

We are convinced of it, Sir. Is there any other question you wish to put to us?

Have you read my novels?

No, Sir. We wish to read them. Where can we obtain them, Sir?

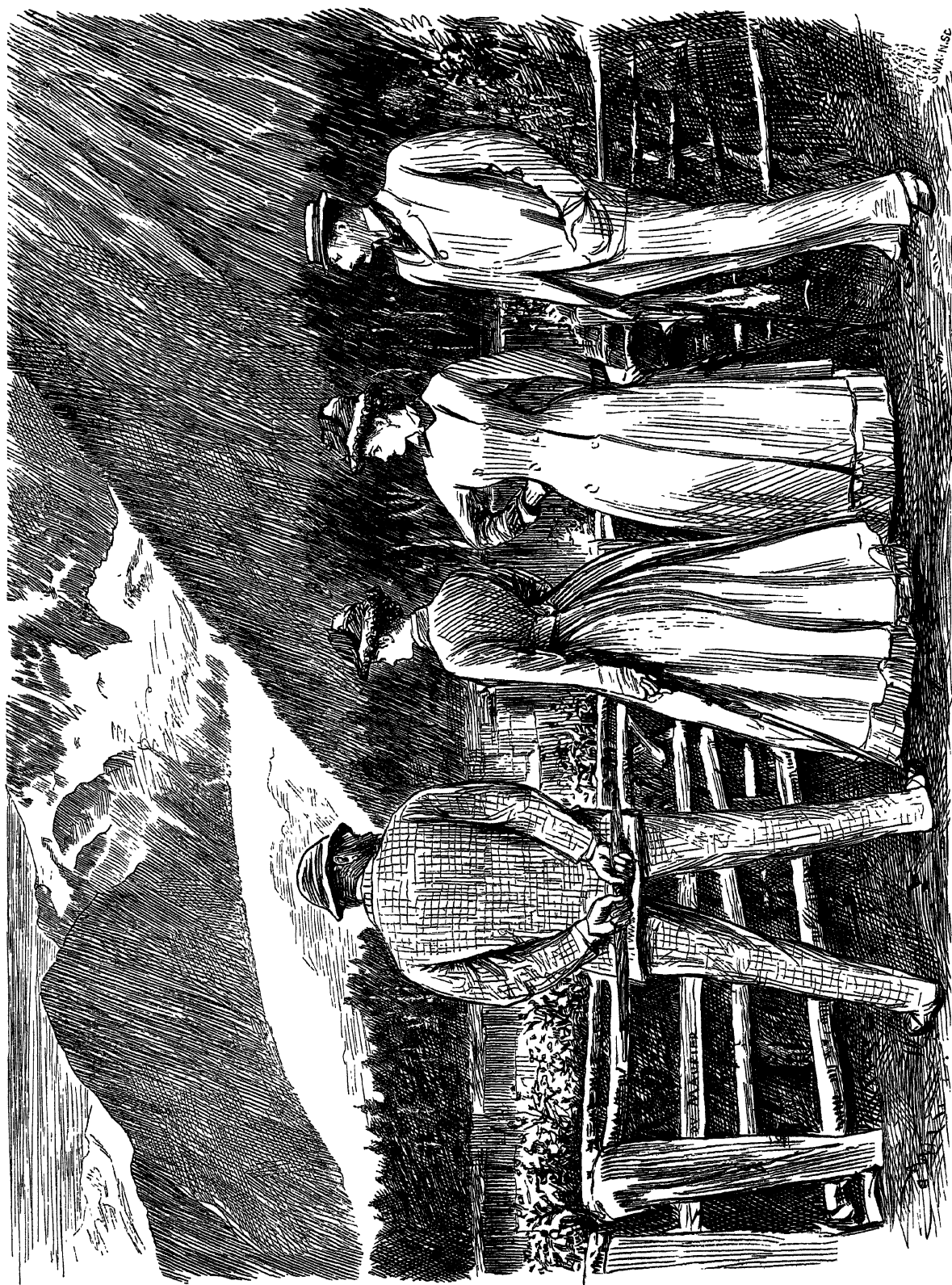
At any respectable news-vendor's in town or country.

Thank you, Sir. We will buy them at once, Sir. May we go home now, Sir?

Yes, you may now go home.

Thank you, Sir.

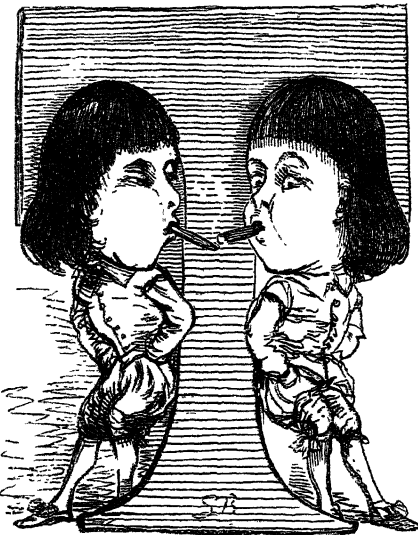
PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JUNE 15, 1878.



AN AMERICAN VIEW OF SWISS SCENERY.

Four Americans (to Britisher). "O MY! AIN'T IT RUSTIC!"

TEMPERANCE AND TOBACCO.



HERE exists in France a rational Association, contradistinguished by its title from the British Anti-Tobacco Society. It calls itself the Society for Preventing the Abuse of Tobacco. To that end it has offered prizes for essays, and awarded bronze and silver medals, to successful contributors, besides, in one case, a sum of 200 francs. This is the way to get people to desist from smoking to excess—use tobacco without abusing it.

Here you have an instance of one of those things which they manage better in France. Our own Anti-Tobacco fanatics, whilst declaiming against the use, are wont themselves to indulge in a great deal too much abuse, and senseless abuse, of Tobacco.

FROM AN AMERICAN-COUSIN-CRITICAL.

MR. PUNCH,

HAVIN' just run over from the State of Vermont, on a little cattle business, I wasn't thinkin' of no such thing as to go a ritin' letters to nobody about picters, which is a branch of science I hain't much wrestled with. But some friends here at the tavern allowed that that's why I had orter give my ideas to the public, and read me some pieces out of the daily papers to prove that it's the custom of this country for a man to write about what he don't know, so's he can approach the subject with his mind clear. There may be somethin' in this, and as I some calc'late you're a man to set store by an unprejudiced opinion, I'm goin' to heave in a few facts as I see 'em, concernin' the Show at the Academy of Artists.

The first thing, naterally, is to hev the main points well sot down, so's to kinder see where we be. The Academy of Artists is calc'lated, I suppose, like any other Academy, to take charge of the youngsters and kinder brace 'em up and shove 'em along untill they can shift for themselves. Then, onst a year, the bosses lay their heads together, and look over the work agoin' on and select out the likeliest part on't, and hang it up so 's the public can come in and hev a look, and git a ginerall sort of idee of what's bein' done and where the money goes to. More or less log-rollin' comes to be worked in with this selectin' business, and different kinds of merit has to be considered. So the bosses lay down on a principle as to pickin' and choosin' and also as to hangin' of 'em up, which is that the bad ones is throwed out, the good ones (which is known as high art) hung up towards the roof, and them which is on the line, bein' neither one thing nor the other, kinder strung out along the bottom.

Pickin' up these points from a few observations, and confirmin' on 'em by my friends at the tavern, I sailed in to pay special 'tention to picters on the line, as the sayin' is, calc'latin' that these is more especially open to notice of the public generally.

Amongst the whole lot of 'em, there is one which seems so especially strikin', as to be well worth puttin' up higher—hingin' of course, onto the allegorical conception of the Infant SAMUEL, which his fond Parent is a tryin' to make show off before the Profit. I hev sot down and gazed into this picter. There is a touch of high art genius into it. One half of them that looks at it don't see nothin' special, but I do. I see in it a masterly bringin' out of the emotions of the human soul. And paint is throwed on these things to some purpus, instead of bein' wasted on mountains and things in the back-ground.

The leadin' figger is a man in the corner, which is a leadin' a heifer. That man comes down solid on the public sympathy.

Some on us has been in corners, and some on us has tried to lead a heifer. He's been hevin' a kinder sharp tussle with the animile, and lost off most of his clothes. But bein' clean grit, he hangs on to the saplin' that he cut to tame the critter, and glimses round at

the Profit, to show that he continyoos to boss the caravan accordin' to orders. At the same time, he has to keep one eye on the animile, which is still obstreperous; and I hain't seen nothin' in the galleries of the Old World more artistic than the style of settin' on this man's head skewangular, to show how his mind wobbles between the Profit and the heifer. SAMUEL and his Parent is in the center, and the Profit's good clothes is flowin' round within reach of the Infant quite regardless. But SAMUEL is too scared to 'tend up to business. He's scared clear through. For a graffice likeness of a scared child SAMUEL takes the premium. His hair has riz up, and his legs is sot on backwards; though them as has no experience with children laffs at this, not seein' the intention of the Artist.

His mother is a doin' all she knows to smooth things over, and the Profit is a looking on and a thinkin' of the penalties of success in the proflig line. His soul is in the work, but his liver is run down. A few strokes of genius of the Artist makes this point loom up as well as a whole council of doctors. If there was any real snap in the pill-makers in these parts, there'd be some feller standin' in front of this picter givin' out handbills and pointing to the Profit, sayin' from time to time, "Just look at him. He lived before these globules of joy was known." That's what I call the utility of the beautiful.

As was above remarked, the infant SAMUEL is accompanied by his parent on his mother's side, on this occasion. She is a holdin' forth to the Profit about SAMUEL's good pints, as mothers do, and likewise keepin' a stout upper hold on SAMUEL's top-knot, so as to kinder hev the advantage of him, as mothers of long practice is observed to do in such cases now. Yet there is people found to say that this great work has no completeness; that it ain't finished in detail!

Long towards the middle, or nigh half-way up on the picter, is the hangins of the Tabernikle hitched along on posts, with priests goin' in under one corner. This is as it orter to be; but standin' or sittin' nigh the great work as I do pretty often, I ketch frases of fault-findin'. Some says the priests is drawed too small to be sot so nigh the front. Others says the wall of the Tabernikle don't go nowhere. And I heard one feller objectin' to the heifer a lookin' over the wall while the priests was walkin' under one corner. I don't rake up these sayins in no censorious spirit, but only to show what foolishness anybody that does a good thing has to stand. Just as though any priest could look too small when ELI was round! Or as if the Tabernikle couldn't hev a little rest after goin' up and down forty years in the Wilderness! And what's to hinder the heifer from lookin' over the wall of the Tabernikle when there ain't no roof on it? It's a wonder to me there ain't more Artists commits suicide, for they must git awfully riled to hear folks talk, sometimes.

I was agoin' to kinder set out three or four more picters that don't seem to be enough 'lotted on by the ginerall public, includin' some in the room for water colors (which is all strictly temperance), but p'raps it ain't well to carry on the thing too fur, until I see if these honest opinions is of any value. P'raps they ain't, and p'raps some very knowin' folks may laff at 'em; but some folks will laff at anything. Ridin' up Lugget Hill, last week, there was a feller laffed at me for sayin' that the front part of St. Paul's Church needed paintin'!

ELNATHAN WING.

The Aquarium Beluga.

If only this Whale
Could tell us its tale,
Its truth we never would doubt;
But no one can teach
The Beluga a speech,
Although the Beluga can "spout."

Sors Horatiana.

(For the Jingoos.)

VIRTUS (the British Public) *repulsa nescia sordida* (careless about Hyde Park Demonstrations); *Nec sumit* (neither digs up), *aut ponit* (or buries), *secures* (the war-hatchet), *Arbitrio* (at the bidding) *popularis aures* (of a popular air).

A True Note.

"The blowing of the Beluga," says Mr. HENRY LEE, in his interesting pamphlet on the White Whale, "is said not to be unmusical at sea." We haven't much chance of hearing the "Blowing of the Beluga at sea," but we are pretty sure to hear the Puffing of the Beluga on land.

BY THE ADMIRALTY.—Wanted, an Orpheus to go down and try to raise the *Eurydice*.



"VITA FUMUS."

Tonal. "WHAR'LL YE HAE BEEN TILL, TUGAL?"

Tugal. "AT TA MCTAVISHES' FUNERAL—"

Tonal. "AN' IS TA TAVISH DEED?"

Tugal. "DEED IS HE!"

Tonal. "LOSE, MON! FOWK ARE AYE DEEIN' NOO THAT NEVER USED TO DEE AFORE!"

THIRLMERE.

DEEP sunk amid the silent hills,
Fed by a hundred mountain rills,
It lies asleep.
The cattle roam along its brink,
The croaking raven stoops to drink
Its waters deep.

Helvellyn lifts to heaven its crests,
Above the vale where Thirlmere rests;
And Borrowdale.
Sends greeting o'er the lonely heights,
In clouds whose drifting cloak unites,
Lone vale to vale.

And Castle Crag towers o'er the scene,
And Wythburn Fells above it lean;
The while a stream
Flows through the hills to greet the world,
So far away! And mists are curled,
And white falls gleam.

Oh, mountain lake, all cold and grey!
Where silence broods, the livelong day,
In vain each hill
Stands sentinel about your shore,
To keep your waters evermore,
So dark and still.

The world has come too near, and takes
Your waters to herself, and breaks
Your silence deep.
Your mountains stand there cold and grand,
But silence dies from off the land,
And quiet sleep.

The Fighting Ship of the Future.

It seems to be a question whether the want of the British Navy is not a vessel which shall be the smallest possible boat carrying the greatest possible gun, capable of knocking a hole through any thickness of armour, and the side of any Iron-clad afloat. All my eye? Nay, rather like that of the lady of whom it was said that "she had but one eye, but that one was a piercer."

THE BAR-MAGNET WITH THE GREATEST POWER OF ATTRACTION.—A pretty Bar-Maid.

ECHOES FROM ASCOT.

Mrs. Scheming Scandal. Can assure you it's true. I heard it from a dear friend of the poor good creature. So young too! Not exactly pretty—she paints too much. But fancy—her husband to leave her! Oh, what a dreadful place the Divorce Court is! Much too awfully dreadful—now isn't it?

Mr. Daub, R.A. Why not? Of course it ought to have gone on the line. Nonsense, my dear Sir, these young men want putting down. They must wait until we have left the scene. We waited long enough, don't you know. In my opinion a very good picture indeed—highly respectable and Scriptural!

Sub-Lieutenant Mars Darling. Great bore there's no war, don't you know. Splendid fun for us noble sportsmen. Tell you the truth, my dear boy, I have been jumpy ever since. And now let's get a glass of brown sherry.

Mrs. Woodby Butterfly. Oh so nice! Yes, I'm taken in three positions, and the Photographer says that he expects to sell as much of me as "The Lily," don't you know, and MISS MAUD BRANSCOMBE. Oh isn't that nice!

Mr. Hercules Armstrong. Best t'ing in the world, my dear fellow. Do as I do. Give up tea, coffee, milk, wine, soups, exercise, and vegetables. For the last week I have eaten nothing but Captain's Biscuit. And now, as it is nearly five o'clock, I must go to bed.

The O'Mulligan. Give up drinking water, me boy, and stick to whiskey. How would I live without it, tell me that, Sorr,—tell me that?

Mr. Pump Court, Jun. Must have a little relaxation. Don't mind backing the field for a pony for the next race. What are the odds?

Mr. Penn Driver. Nothing like Ascot for picking up ideas. Yes, I think I will have a little more lobster-salad. Et après? Well, what do you say to a cigar and a snooze?

Mr. Punch. Bless you, my children! Enjoy yourselves while

you may. And now give me the champagne-cup, and Toby a piece of chicken. Once more—bless you!

CURIOUS COMPOSITION.

SOME explanation appears due from the author of the subjoined notification, lately published in the *Berwick Advertiser* :—

WANTED, a PRECENTOR for LADYKIRK PARISH CHURCH. Salary, £10 per annum. Other Offices, with a Dwelling-House, might be combined with that of Precentor to a person having a knowledge of Gardening, &c.—Apply to the Rev. —, Manse of Ladykirk.

Other Offices than what? Offices other than those attached to the dwelling-house of the Precentor? Other Offices and another dwelling-house? Of course, offices with a dwelling-house are out-buildings, and not employments other than the office of Precentor. And what is to be understood by "Precentor to a person having a knowledge of Gardening"? That can only be made indirectly to mean the same as Precentor for Ladykirk Parish Church. If the person having a knowledge of Gardening, &c., means the Incumbent of Ladykirk, then, perhaps, as that Reverend Gentleman's assistant, the Precentor wanted may, to be sure, be describable as Precentor to him, just as anybody else in his service would. But is it possible that the idea intended to be conveyed may be that the advertiser wants a Precentor for whose services he will give £10 a year, with a house to live in, and who, if he have a knowledge of Gardening and other matters, may combine with his Precentorship the office of Gardener, and, besides, do odd jobs and make himself generally useful? But if that was meant, why was it not said?

Of course, the Reverend Gentleman whose name is above omitted cannot have penned the above composition himself. It is possibly an example of the consequence of leaving things—such as composing an advertisement—to servants, and in this case, perhaps, employing as secretary a man-of-all-work.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THURSDAY, June 13 (*Commons only*).—The House reassembled after Whitsuntide, under the leadership of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, left in charge of the Foreign Office as well as the Exchequer.

The country is obliged to Mr. RYLANDS for moving a Resolution, seconded by Mr. E. JENKINS, to the effect that all future Treaties involving guarantees or pecuniary subsidies, should be submitted to both Houses of Parliament before ratification. For this proposal occasioned Mr. GLADSTONE himself, as a Statesman and ex-Premier, to point out that it would be impracticable, in a speech which contained the very welcome remark that "They had now arrived at a stage of the Eastern Question at which it was not unreasonable to hope that much of the difference between the Members of the Opposition and the supporters of the Government had disappeared." For this improved situation how much are we not indebted to the Right Honourable Gentleman's own exertions?

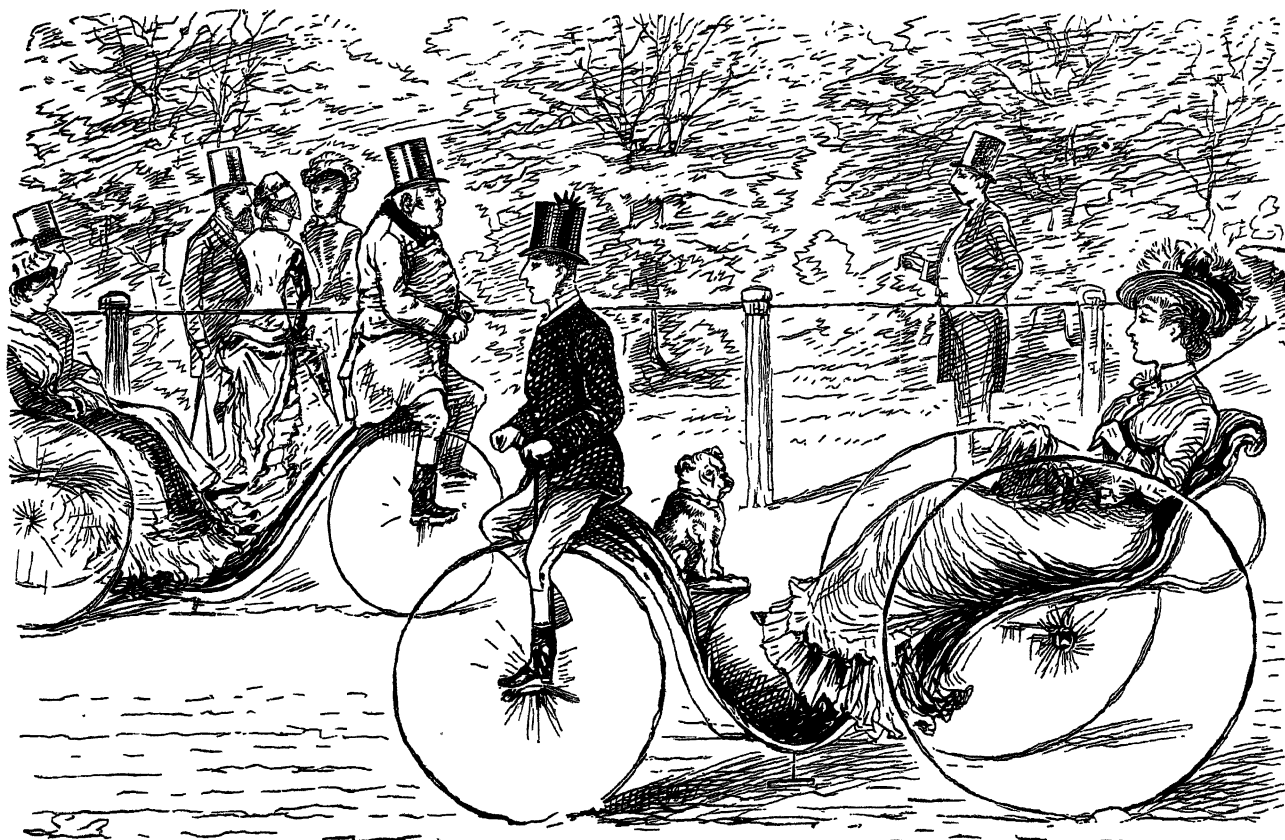
Of course, a Resolution for superseding the Foreign Secretary by the Legislature was negatived without a division.

Talk on the Controller and Auditor-General's Report ensued.

Sir A. GORDON complained that money voted to buy land for a "tactical station" in Lancashire, had been applied to the purchase

of commons at Aldersholt. Colonel STANLEY replied that the tactical station was not to be had. The Vote could not be carried out in letter, but, under his predecessor, it had been in spirit. Replying to a suggestion from Mr. HAYTER for the maintenance of the Militia, in due strength, he promised to bear in mind the recommendation of the Militia Committee of last year, and, by the bye, took occasion to say that when the Militia Reserves were lately called up, only five per cent. of the men had failed to report themselves at head-quarters. A creditably low per-centage.

Then came Committee of Supply on Army Estimates. Votes in detail concisely and quietly discussed until the introduction of the Irish element by Mr. O'CLERY, who objected to the Volunteer Corps Vote on the ground that Volunteer Corps were not allowed in Ireland. Whereas it was notorious that "when English recruits lay down in the trenches of the Crimea and declined to go forward, they had to be driven into the performance of their duty by Irish sergeants." Sir W. BARTLETT thought it necessary to notice this reasoning, and in so doing to remind the patriotic Member for Wexford that "he forgot that some of those who sat near him maintained that if Irishmen were called out in the interests



A SUGGESTION FOR THE PARK.

of the British nation, they would refuse to fight for their Queen and Country." Mr. O'CLERY might have replied that he would like to see Irishmen when called out in any interests whatever, refuse to fight—but he didn't.

Colonel STANLEY said he was rather favourable to permitting the enrolment of Irish Volunteers. Perhaps this expression of a willingness to arm Irishmen tended somewhat to disarm Irish resentment. The Vote (of £485,300 for Volunteers) was agreed to by 126 to 7.

Business then proceeded without further interruption; Bills were forwarded a stage, and the House adjourning at 1'50, Hon. Members, as usual, didn't go home till morning.

Friday (Commons).—A morning sitting to forward the Valuation of Property Bill, if possible. Impossible, of course. Bill obstructed by BIGGAR, who rose to move the adjournment of the debate, and continued speaking until ten minutes to seven, when, by the rules of the House, the debate stood adjourned.

Evening sitting occupied with a Motion by Mr. GRAY for a Select Committee to inquire into the alleged mismanagement of the "Galtee Estate," a private estate in Cork and Tipperary, in connection with which disturbances had occurred a year and a half ago, and there had since been a trial. Motion opposed by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL for IRELAND, on the ground that the facts were fully ascertained at the trial, and that the questions between the landlord and his tenants had been all settled. Negatived by 74 to 50.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, answering Mr. H. B. SAMUELSON, said the papers relative to the death of Mr. OGLE, the *Times'* Correspondent in Thessaly, were in the hands of the printer. The House and the Hon. Member might rest assured that the Government regarded the matter as very serious, and had not the slightest intention to conceal anything they knew about it.

Mr. HERBERT brought in a Bill to provide for the more equitable settlement of differences between landlord and tenant in Ireland. Read a First Time—with what chance of ever passing? And so, at one o'clock, to bed, as Mr. PEPPS would say, betimes—comparatively.

PAID BACK IN HIS OWN COIN.

Prince G. to Earl B. (via Constantinople). Toddle, Ben!
Earl B. to Prince G. (direct to St. Petersburg). Shuffle off!

LEFT IN CHARGE.

"'Tis sweet to hear the honest watchdog's bark!"

Says BYRON. Very likely; but to be
That honest watchdog's self, left in the dark,
Alone, what time his Master's on the Spree,
I can assure the bard is no such lark.

The galling chain Responsibility
Is heavy for a small if faithful terrier.

That sour dog SALISBURY'S post now is much merrier.

I feel quite on the quiver! I can see
A shadow; 'tis that GLADSTONE'S, I'll be bound.
I don't believe he'll care a snap for me.

Confound the chap! he's always worrying round!
Why can't he let an anxious watchdog be?

His footfall nears; my tail drops at the sound.
Bow-wow! By Jove, his iron phiz seems smiling!
Does this mean exultation, or beguiling?

Hooray! For once he stooped to pat my back,
And drove away that lurking ruffian, RYLANDS,
Who my cute Master's cosy crib would crack,
And on prerogative property lay vile hands.
Would G. but always aid me with his thwack,
I'd be the happiest dog in all these islands.
But with so many Radical Roughs at large,
'Tis hard to leave so small a tyke in charge.

Tutelar Deity of the Turf.

A STATEMENT in the *Saturday Review*, concerning "Egyptian Calendars," may interest betting-book makers:—

"The era of Martyrs is, as we have seen, regulated according to the Sothic period; and beginning as it does with the month dedicated to Thoth, now called Tout, it follows, no doubt, the original nomenclature of the months."

Amongst ourselves there is no one particular month dedicated to Tout. In racing circles his service lasts almost the whole year round.

THE LAY OF THE LIMP ONE.

I.

I CAN'T conceive how fellahs can go swingin' wound an' wound,
And flingin' out their legs like that! I wouldn't, faw a pound!



I think Soci—aw-yaw!
—Soci—By George!
I'll bweak my jaw!—
Society is, don't you
know, a monst'rous
howwid baw!
It's beastly warm, an'
dancin' makes a fellah
such a guy,
With dwops of perspi-
ration hop-hop-hop-
pin' down his eye.
Why, standin' here, I
feel as limp as—aw!
well, as a nigger.
Just fancy me—aw—
whizzin' round! I'd
cut a pretty figger!
The "festive thwong"
—that's rwot, you
know, when the therm
—aw—thermom—aw!
By George! the thermo-
—mometer is markin'
eighty-faw!
Aw-yaw! let's cut this
swelt'rin' shop, an'
dwop this beastly
dwess.
I'll make my fellah
pack my things, an'
catch the Scotch Ex-
press.

There's Lady Flo has got her eye upon me,—wants to spoon.
Aw—pwetty Flo, my spoon "close-time" begins the end of June!
I weally wish they'd pass a law to make a Hop a cwime!
Between the first of—aw—July and—aw—too hot for wyme!

[Exit, very limp.]

II.

I—aw—oh! hang the driv'ling drawl that goes with varnished shoes,
White ties and gloves, and black tail-coats, and twaddling talk,
and blues!



I stand eweet—I mean
erect—and dwink—
hem!—drink Ozone.
Bah! talk of Pommery
très sec, to give the
system tone!
Give me a stretch of
heathery moor, all gay
with gorse in bloom;
And greystones streaked
with lichen stains;
and wisps of yellow
broom;
And creeping sprays of
stag's-horn moss; and
clumps of parsley
fern;
And ragged lines of
mountain-tops, with
here and there a cairn.
Society! See Bunny
there, bob-bobbing
through the brake;
And wild-eyed Puss,
with ears aloft—no
fears she's wide awake!
And mark that plump
and brown-backed
grouse, all tife for
August gun!
By George! don't talk
of Rotten Row. My
Company's A. I.

And Talk! why, listen to the drawl of that eccentric plover.
He waltzes *trois temps* with the wind, and makes believe to love her.
I wonder what's the time? Hum, haw! just five, as I'm a sinner!
By George! I'm hungry as a pike!—and two hours yet till dinner!

[Exit, not at all limp.]

THE COMPOUND LAWYER OF THE FUTURE.

(A Page from a Tale which it is hoped may remain a "Legal Fiction.")

CHAPTER XIII.—The Great Trial of Business v. Love.

"LORD HACKNEY DOWNS, I think?" said a young man, dressed in the height of the prevailing fashion, accosting a youthful patrician. The Row was at its fullest. All the world of London was enjoying the pleasant noon of a sunny day, under the trees of the Park of Hyde.

The youthful patrician stared for a few moments at the person who had addressed him, and then exclaimed.

"CHARLEY BRIEF, as I live!—my fag at Eton and my friend at Christ Church. It is a long time since we met, CHARLEY; and what are you doing now?"

"I am in the Law," returned BRIEF, with a slight blush.

"A Barrister, of course," said HACKNEY DOWNS.

"No distinction now exists between the two branches of the profession, my Lud, or rather, my Lord."

"Call me DOWNY, as you used to do," murmured the young patrician, affectionately taking the arm of his new-found friend.

"Well, Downy, you must know that since the passing of the Act barristers, attorneys, and the rest of the legal crew, have a common rating and a common name. We are merely—Lawyers!" and the young man laughed bitterly.

"And has the profession come to this!" exclaimed Lord HACKNEY DOWNS. "After what you have told me, I no longer regret having exchanged the luxurious fare of the Students' Table at Lincoln Grey's Inn for the homely viands of the Guards' Mess."

"Oh yes, now we do everything," continued CHARLEY, savagely. "We draw our own briefs and sue our own creditors. From morn to night we wear a barrister's gown over a solicitor's frock-coat. We practise in the profession in all its branches. The levelling has been up and down. Nothing is too great for us; nothing, nothing too small! As an example—You owe seventy pounds four shillings and twopence farthing to Mr. STUCCO, the builder?"

"I do," replied the youthful patrician, with some confusion. "You see," he added, in explanation, "the HACKNEY DOWNS were ever an improvident race."

"So they were, my boy, so they were," said CHARLEY, wringing his friend's hand. "But to my story. You acknowledge the debt, and, to show you how low the profession has sunk, I am actually going to serve you—you, my chum at Eton, my other self at Oxford—with the copy of a writ! See here, my Lord, is the original." And the lawyer produced a couple of documents.

"Business is business, I suppose," replied HACKNEY DOWNS, with a little laugh, not altogether free from aristocratic scorn. "But, apropos of nothing, look in at our place to-night—my father, the Duke of LONDON FIELDS, holds high revel. He comes of an improvident race."

"He does," returned CHARLEY, again wringing his friend's hand. And then he added, with some hesitation, "But tell me, will the Lady BLANCHE be there?"

"Since my mother's death, my sister has played the hostess," replied HACKNEY DOWNS. And with a simultaneous nod and smile, the two young men separated: the nobleman to pursue pleasure at Tattersall's, the lawyer to attend to business at Westminster Hall.

"How will she treat me?" muttered CHARLEY, as he assumed his wig and gown. "Will she still frown upon me with those cold but lovely eyes?"

In another minute he was addressing a British jury, forgetful of everything but the labour of the moment. Still, in the pauses between the acts, when a new case was called on, or when the Judge adjourned the Court for luncheon, his thoughts strayed to the proud beauty of Belgrave Square—the woman to whom he had given his love: the woman by whom that love had been spurned.

After a weary day in Court, he returned to his office, and plunged into a new sort of work. Now it was that, in his professional character, he wrote threatening letters to acquaintances who had neglected to pay their tailors. Now it was that he prepared (always acting in a professional capacity) to sue orphans and to sell up the widow's "little all." Then he opened a diary, and entered the conversation he had had with Lord HACKNEY DOWNS in it. He charged thirteen shillings and fourpence for it. Then he closed his books, locked up his office and desk, and came West.

Three hours later, CHARLEY BRIEF, dressed in evening costume, was on his way to Belgrave Square. He held in his hand a legal-looking document. "It is a strange chance that I should have received this, just before starting, from the agent of the Sheriff," he murmured, and, dismissing his cabman, entered the dual mansion.

Bowing right and left to numbers of acquaintances, he made his way to the room in which Lady BLANCHE was standing. The proud beauty was alone. She frowned as she looked at him.

"Why do you come here?" she asked, angrily.

"Can you not guess?" he replied, tenderly.

"No," was the wrathful response. "And now begone!"

He did not move. He merely said, "Believe me, I cannot leave you."

"You have something to tell me," she cried, with a woman's curiosity.

"I have. Your father, the Duke of LONDON FIELDS, comes of an improvident race."

"Psha!" was the scornful reply. "I know it. If this is all you have to tell me, begone at once!"

"I am a lawyer," he continued mechanically, speaking in a hard, metallic voice.

"Well!"

"And nowadays a lawyer plays many parts. Oh, BLANCHE, BLANCHE, why are you so cruel?" And then he broke down, and burst into tears.

In a moment she had forgiven him. In a moment her heart was softened, and she felt that she loved him truly, passionately. The proud beauty hurried up to him.

"You know why we quarrelled. You know how I doat upon my father, and how you wanted me to fly with you to Scotland to get married. I thought it might annoy him at the time, but I feel now that you were right. I will fly with you, and at once!"

"I cannot go!" he murmured, sorrowfully. "I am tied to this house by duty. I dare not leave the place. No, not for a single moment."

"How? I do not understand you."

"My darling!" said he, clasping her to his heart, "I told you just now that a modern lawyer plays many parts. I am playing a part now. I am here in an official capacity. I dare not leave this house, because—"

"Yes, yes!" she cried, impatiently.

"Because I am 'the man in possession.' You see your father comes of an improvident race, and—"

But all further explanation was cut short by a wild scream. The Lady BLANCHE had swooned.

THE TWO W. G.'S.

AIR—"The Two Obadiahs."

Says the young W. G. to the old W. G.,

"Things look dicky, my dear WILLIAM, precious dicky, The weather's not the ticket, we can't pitch a decent wicket, Turf is sodden as a slough, and beastly sticky.

Those Australians bowl like bricks, play the dickens with our sticks,

And dismissal for a 'duck' makes Leviathan look shrunk."

Says the old W. G. to the young W. G.,

"Do not funk, my slogging WILLIAM, do not funk!"

Says the old W. G. to the young W. G.,

"Things look blue, my slashing WILLIAM, things look blue; Libs. are objects of derision, and get licked on each division, And the smartest of 'em can't tell what to do.

Those Tories vote like one, of the Bill of Rights make fun, And the rights of BILL (that's me) they have disregarded quite; But though bowled and caught and stumped, need the team look doleful-dumped?

Not a mite, my youthful WILLIAM, not a mite!"

Says the old W. G. to the young W. G.,

"Things must change, my stalwart WILLIAM, things must change, Weather can't be *always* wet, if the Blues don't muf it yet 'Twill be strange, my top-score WILLIAM, wondrous strange; Watch their play, and do not holloa, demon-SPOFFORTH yet you'll collar,

And that other demon (BEN) I shall score from yet, no doubt; Though for longer than I like, when I've tried to block or strike, The Umpire's usual verdict has been 'Out!'"

Says the young W. G. to the old W. G.,

"E'en a Champion may have a lot to learn."

Says the old W. G. to the young W. G.,

"Then the lessons of disaster do not spurn!

Quidnuncs say we've lost our form, but again to work, we'll warm, BEN and BANNERMAN may find we're not yet played out by far."

Says the young W. G. to the old W. G.,

"Right you are, my ancient WILLIAM, right you are!"

Natural Mistake.

"COWL TESTING." Under this heading a long article recently appeared in the *Times*. How disappointed Messrs. NEWDEGATE and WHALLEY must have been, on discovering that it had nothing to do with the inspection of monasteries, but with the question of smoky chimneys. Both interesting subjects end, however, in smoke.

THE LANGUAGE OF DIPLOMACY.

(A few Phrases, as selected by some of his critics, for the use of a distinguished Berlin beginner.)

ON ENTERING AN HOTEL.



IR, the frontage of this establishment does not strike me as sufficiently imposing.

I will take the whole of the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth floors.

Have the goodness to put a few Bengal lights and gas stars on these balconies.

Where are the flags and the captive balloon that I ordered to be attached to the roof?

Thank you, I will breakfast in state, with a stringed band of one hundred and seventy performers.

Can you tell me where I can hire some wild elephants and a tame hyena?

ON TAKING A COURSE.

Those horses should have been piebald.

Where is the gold leaf for these panels?

You will stop at a

shop where they sell blue cotton-velvet, thunder, and French dictionaries?

No, I have no luggage, but I have a man with a drum, two cymbals, and a peal of bells.

Place this man on the roof, and then select some quiet streets.

ON MEETING A PLENIPOTENTIARY.

This is the first time you have had the honour of making my acquaintance.

I shall not take off my hat or my gloves.

Have you ever heard of Downing Street?

Let us talk about SEMITRIMS.

There are two hundred and seventy-two millions of souls in the British Empire.

I would dispose of these with an epigram, and regard it as a high and ancient privilege.

There is only one really notable and distinguished stranger in Berlin.

Let us go to a leading Photographer's.

ON SITTING AT A CONGRESS.

I will thank you for the President's chair.

Very well, BEN, I shall sit on the mantel-piece.

My colleague here is a mere interpreter.

Allow me to defy somebody.

I would rather reconstruct the world than amend the treaty.

That matter will be discussed by me only after a seventh, or even after an eighth, campaign.

Let us go halves?

Have the goodness to pass the *ink*, the map of Siberia, the pocket conversation book, and the speaking trumpet.

Why is the Turk laughing?

ON COMMUNICATING WITH COLLEAGUES AT HOME.

I have nothing to telegraph to a set of mere outsiders.

The splendour of my final apotheosis is assured.

If it amuses you to do so, by all means deliberate.

There will be no occasion to telegraph either your resolutions or your irritation.

My stay here is one blinding and brilliant march of triumph.

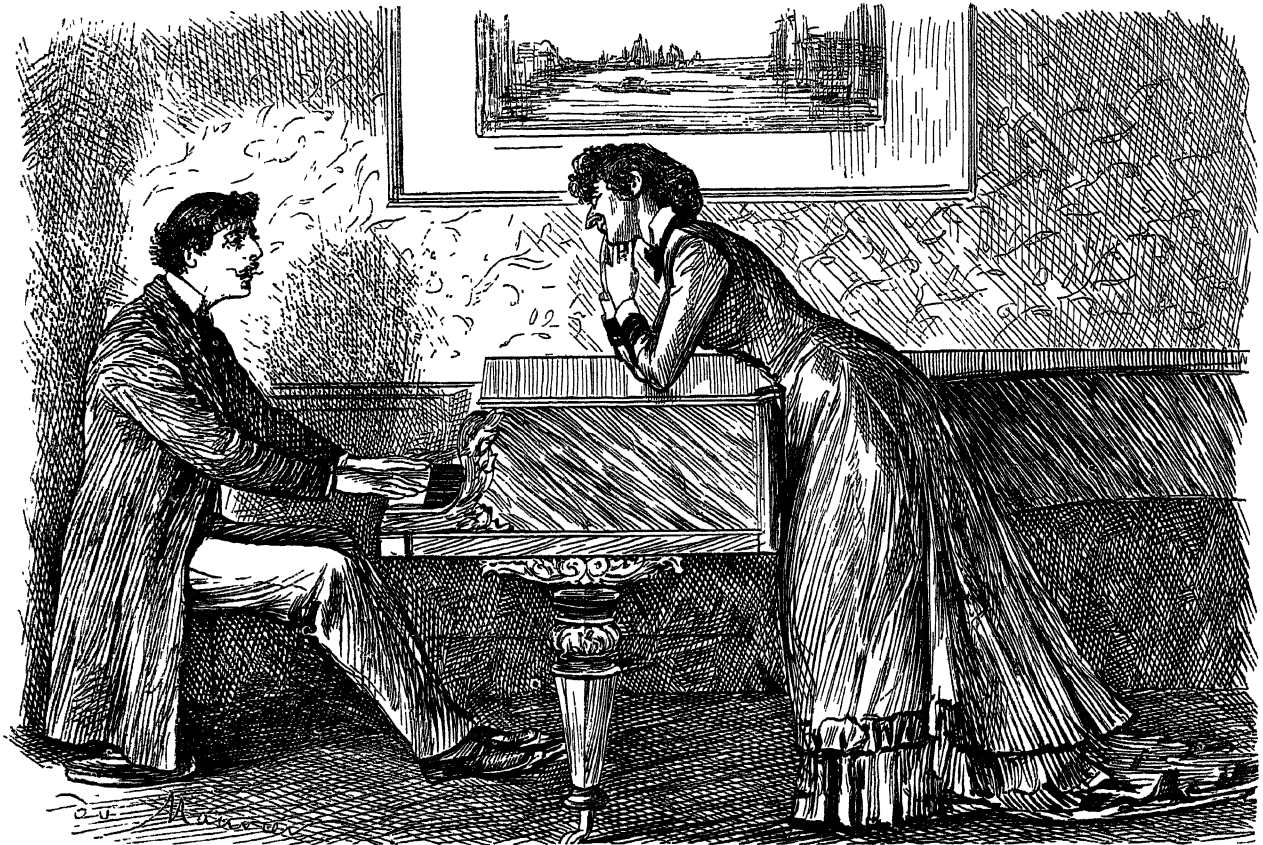
Be so good as to muzzle NORTHGOTE.

Send me one hundred full-sized Union Jacks by a Queen's Messenger.

Europe has stared hitherto, and you may now prepare to see it staggered.

LES BEAUX YEUX DE MA CASSETTE.

Man of Business to Man of Sentiment. "A pensive maiden?" Give me the pounds-shillings-and-pence-ive maiden!



ANNALS OF A MUSICAL NEIGHBOURHOOD.

THE ELDEST MISS CUSHINGTON GAVE US "THE FOUNTAINS MINGLE WITH THE RIVER;" HER RENDERING OF THE LAST TWO LINES,
 "But what are all these kisses worth,
 If thou kiss not me?"

WAS THRILLING IN ITS PATHOS AND PASSION; AND THERE WAS GREAT APPLAUSE.

AFTER WHICH OUR YOUNG TENOR SAT DOWN TO THE PIANO, AND UNCONSCIOUSLY FIXING HIS GAZE ON THE ELDEST MISS GUSE-
 INGTON, WHOSE GAZE WAS RIVETED ON HIM, HE SANG A LOVELY SETTING OF SHELLEY (BY L. BENSON), BEGINNING—

"I fear thy kisses, gentle Maiden!
 Thou needest not fear mine."

FAÇONS DE PARLER.

At last! After months of misgiving and fret,
 The rival phrasemongers in Congress are met.
 The wire and the goosequill find rest for a space,
 And actual tongue-fence takes pen-fighting's place.
 A word-weary world may ask, "Why not before?"
 But the querist is snubbed as an impudent bore.
 O chaps of phrases now met in full feather,
 What trouble it cost to bring you men together!
 Etiquette diplomatic it put on its mettle
 The form of the mere invitation to settle.
 A *façon de parler*? Well, phrases, like fashions,
 Have changes as varied as projects and passions.
 "The *status quo ante*" was once all the rage;
 'Tis as dead as the dust of the Eocene age.
 "Territorial integrity" ruled for awhile;
 'Tis as much out of date as the Georgian "tile."
 "Imperial interests" followed, a phrase
 That was haunted with pride for the usual nine days,
 A frivolity-formula useful to shut
 Base Faction's big mouth; but it altered its out,
 Took in "Treaty-law" as a makeweight; and now—
 Well, to-day's ruling watchword seems doubtful somehow;
 Able editors "hedge" slashing leaderists trim,
 The look-out, though called *couleur-de-rose*, is yet dim;
 Each stands like an Actor awaiting his cue,
 When the new Cry is out, they will shout till all's blue.
 Will it be such a phrase as in quiet shall close
 The long wordy war of the *cons* and the *pros*?

Will the Shibboleth shaped by these Chiefs of the Tongue
 Fit the lips of all those who have anxiously hung
 On the issue? Will Babbledom end in mere Babel,
 Or a *modus vivendi* as pleasant as stable?
 Who knows? Tongues can smooth, but they also can stab;
 Midst these mustered experts at the gift of the gab
 May the lenitive speech, not the lethal, abound,
 And for Justice and Peace may the verdict be found.
 Our Tongue-champion starts midst a tumult of praises,
 And Hughenden's Lord is a master of phrases,
 Can use them like sword-thrusts, as fatal as fleet,
 Or, in cuttle-fish fashion, to cover retreat.
 The difference? One purely verbal, of course,
 A *façon de parler*. Finesse and resource
 Are his; ready rhetoric, fine as sophist's;
 Facility lingual if not quite linguistic.
 How, how will he use them? To stand or to yield?
 To conquer, or gracefully draw from the field?
 Will the supple-tongued Semite strong Saxon affect,
 And be blunt à la BISMARCK? Or may we expect
 That, without ever seeming to bend or to blench,
 He may, let us say, take a lesson in French?
 The Gallic for "Compromise"? Out on the thought!
 Russophobists will cry, "Is't for *that* we have fought?
 Humpty Dumpty's upheaval, the Cossack's rebuff,
 Are the ends we've in view; all the rest is mere stuff."
Nous verrons! But Congress may not be pure Jingo,
 And, put in polite diplomatic lingo,
 That word in the mouth of our Sphinx may be found
 A sweet *façon de parler* to square things all round.



“FAÇON DE PARLER!”

LORD B. (*opens door, stops suddenly, and whispers*). “OH, I SAY! BY THE BYE! WHAT’S THE FRENCH FOR ‘COMPROMISE’?”

OUR GUIDE TO THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

(First Visit.)



ART has found an Asylum in Bond Street. "Asylum" is the word, and as St. Luke is the patron of painters, it might, with strict propriety, be called "St. Luke's." Henceforth, while Messrs. JAMES WHISTLER, BURNE-JONES, *et hoc genus*—(I hope the printer will not make this word into "genius,"—but I do him an injustice, he knows better than that)—*omne*, hang out their banners on the inner walls of the Grosvenor Gallery, let

its name be "St. Luke's Asylum for Lunatic Limners." This, I admit, is hard on the works of the sane patients—I mean painters—who should at once protest. Well I have undertaken the task of Guide to the Gallery; so come to WHISTLER'S. Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.

A shilling for admission! This is paying for one's whistle with a vengeance. Knowing the rare treat in store for me, I might not have objected to a twelfth of this sum. No one would have grudged that much. Quite enough noise in the world can be made by a Penny Whistler. However, the keepers—I mean the wicket-keepers—at the Asylum in Bond Street, won't take less; so elevenpence more and up goes this donkey. Walk up! walk up! and see the show Symphonies by the Penny Whistler just a-going to begin!

Please Sir, what is this on the right?

That, my little dear, is No. 139. *Henley Regatta*. By Mr. WALTER FIELD. A Field day at Henley. The predominance of peculiarly bright scarlet and rose pink is more suggestive of *Redding* than Henley. If you happen to know the distinguished individuals,—mentioned in the Key to the Picture—who are supposed to be represented on this canvas, you will find plenty of occupation for half-an-hour, in discovering the likenesses. In the boat with the awning notice Mr. CHITTY, whom Mrs. Ramsbotham would have described as "The University Vampire." The man standing lighting his pipe is HERBERT STEWARD, a hero of the "Leander."

But oh my! please Sir, what is this facing us on the landing at the head of the staircase?

Don't be frightened; don't run away; have your shillingsworth out. This is, in the books, No. 150. *Perseus and the Gorgon*. By that eminent Artist Mr. E. BURNE-JONES.

What's in a name? A good deal. Plain-JONES couldn't have achieved what BURNE-JONES can. This is a "Design in yellow and white metal fastened on wood." So says Mr. BLACKBURN in his useful Notes. I thank thee BLACKBURN for teaching me that word "design." Who remembers the "plates of characters" for the larger-sized toy-theatres? I have a few before me now. Here is "Mr. HICKS as Captain Rolando,"—the original "Bravo HICKS," long since forgotten. Here is "Mr. L. B. OAKENS as Young Donald," he is in a very short kilt, has peculiarly natty shoes and buckles; bare arms, mutton chop

whiskers, goggle eyes, funereal plumes in his bonnet, and he is dancing a reel, giving evidently the most serious attention to every step. Then, here is "Mr. O. SMITH as the Bold Buccaneer." No matter what the costume, they all agree in two points, *i.e.*, bare legs, and little dots marked all over the dress (boots and everywhere possible), indicating the spots where certain bright little round buttons of tinsel which were, and are now for aught I know, sold by the sheet for this particular style of art in its infancy. This amusement kept the children good "by the hour together," and was much patronised by the nurses. To this form of "design" Mr. E. BURNE-JONES has returned. He can hardly be said to be the "leader of a school" so much as the eldest boy in a nursery. He has yet got to go to school. His *Perseus and the Gorgon* is worked on the principle above mentioned. Wherever the tinsel would have been, there is the "metal;" and where the bare legs are, there they remain. It may be *Perseus and the Gorgon*, but it is, apparently a Japanese warrior disturbed, while dressing in full armour, by some larkish young lady-visitors who have hidden his shoes, and he is represented as running about in his armour, bare-footed, playing with the flighty intruders a sort of Japanese "Hunt-the-slipper." There! now you know all about it. So, BURN JONES! or MALT JONES, in this instance, and in future, let us have "metal more attractive."

No. 55. *Arrangement in White and Black*. By JAMES WHISTLER. The "arrangement in white and black" must allude to the engagement for the ballet at eighteen shillings a week, to which this flimsy, flighty young person has evidently just appended her signature of "MABEL DE COUROY." These arrangements in black and white of Mr. WHISTLER'S are not, thank goodness, "fixtures," but are "arrangements" which can be easily "carried out,"—whither, it doesn't matter; but the sooner the better.

Now, pray be seated, and give all your attention to Penny Whistler's harmonies and solos. Here they are, from 52 to 57:—No. 52. *Harmony in Blue and Yellow*; No. 53. *Nocturne in Blue and Silver*; No. 56. *Nocturne in Blue and Gold*; and No. 57. *Nocturne in Grey and Gold*. They might be described as "Puzzle-Pictures."

Mr. BLACKBURN'S Guide observes of these pictures, "Landscapes of great subtlety and charm, passed too lightly by the majority of visitors." Whether too lightly is a matter of opinion; but had Mr. WHISTLER sat by me, and heard the remarks of the "majority of visitors," he would have ordered a cart, and taken 'em all away there and then. But Whistlers never hear any good of themselves.

Now for a little relief. By the way, among all these "harmonies," "symphonies," and "Decorative Designs," there's one sort of relief that can't be found at the Grosvenor, until the Licence is granted, and that is "bar-relief." This "arrangement" is, perhaps, as eccentric as any of Mr. WHISTLER'S. Sir COUTTS should have an arrangement in black and white, and yellow too, if necessary, with Mimos, Rhadamanthus & Co., who were the Justices, *par excellence*, to whose hands were committed all the cases of Spirits.

No. 18. *A Portrait*. By FRANK DICEY.

Nicey nicey,
FRANKY DICEY.

Observe the colour. Sir JOSHUA painted the *Strawberry Girl*. This should be the "*Strawberry-Ice Girl*," or the "*Pink of Fashion*."

No. 14. *An Idyl*. By Sir COUTTS LINDSAY, Bart. "Bart." should be "Bart," or bachelor of art. Illustrating how to dress on 20 shillings a year. Sir COUTTS shows this by confining himself to the two figures. Observe the Welsh Rabbits in the corner.

No. 61. *Mischief*. By G. F. WATTS, R.A. What the mischief does it mean? Ah, I know! It illustrates

"For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do." WATTS.

Of course suggested by one of his own justly celebrated poems.

No. 62. *Time and Death*. Which is by WATTS.

The Hangers, I should say, "The Arrangers," at the Grosvenor Gallery, wish to teach the artistic world how to draw, frame, and hang pictures. And I—*moi qui parle*—I frame against them an indictment for picture-slaughter, unless they are to be credited with a deep



PESSIMISM.

Squire (at the Gate). "WELL, MR. DIBBLES, NOT MUCH TO COMPLAIN OF THIS YEAR. I NEVER SAW THE FARM LOOK SO WELL. THINGS GROW AS IN A HOT-BED!"

Farmer. "SAD WEATHER FOR WEEDS, SIR!"

sense of satirical humour, in which case my indictment falls to the ground, and I have nothing to say against them.

Here is a specimen, this No. 62. A dark backing of oil-colour behind a glass, which, by this ingenious "arrangement," becomes a mirror, in which are reflected, first of all, the marble table, whose shadow cuts like a knife into Time's legs, then the entire gallery, with *repliquas* of most of the other pictures, and all the visitors in perspective walking about through Time's head and Death's dress, and flitting about like gold and silver fish in a glass bowl. At first it occurs to the puzzled spectator that this "Arrangement in Glass" is some new patent for combining the useful with the ornamental: but this impression is very soon removed. Mr. G. F. WATTS's picture does not suffer by the "arrangement," as far as most people are concerned, who would rather see *Idlers* and *Life*, than *his* idea of *Time and Death*. At all events, if not intended satirically, this arrangement of "Puzzle-Picture-Mirrors" reflects, strongly, on the judgment of the Arrangers.

No. 65. *A Rain Cloud*. By C. E. HALLÉ. A Sally by our HALLÉ.

No. 69. *The Peer*. By ARTHUR F. PAYNE. Picture of a little swell. But he's too small for a pier, he's only a buoy.

No. 37. *William Russell, Esq., LL.D.* By C. PELLEGRINI. The great merit of Mr. C. PELLEGRINI's picture of Dr. RUSSELL is that there's no mistaking it for a likeness of anybody but Dr. RUSSELL. But who is responsible for the position of this picture?

"Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky."

"By this light," Dr. RUSSELL presents every appearance of a gentleman, who has just landed at Dover, after a nasty passage. The size of the picture is marked "24 x 21." Three inches more, and it would have been Russell Square. The portrait is an admirable illustration of PELLEGRINI's Progress.

Now for a few more notes to be suggested by another Penny Whistler's solo, and I've done for to-day.

No. 54. *Variation in Flesh Colour and Green*. From this description an uninitiated person might expect a picture of "Bacon and Spinach" or "Ham and Peas." Oh dear no, nothing so good.

Mr. BLACKBURN's catalogue tells us what it is intended for:—"Four girls on a balcony overlooking a river: flowers in foreground." Thank you, Mr. BLACKBURN.

Now quick on to the series, Nos. 100 to 108. "Here be lunacies, look you."

No. 100. Lunatic bathing-machine on the river, with view of patient going to set the Thames on fire. Fancy portrait, perhaps, of BURNE-JONES!

Nos. 101 and 102. More patients. And more patience.

No. 103. Lunatic with the Gigantic Gooseberry of the Silly Season, saying, "Am I expected to eat this?"

No. 104. Another patient practising how to read a book with one eye, while keeping the other fixed on something, or somebody,—the keeper probably,—in quite an opposite direction.

No. 105. More lunatic bathing-machines at night. Lady patient, in bathing-dress, has stayed in too long, and doesn't feel well.

No. 108. The Organ Nuisance. "Police!"

And now I can bear this no longer. Let me rush out—to the Restaurant. "Waiter! Give me an arrangement in *B.* and *S.*, or a symphony in Something and Seltzer! Quick!"

"Beg pardon, Sir. Very sorry, but—"

Ah! I remember. You are out of spirits! So am I. No Licence? Do I wonder at it? No. Why not? For this very good reason. Listen:—

When the immortal *Mr. Pickwick* was in the Fleet, *Job Trotter* took him to see a "Whistling-shop," which was the name given to any room, within the prison, where, in consequence of all persons being prohibited under heavy penalties from conveying spirits into the Debtors' Prison, a prisoner carried on an illicit traffic in this line for his own profit and advantage.

"But," said Mr. PICKWICK, "are these rooms never searched to ascertain whether any spirits are concealed in them?"

"Cert'nly they are, Sir," replied SAM, "but the turnkeys knows beforehand, and gives the word to the Vistlers, and you may vistle for it ven you go to look."

This is the Pickwickian sense of the word "Whistler," which was



NEW IDEA FOR A FANCY BALL.

SHAVE YOUR HEAD, AND GO AS A PHRENOLOGICAL BUST.

in the Licensing Magistrates' mind when they refused the licence for the Grosvenor Gallery, which, after all, is the artistic Whistling Shop of Bond Street. I wish that SAM's remark applied to the pictures as well as the spirits, and that when visitors to the Gallery were expected "the word" could be given to the Vistler, and that they might vistle for the pictures when they went to look. Wherever I am informed that Mr. WHISTLER's works of Art are on view, "Whistle, and I won't come to you, my lad."

There is evidently a Whistler and Burne-Jones School. I advise all the pupils to run away from that school; there are better Masters in another Academy round the corner.

Let me go! Past the keepers, down-stairs! Free at last. If I do not go now, I shall never be able to return.

He who writes and runs away,
May live to write another day.

Which I hope to do, and interview some of the sane ones shut up, by accident, in St. Luke's, Bond Street.

*** On Saturday the 15th the licence was granted to Sir Courts. The Gallery is now retailing the productions of a Licensed Whistler.

WAR IN THE FUTURE.

A Letter from the Commanding Officer of the British Army to the Secretary of State for War. A.D. ... (?)

Head Quarters of the Army,
Two Thousand Miles from the Seat of War.

SIR,

I HAVE the honour to report to you that I have just defeated the enemy. The message received this instant through the telephone is as follows: "The plan of the Chemist-General is perfectly successful. On finding that the lower strata of air over their positions had been reduced to its unbreathable elements, the enemy

attempted to secure a better atmosphere in the upper cloud region. On taking to their War-balloons, they were immediately followed by our Cavalry, mounted on the new regulation Electric Elevator. Ascertaining from their Mathematician-General that they were outnumbered 1.05 per cent., they surrendered at discretion. We have seized their scientific library and some ammunition."

I enclose the various orders given on the field of battle. When placed in the phonograph the metals will reproduce the exact words. I may add that the first attempt to capture the enemy's position failed through their use of the microphone. Every precaution was taken to avoid noise. The Infantry and Cavalry floated over the ground in the new formation ordered by Field Exercises, Part VI. Unhappily a Bugler sneezed when the army was within a hundred miles of the enemy's position, and the sound, intensified by the microphone, immediately gave the alarm.

As the war is now virtually at an end, I beg to enclose a memorandum of the expenses:—

	£	s.	d.
Salaries (Scientific Officers)	20,473	0	0
(Combatant Officers)	72	18	4½
Food	186	12	2
Ammunition	40,012	0	0
Chemicals	120,000	0	0
Pay of British Army (20,000)	10,000	0	0
Pay of 200 Sepoys	200,000	0	0

£390,744 10 6½

Considering that this campaign has extended to nearly five days, it must be allowed that the cost is trifling.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,

(Signed) NEWTON DRYASDUST,
F.R.S., F.L.S., F.C.S., F.G.S., &c., &c.,
Major-General.

HIGHLY RELIABLE.

(*Aprpos of the Mission of my Lords BEACONSFIELD and SALISBURY.*)

MR. GLADSTONE says—that they will be forced to open the proceedings of the Congress by laying the whole of a recent article in the *Nineteenth Century* (out) upon the table, and reading portions of it, in turns, until a "frank and healthy attitude" is assumed all round.

The Rest of the Cabinet—that they will receive hourly telephonic instructions from Downing Street, not speak till they are spoken to, and always say, in reply to every leading question, very modestly, "Please, Sir, we must communicate with our Colleagues."

A Raving Jingo—that they will arrive at Berlin with a large military escort, keep an Iron-clad on the *Spree*, attend the Congress with cocked hats, a brass band, and revolvers, and, singing a verse of "We don't want to fight," draw caricatures of the Emperor of Russia on the blotting-paper, and wave a couple of Union-jacks continually over the President's head.

"One who knows BISMARCK well"—that they will talk it over quietly with his Excellency, take Egypt and any other Asiatic pickings they can get. let the Roumanians learn the double shuffle, or anything else they like, and thank their own stars that they have met some one at the eleventh hour willing to coach them up in diplomacy.

The General Public—that it's all going to come right—somehow.

And Mr. Punch—Very encouragingly, but emphatically, that he has got his eye upon them.

Congress and Cookery.

It has been remarked that a gentleman named CURRIE has gone to the Berlin Congress with Lord SALISBURY. CURRIE being a Scottish name, its connection with the Congress cannot of course escape the remark of Scotchmen. They naturally say that whilst at work with a Currie it may be hoped that their Lordships won't make a hash of it.

SANITARY FISHMONGERS.



URELY a fish dinner just now is not a bad thing in its way; though, after dining upon salmon, trout, and turtle, and a dozen sorts of fish, one feels but little wish next morning to breakfast on a bloater. But *toujours poisson* is by no means so tiring to one's taste as *toujours perdrix*. There are many kinds of fish, and many ways of cooking them. Even whitebait may be served in half-a-dozen different fashions, and in each is rendered palatable

to people who are used to it; though a novice may be startled to hear the words, "black devil!" softly murmured in his ear, to be followed very shortly by a whisper of "red devil!"

Fish dinners, however, would soon go out of fashion if the fish was half as stale as the stories, and the speeches, and the small talk therewith usual. Fish which is not fresh is both noxious and nasty. The death-rate soon would rise if provision were not taken to prevent decaying fish from being purchased as provisions. See what is the result of the look-out kept at Billingsgate:—

"DISEASED FISH.—The Fishmongers' Company condemned 90½ tons of the fish arriving at Billingsgate Market last month. There were included in this quantity 27,000 dabs, 30,000 gurnets, 15,700 herrings, 8,000 plaice, 28,000 whittings, &c.: total, 92,282 fish arriving by land, and 41,195 by water."

The fish thus seized were probably decayed, and not diseased; but if not themselves diseased, they doubtless might have caused disease in any one who ate them. You or I might quite incautiously have swallowed half-an-ounce or so of what composed these ninety tons, and have thereby been compelled to pay a visit, and a guinea, to a doctor. So whatever we may think of City Companies in general, in regard to what they do, or don't do, for the public, let us be thankful for the service done towards the public health by the watchful and the worshipful Company of Fishmongers.

HOLIDAY WORK.

CALEDONIA, the Land of Oakes, is the land, no less, of jokes and stories. Amongst the latter, if not also the former, there is one related of a certain Aberdonian man of business. Having an affair to transact with the assistance of other persons, in number exceeding twelve, at a place some ten miles down the Deeside Railway, he obtained from the booking-clerk at the station a "Pleasure Party Ticket." To the disgust of the Station-Master it turned out that the Excursionist was an undertaker, and his company consisted of mourners. This anecdote, if true, may be considered characteristic of nationality North of the Tweed; but here is a match to it derived from a latitude very far south of that river:—

EXCURSION SEASON, 1878.—To Let, Four-in-hand Break, carries twenty; Pair and Single-horse Wagonettes, &c., for pleasure parties. Terms strictly moderate.—HEARSE and MOURNING COACHES, with or without Ostrich Feather Plumes.—Apply, &c.

This advertisement appeared one day last week in the *Western Morning News*. It shows that an undertaker's view of a professional journey to a cemetery as an excursion, is not specifically Scotch. The typical undertaker, probably, whether Scotch or English, considers a trip of that kind a combination of business with pleasure.

"LIGHT COME, LIGHT GO."

"MUSIC of the Future, indeed," remarked an unæsthetic concert-monger, to a rapt Wagnerian, the other day. "Hang the Music to come; give me the Music to 'go.'"

UNEXPECTED COINCIDENCE.

If crime had lately been increasing, its growth might, with apparent reason, have been ascribed to the

"CONSUMPTION OF SPIRITS.—Official returns show no signs of abatement in the demand for spirits. In the first quarter of this year 1878 duty was paid on 7,668,607 gallons of home-made spirits for consumption in the United Kingdom as a beverage. This is more by 247,273 gallons than in the corresponding quarter of 1876, and more by 395,571 gallons than in that of 1877."

But, according to a report on the "Reorganisation of the Local Prisons," which, as well as the above paragraph, appeared the other day in the *Times*:—

"A small social revolution has been silently carried into effect within the last few weeks by the operation of the Prisons Act, 1877, which took effect from the 1st of April of the present year, and has been swiftly followed by the closing of more than one-third of all the prisons in England and Wales."

An increased consumption of spirits coinciding with an extensive closure of gaols seems like a more than commonly curious coincidence. Demoralisation ought to be proportionate to drinking, but it isn't, apparently, by the above showing, unless inversely proportionate. But Mr. Buge must not attribute moral improvement to liquor. The prisons closed had many of them long been supernumerary. There has not perhaps been any actual falling off of rogues and thieves. Something like it, however, is suggested by the information that—

"Kent will lose two prisons out of four, having been deprived of three others by the Act of 1865; and seven of the Welsh counties have been found to supply such a very small number of prisoners to their gaols, that the powers of the Act are put in force to deprive them of their gaol altogether, and appoint a prison in an adjoining county for the combined malefactors of the two."

Crime appears to have certainly very much decreased in Wales. Perhaps the consumption of spirits in England and Wales has increased only in England. Possibly it has decreased in Wales, owing to the success of Temperance missionaries. Was there ever really a time when the Welsh had a national weakness such as to justify the allegation that—

"TAFKY was a Welshman, TAFKY was a thief"?

In comparison to the other lieges of these kingdoms, if TAFKY was ever peculiarly given to thieving, he has now evidently become less instead of more so. In seven Welsh counties the gaols are twice too many for the offenders. Here is a theme for a competent bard at the next Eisteddfodd to harp upon.

UNITED SERVICE.

ARE Her Majesty's service and that of Her Majesty's subjects capable of combination? So it would seem from the following announcement in the *Manchester Courier*:—

SELECT REGISTRY, Wellington, Salop.—Mrs. — promptly supplies Shropshire SERVANTS; Young Generals disengaged, suitable for tradesmen's families.

Young Generals disengaged, would probably consider themselves suitable for families of a rather more distinguished character than those of tradesmen. Generals might, at least, expect to wear epaulettes. Fancy a Lieutenant-General, or a Major-General, coming to an engagement in a tradesman's family. Imagine the gallant officers in action, waiting at table, or cleaning boots and shoes. But additional particulars are evidently wanted for information respecting those young Generals. In the meanwhile a Registry for Servants on which Generals are entered seems very properly styled "Select."

Pyrotechny and Politics.

A PYROTECHNIC display at the Alexandra Palace the other evening included, according to announcement, certain "Fire Portraits of Her Majesty's Ministers." This may be regarded as rather a new thing in fireworks; though it has long been customary for political pyrotechnists and penmen to show up Ministers in Squibs.

A BRIG O' BRIGS.

THE Dundee Tay Bridge, lately opened, is the longest in the world. A worthy Scotch Correspondent, with characteristic readiness of "wut," proposes it should be called the Bridge of Size.

WHAT is the first thing to be done after an Emperor has been shot?

To bring out a Bullet-in—if there is one in, and you are able to get it out.



"SECOND THOUGHTS."

Priest. "WILT THOU HAVE THIS WOMAN TO THY WEDDED WIFE?"

Bridegroom Elect. "WELL, AW'S WARNED AW'LL BEV TO BEV HER. BUT AW WAD RAYTHER BEV HER SISTER!"

UNDER ORDERS;

OR, HOW IT WORKS AT WHITEHALL.

SCENE—A Council Chamber. The Chancellor of the Exchequer discovered in the act of concluding some desultory observations on an Irish topic. The rest of the Cabinet asleep.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer (stopping suddenly). H'm! All off, again! (Nettled.) Well, there; that's all I've got to say on the subject. [Sits down.]

The Rest of the Cabinet (waking up at the cessation of his voice). Excellent! Obvious! Capital! Very well put! Hear! hear! [They rise, and look out their hats.]

The Secretary of State for the Colonies. Well, I must be going. I'm in the middle of another volume on the Caffres. Sciff reading!—Must get through it, you know.

The Secretary of State for War. Just so. And I've got to spend the afternoon over a new facing.

First Lord of the Admiralty. And here's something about another boiler priming at Plymouth! It's a busy time for all of us.

The Lord Chancellor (drily). My Lords and Gentlemen, it's a very busy time. Without our chief we are all fairly overweighted. [They all laugh.]

The Chancellor of the Exchequer (thoughtfully). Perhaps; well then,—I suppose we adjourn? (opens absently the early edition of an Evening Paper.) Dear me! What's this? Why, here it is! It's out—every word of it! (Shows the text of a celebrated "project.") Every word of it! What's to be done, now?

Viscount Cranbrook. What? Why, send orders to Berlin. This will alter everything. Come, Gentlemen, there's not a moment to lose. Places!

[They all resume their seats and debate hotly and earnestly for three hours and a half, as to the best course to be pursued by Her Majesty's Government under the circumstances.]

The Chancellor of the Exchequer (having just drawn up and despatched to the Kaiserhof a very peremptory and urgent telegram on

TAPS IN THE TOWER.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times*, "*Vide et Crede*," calls attention to a process, by which the inscriptions in the Beauchamp Tower—those historical memorials of illustrious captives and victims—are in course of rapid obliteration. It is performed by a series of successive Beefeaters. The Public, to be sure, are shut off by stout posts, and a rope, four feet from the wall. But—

"Inside this rope, from morning to night, every day of the year, except Sunday, with ten minutes' interval between his rounds, marches a huge Beefeater, with a short stick. With this stick he raps, taps, strikes, and pokes the time-honoured inscriptions, as he explains their meaning; and I challenge contradiction, when I assert that in many places fresh marks, showing where the stone has been bruised by this shameful maltreatment are to be seen on the very inscriptions themselves."

Gutta cavat lapidem non vi sed sæpe cadendo. But the Beefeater's raps on the carvings in the Beauchamp Tower are forcible, as well as frequent. To put a stop to them there is no need to abolish the Beefeater's venerable and useful office of Showman. Tip his staff with India-rubber, or some other soft and elastic substance. He could then use it for the purpose of his archaeological demonstration without defacing the inscriptions, which he so instructively explains. The estimate for this truly Conservative measure would hardly require a supplementary vote.

Prophetic Language of Flowers.

A REPORT of a Flower Show informs us that "Messrs. VEITCH showed a new *Begonia*, high and stately in growth, with a leaf tending towards the strawberry. The plant is called, 'The Earl of Beaconsfield.'"

Messrs. VEITCH, perhaps, contemplate the probability of having to raise their plant a step in the Peerage. They will prove themselves Prophets, as well as Florists, should the sequel of the Congress confirm the indication of the leaf of their *Begonia* "tending towards the Strawberry." Then they will also, of course, have foretold a pacific solution of the Eastern Question.

SYNONYM FOR SECRECY.—A Special Correspondent (perhaps Irish) complains that the Congress are conducting their proceedings in silence. Nay; they are conducting them in French.

the subject). There! If that doesn't lay down the course clearly for them, language has no meaning. I've said we're unanimous,—and determined. It couldn't be stronger.

The Rest of the Cabinet. Capital! Well, you'll wait for the answer? We're off. [They break up into groups and go out talking volubly.]

An interval of some hours, during which the Chancellor of the Exchequer, left alone, rehearses the perorations of several speeches. Eventually, reading the Evening Paper through twice, and finishing up with the advertisements. He is about to leave as a foreign telegram comes.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer (tearing it open hurriedly). At last! Now we shall see. After all, there are eleven of us, and it would be odd if we on the spot couldn't keep them at Berlin well under orders! From the chief. I thought he would reply fast enough. Let's see. (Starts.) Eh! What's this? (reads)—

"Unanimity to hand. Bathos. Don't waste your time, but wire how the Park is looking. Things go majestically here. Some one has sent me a pair of purple velvet slippers. It's an ovation. Kismet!"

[The Chancellor of the Exchequer utters a wild cry—and falls fainting on the crumpled telegram as the Curtain descends.]

Bismarck's New Beatitude.

THE *Times*' Berlin Correspondent reports a truly happy change to have come over Prince BISMARCK:—

"Those who come near him state that he is strongly impressed with the necessity for peace, and that after years esteeming military triumphs the real glory of the Statesmen, recent experience, even that of the last few days, has shown him that the greatest men can only benefit their States by ensuring them the blessings of peace."

Europe will be much reassured by the announcement that the Great Chancellor has been brought to see a more excellent way than a policy of "blood and iron." Let us hope he will realise the beatitude promised to the Peacemakers.

THE CONGRESS.

(By Telegraph. From Mr. PUNCH's Own Man.)



A BOVT DARGVMENTS.

AFTER LEO HERRMAN'S WELL-KNOWN PICTURE.

BERLIN, Saturday.
So many accounts of the doings of the chief actors in the diplomatic extravaganza entitled "the Congress," have appeared in the London daily papers, that it is high time your readers should receive some really trustworthy intelligence upon the subject. What follows, if not actually "authentic," can be authenticated; a distinction which must greatly please Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOOTE and the Marquis of SALISBURY.

To commence, Lord BEACONSFIELD is enormously popular. Crowds surround his hotel all day long, keeping up a continuous

cheer, much to the delight of the other occupants of the house, by whom his Lordship is held in high esteem. At night fireworks are frequently let off in honour of the Special British Ambassador. Let me give an instance. Just as the Author of *Lothaire* had got into his first sleep the other evening, he was awakened by a loud explosion, and rushing to the window (under the impression that the hotel was on fire), found that the enthusiastic Berliners were letting off a "grand piece," in seven different colours, consisting of his portrait in flames, and the legend in English, "Very glad to see you, DIZZY." The British Premier bowed his acknowledgments



A CAUTION TO RELATIVES.

Pet Nephew, coming to Man's Estate. "I say, GRANDPA, I HEARD AUNT JULIA SAY THE OTHER DAY THAT YOU WERE ALMOST IN YOUR SECOND CHILDHOOD. IN THAT CASE, HADN'T WE BETTER CHANGE HORSES?"

again and again, and during the rest of the night employed his time in listening to serenades from relays of German brass bands. His Lordship commenced his second sleep at half-past eight in the morning.

You may have heard that Lord BEACONSFIELD received a threatening letter on reaching Berlin. I am, fortunately, in a position to give you the text. The infamous document runs as follows:—

"How doth the Little Busy B.?"

"That's the question! Dance in the moonlight with a tra-la-la! Will you stand on your head—or shall I? An excursion ticket to Brighton, with hot-water pipes laid on to all the boot-jacks. Then tremble, tyrant, tremble!

"Yours smilingly, but with murder in all three of my eyes,

(Signed) "THE EMPEROR OF CHINA."

The signature is believed to be a forgery, and as the postmark on the envelope is "Hanwell," it is imagined that the writer of the letter must be an Englishman.

Knowing that this infamous document has been sent to our representative, the German Government have taken the greatest care to guard Lord BEACONSFIELD from attack. As one

of the Correspondents of the London papers truly observes, "they have attempted to do this without attracting his Lordship's notice." This has been easily managed. When the British Premier wishes to take a walk, a signal is given to a bugler, who immediately sounds "To Arms!" As his Lordship emerges from his hotel, three squadrons of cavalry, half a battery of artillery, and a few battalions of infantry, carelessly form around him and accompany him in his walk. An advance-guard precedes the procession, ordering the shutters to be closed in the houses overlooking the line of march.

The other day Lord BEACONSFIELD walked into a tobacconist's to buy a cigar. As the shopman was serving him, a fierce-looking stranger entered the establishment and roughly asked for a pipe. With great presence of mind the shopman whistled. In a moment a number of riflemen, who had been lying concealed under the counters of the *magazin*, emerged from their ambush and formed a hollow square round the British Statesman. The rough-looking stranger, evidently taken aback by the sudden manoeuvre, immediately retreated. As Lord BEACONSFIELD does not understand German, he could not be made to comprehend the reason of the demonstration. It has thus come to pass that he still lives in happy ignorance of the paternal care which is being hourly lavished upon him.

Several accounts have appeared in the London papers of the hospitality offered to the Plenipotentiaries by Prince BISMARCK. On the whole these reports are fairly accurate, but they are decidedly crude. This being the case, I give a few details of the last *fête* in which the Foreign Ministers and the German Chancellor took part.

As you know, BISMARCK is very fond of practical jokes. It is rumoured that he sent Prince GORTSCHAKOFF the basket of strawberries which was the cause of his Excellency's recent indisposition. To return. BISMARCK is very fond of practical jokes, and having once seen an English pantomime, His Excellency determined to have the marble steps of his palace well polished with butter. When his orders had been obeyed, the burly Chancellor stood at the top of the staircase enjoying the strange antics of his guests as they walked towards him. The Italian Ambassador was very angry when he found himself upon the ground; and Count ANDRASSY (who, as usual, was wearing a Hungarian hussar's uniform) could not rise without assistance. Lord BEACONSFIELD, who is always on his guard in his dealings with BISMARCK, requested Lord SALISBURY to precede him. The Foreign Secretary, only too pleased to take the *pas*, immediately complied—with results. BISMARCK was so pleased with Lord BEACONSFIELD's caution, that he promised to support in Congress the English demand for Constantinople, Egypt, and Bessarabia. Whether this promise will be kept, remains to be seen.

At dinner the German Chancellor entertained his guests with a ballet, in which he occasionally took part in a *pas seul*. This incident is mentioned in none of the English papers, although it was the success of the evening. BISMARCK, as usual, was the life and soul of the party. His Excellency made many puns in German, which were kindly translated into English by Lord SALISBURY, for the benefit of Lord BEACONSFIELD. The British Premier (with that tact which has won him so many golden opinions) immediately insisted upon telegraphing the "good things" to his colleagues, the remainder of the Cabinet in England.

Later in the evening, Lord BEACONSFIELD had the satisfaction of informing Prince BISMARCK that he had received a telegram to the effect that the "good things" had caused Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, Colonel STANLEY, and Mr. W. H. SMITH to "roar."

Prince BISMARCK was so pleased with this, that he promised to support in Congress the English demand for an indemnity from Russia of seventy billion roubles, the cession of Siberia, and the dismantling of Cronstadt. Whether this promise will be kept remains to be seen.

After dinner the Representatives of England, Russia, Austria, and Italy, "came to words," and, revolvers being produced, the "practice" in a short time was certainly lively. Fortunately at this late hour of the evening the aims of the various combatants were far from steady; and, beyond some damage to the crockery and looking-glasses, little harm was done. After the Ministers had expended all their ammunition, at the suggestion of Prince BISMARCK, they adjourned to the Garden. When they got there (as the *Morning Post* explains) they spent their time in "smoking, sipping coffee, and listening to the nightingales."

P.S. By the way, little or nothing doing in the Congress.

THROUGH THE KEEP-IT-DARK CONTINENT; OR, HOW I WENT FOR STANLEY.

(Interesting, Sensational, and most important Communications from
Our Own Fellow-Traveller.)

PART I.

Explanation and Dedication.



I CANNOT any longer be silent! I ask indignantly, *can* I? Because one man is distinguished, am I to be extinguished? Am I to hide my light writing under a Bushel of Dark Literature? To what do I allude but to the following advertisements, which, but that I am a philosopher, would make my blood boil. Look here, Sir,—what meets my eye at every turn:—

ASK FOR STANLEY'S BOOK.

Then I read, further on:—

THIS MOST FASCINATING and INSTRUCTIVE NARRATIVE of travel and adventure.—*Athenæum* (First Notice).

And, again—

THERE HAS BEEN NO BOOK OF AFRICAN TRAVEL like this before.—*Graphic*.

No book like this before! True. But *mine* has yet to come. A critic, in the *Globe*, says:—

MR. STANLEY'S BOOK AFFORDS A SPLENDID INSIGHT into a hitherto unknown region full of exciting adventures, curious incidents, and valuable information.

"A hitherto unknown region full of exciting adventures"! Come, I do like that! Just wait, Sir, for my account of several hitherto utterly unknown regions, crammed to suffocation every day and every night with thrillingly exciting adventures, Real Water, Real Animals, Real Savages, everything Real—no Deception! Sensation!! Sensation!!! Sensation!!!! All the fun of the Fair,—I should say, of the Dark! In fact, as the *Standard* emphatically remarks:—

A GREAT AND TRIUMPHANT EXPEDITION. Will increase the writer's reputation.

And so will my *Greatest and Most Triumphant Expedition*! And, finally, the London Correspondent of the *Liverpool Mercury* is quoted, as writing in this enthusiastic strain to his journal:—

I TELL YOU THAT NO SENSATIONAL NOVEL ever written is more enthralling than *Through the Dark Continent*.

Rather strong that, Sir? Eh? Has he read *all* the sensational novels "ever written?"

I feel it, Sir, to be a duty incumbent on me (excuse my using the word "incumbent"—it has an ecclesiastical sound, I am aware, but I like to be accurate—dear me! and there's a *curate* following the incumbent—no matter, *you* understand) to speak out, now or never! I choose the former. Mr. STANLEY, to whom I do not begrudge one oasis—I mean one *iota*—of his fame, has omitted all mention of *me* in his book. This omission is only explicable on the hypothesis of his having been ignorant of my presence in the Darky's land.

As STANLEY had, before that, gone out to find LIVINGSTONE, so I unassumingly, modestly, quietly—nay, retiringly—went out of my way, to look after STANLEY.

Why I did not find him, let him explain—if he can—in one of his future volumes. Let it suffice for me to inform the public, how I went to find him, and how energetically I hunted for him, through the length and breadth of the "*Keep-it-Dark Continent*."

I enclose herewith my map of what I have named "*Walker's Territory*." You will see from this that mine has not been a boot-



less expedition. The white belt across is my track. Towards one point, S., is a fine region for corn. Here grows, in all its native luxuriance, the wild *arbootus*, which forms a natural covert for the black fox. This animal is considered by the dusky aborigines as, comparatively, fair game, and often have I seen the triumphant hunter returning from the chase, gleefully waving the hardly-won blacking-brush. Off the coast there is first-rate fishing for boot-jack, while the weary traveller may seek for shade under the magnificent boot-trees, of which we have heard so much. It is a bootiful country, but alas! every one is given up to *Fetish*, as if there were not such a thing as a soul!

Their great festivals are on "Bunyan-Days," when they indulge in athletic feats, and strong drink. Further details I will reserve for a future occasion.

Time is here divided not into Day and Night, as with us, but into Day and Martin. Their local divinities are *Obi* and *Umbi*, and they believe that their medicine-men (*Shumakres*) possess the gift of healing. They hold their illustrious ancestors in great veneration, and have preserved some mysterious prophecy as to the Last of their race. Their King is elected by a Council. The most recent Council gave them Toko, who now rules them with a rod of iron. He is "TOKO THE TWENTIETH," and succeeded "PHUSTI," who, on getting old, was beheaded by his faithful subjects. Toko's grandfather, TITAZZADROM, of the "Thusti" dynasty, drank himself to death before the present monarch was born.

This map will be fully explained as I proceed. My main track, as I have already pointed out, across the continent, is where the line of white lies.

The Black country is north and south of this, and there is not an inch of ground left unexplored. I fancy, from Mr. STANLEY's description, and from the fact of his not saying anything about having met me, or having even heard of me, that he must have been on the other side of this map—I mean the side away from the spectator, whom I hope to take with me, on my side, all the time.

I have drawn up a number of maps on purpose to accompany this work, which, itself, would never have seen daylight, had I not felt that publicity was due to you, Sir, first—for if it had not been for you I should never have gone where I went, or been where I am*—

* We haven't an idea where he is, but no doubt he will send us his address. He is a wonderful traveller, though we own to having treated him somewhat abruptly at our first interview, to which he will perhaps make some allusion

and to myself afterwards. So, in the next chapter of this work, of which this is but a slight instalment, I will give the public such a thrilling and heart-stirring narrative, as shall make them eager for the number after that, and shall force them to exclaim, with the critics already quoted, "No book of African travel like this has ever appeared before;" and that "No sensational novel ever written is more enthralling." So look out for my next chapter!!

I will conclude this by giving you what will be prefixed to my entire work, when published, headed,

DEDICATION.

In the first place to You, Sir, as Editor,
To whose
Uncontrollable Temper and Fierce Impetuosity
I owe it
That I quitted your Office with far greater Celerity
Than I had entered it;
Secondly, to the Proprietors of this Journal,
Who
Strongly urged my Departure,
And Who
Gave me Every possible Encouragement.
To
Stay Away
In that Dark Continent I had selected for Exploration;
And, Thirdly,
To that Universally Esteemed Relative
Known as "My Uncle"
(Residing at Poppit Hall, Spoutshire),
Who
Has invariably taken the greatest interest
In every object
That was at all dear to me,
And
To Whom,
Having pledged my Word of Honour for Three Months,
I Owe
The Ticket that enabled me to start on my first
VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY!

FROM AN AMERICAN-COUSIN-CRITICAL.

HON'ABLE GEORGE PUNCH, D.D., RESPECTED SIR:



ALL my friends here to the tavern, which is mostly native, hev bin perusin' of the letter I writ you, 'tother week, about the Show of SAMUEL, and mostly seems to tie to it. They calc'late it'll kinder give strugglin' merit a lift, and they do say that sights of talent drifts into the aristocracy, every year, for want of a little inkuragement. But they jest note, in passin', that my style of addressin' you was a little mite familiar, though you was a affable old feller that wouldn't make no words about it. So I 'low to hev it straight this time.

Notes hev likewise bin sent in by outside parties, which was fetched to me at the tavern by your ker-ridge, kickin' up sich a stir that waiters hev bin fallin' over one another to git at me, ever sence, and three

or four on 'em hev even tackled my week-day hat, with them ridiklus little brushes. These notes is mostly invites to dinners and so on, but some on 'em is more suggestive. One in pertikler is referins to the figger nigh the middle of the grate picter, which is a shinin' up to the mother of SAMUEL. Wat is he there for, and how will I dispose of him. Anserin' which, I say candid that it ain't know'd wat he is there for. He's the streak of mystery which is built into all great works, and mystery is where great works gets

later on. Here to-day and gone to-morrow; and we rely entirely on his good faith, honesty, probity, and many other virtues. We will reserve further remark.—Ed.

their hold. This man, if that's wat it is, is probably there for most anything, and looks like it. As to disposin' of him, if it come to that, I should say go at it quick and merciful with a club—most any of them in Pellmell.

Another note makes triffin' remarks concernin' the stiffeggedness of the leadin' camil, up back of the Tabnikle. Instead of which, the camil hez a right to be stiff all over, in such goin' as that is. We hain't time to give lessons in the roodiments, gratis.

Next to the Show of SAMUEL, the unthinkin' public seems to hanker least after a helthy moral work representin' the burnin' of ANNE ASCUE, to Smithfield, or rather the looks of things the next mornin'. The sky-part is separate, and represents a view on the District railrode. As nigh as I can make out, those which sets up judgment on this picter objects to it becuz it's bad. Now I calc'late to be cheritable and quarrel with no man on account of his notions or lack of 'em, but I jest want some of these carpirists to rise up and say why this picter hadn't ought to be bad. Don't it signify one of the wust things that ever was done? Certinly, and it kerries the idee clean through. I never look at it without seein' the inspired painter, with a pot full of paint mixed up thick and strong, slappin' his brush up and down on the wall to clean it, and then sailin' in to make inikwity hidjus! And if I hed my way, them that did this thing in the rust place should be made to rise up and see the consequences. But p'raps taint well to be too vindiktive.

Hangin' up in number IV. room, off in the corner of the bildin', my inquirin' gays lit onto a good likeness of a Paris costoom, enclosin' a female figger, and labelled Mrs. JOHN E. SANDEMAN. As a work of Art the whole thing is well got up, and I don't hear no flaws picked into it. But I feel it my dooty to pint out one thing that hinges onto them little small jellusies which don't edify in the larned professions. The principle artist in this bizness is naterally the one that made the costoom. He done a good job, and ought to hev the credit of it. Insted of which the paintin' artist has got his own name printed out in the cattylog, and hez likewise painted in as much as six wrinkles in the top part of the gown, which the dress-makin' artist wouldn't a hed there, not if the fillin' had hed to be out away to smooth 'em.

There's two or three more cases of this smallness in the collection, though bein' an outsider I feel a little mite wafflejawed about goin' into partiklers. It's ruther surprisin' to see sech a spirit, becuz, as a rule, I notice piles of good natur to the square inch in this country, and a honest effort to please is most always well treated. I've stood for as much as an hour to a time amongst the folks in Hide Park, watchin' them which makes a hard livin' by ridin' up and down on hossback to amuse the public, and where you might expect some hartless laffin, I never see a thing but the most respektful sympathy.

London, June the 14, 1878.

ELNATHAN WING.

A CAPITAL JOKE.

THE sympathy of Mr. BUMBLE with his fellow-man must be increased by the following announcement in a Liverpool paper:—

"RESIGNATION OF THE MASTER AND MATRON OF BIRKENHEAD WORKHOUSE SCHOOL.—At the fortnightly meeting of the Birkenhead Guardians yesterday, Mr. STRONGITHARM in the Chair, a letter from the Local Government Board was read, which enclosed another from Mr. THORNTON vindicating himself from the charges of cruelty preferred against him, and explaining that an undertaking which he had given not to inflict capital punishment was extorted from him under pressure."

Hence it would seem that the Master of Birkenhead Workhouse School was accustomed to combine the offices of Schoolmaster and Jack Ketch, and had been accused of cruelty in the latter capacity. As his resignation was accepted, the Birkenhead Guardians, apparently from the above showing, consider that it is possible to be guilty of too great barbarity in putting vicious young paupers to death. It is perhaps needless to say that the Schoolmaster was not guilty of that barbarity.

Comfortable Quarters.

THE subjoined notification was probably not intended to meet the eyes of private soldiers:—

WAR DEPARTMENT CONTRACT. NOTICE TO BUILDERS.

TENDERS are required for raising FOUR BLOCKS OF STABLES, to accommodate the men of Two Batteries of Royal Horse Artillery.

Do the authorities propose to accommodate the men as well as the horses in stables? "Accommodated" is, as *Justice Shallow* says, "a good phrase," and *Bardolph* might have well said that "a soldier is better accommodated than" in a stable.

DEFINITION FOR THE PORTE.—An Imperial Hatt—Something to send round.



SUNDAY AT HOME.

Wife. "GOOD-BYE, DICK, I'M GOING TO CHURCH. NOW PROMISE YOU WON'T PLAY THE FLUTE."

Anti-Sabbatarian Husband. "POOH! WHY NOT?"

Wife. "WELL, DICK, THE NEW COOK HAS COME, AND SHE MIGHT BE SHOCKED, YOU KNOW."

BEN AT BERLIN.

British Showman, loquitor.

Now then, Ladies and Gentlemen, Crowned Heads and other Potentates, walk up, walk up, and see the most marvellous show in the whole fair! First look at me and say if I am not worth all the money! Here I am representing one of the greatest commercial establishments in the world, when only a few years ago I was scribbling romances after leaving a lawyer's stool! In my youth I was a Republican to the backbone, and now my Toryism is so violent that I never can look blue enough to please myself! So walk up, walk up, walk up!

Oh, I am the most accomplished Showman that ever yet was seen. You know my powers as an acrobat—have you not seen me change from one side of a House to another with all the celerity of a Leopard? Of course you have—so walk up! You know what a clever conjuror I am. Have you not seen me pretend to destroy a Reform Bill (because I said it was too Liberal), and then take the very measure and produce it in a form so altered that it became three times as radical as it was before? And haven't I made you believe all the time that the magic I used was Toryism and nothing else? Walk up then, walk up! Of course I have, and there is nothing I can't do. No, absolutely nothing. If you don't believe me, look at my assistant. That man was my rival two years ago, and now he is my slave. He has come here to swell my triumph. To beat the big drum while I am performing. Walk up then, walk up!

But I can do more. I can make anything from a Compromise to an Empress. I have made Barons, Earls, Marquises, and Dukes. I have made Myself! You see what I am now—some day I will make myself something more. Perhaps (who knows?) an Englishman! So walk up—walk up!

And now what is my show? Why one of the strangest collections that ever yet was seen. Here's the celebrated Gallic Cock. It was an Eagle yesterday, and may be a Lily to-morrow. Quite a bird after my own heart. Always changing, and always planning effects. It's never so pleased as when it's making an Exhibition of itself. Walk up! walk up! walk up! And here is the far-famed Turkey! I don't mind admitting that this is one of my failures. I expected great things from this Turkey, but they haven't been

realised. But, on the whole, the Show will get on very well without it; at least I think I shall try. At present the poor old bird is moulting. But never mind that. Walk up! walk up! walk up! And here are the usual performing Eagles. The Austrian one, by the way, promises more than it performs: always did. Walk up!

And now I come to the feature of the Show—the celebrated British Lion, and Russian Bear. Don't be afraid, Ladies; they won't hurt you. They have rehearsed all this before. While you outsiders have been thinking, we were stirring them up with a long pole; we have been teaching them how to shake hands! That's one of my tricks. Isn't it a good one? So walk up! walk up! and see the genuine Russian Bear, filled with bran, and the bold British Lion, stuffed with straw! Walk up! walk up! You pay your money, but you don't take your choice!

VENUS AND ADONIS.

"Men who suffer their wives' photographs to be exhibited for sale in the shop-windows run the risk of being thought to get some profit by so doing, for they otherwise would hardly sanction such publicity."

WHERE are you going to, my pretty maid?
I'm going to be photographed, Sir, she said.

May I go with you, my pretty maid?
Yes, if you like it, she calmly said.

What is your fortune, my pretty maid?
My face is my fortune, Sir, she said.

How do you live on 't, my pretty maid?
By selling my photos, she promptly said.

Then may I marry you, my pretty maid?
If you've a title, perhaps—she said.

UNAVOIDABLE DELAY.

THE many pros and cons. of the Eastern Question, of course retard the progress of the Congress.



A "HAPPY FAMILY" AT BERLIN.

SHOWMAN. "THE BRITISH LION AND THE ROOSHIAN BEAR WILL NOW EMBRACE! (*Aside.*) IT'S ALL RIGHT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THIS EFFECT HAS BEEN WELL REHEARSED!"

'ARRY ON THE TURF.



DEAR CHARLIE,
I'm down on my luck, got a fit of
the blues, and no kid,
And I drop yer this line, jest to ask if
yer game for the loan of a quid?

Went down to the Derby,
old pal, and put in for a
regular dip;

I'd a laid *Happy Land* to
a hegg that this time I had
copped the right tip.

The thing looked a moral,
my boy; and I put on the
stuff pooty 'ot,

Took two quid of the Boss's,
wus luck, and got mucked
for the whole bloomin' lot;

And now, out of collar, and
cleaned, with a fortnight's
stiff ex's to pay,

I needn't assure yer, 'old
chap, as I don't feel the
aking of gay.

I know as you won't mount
the tub, as some sneaks I
'ave spoke to 'ave done.

Gewellekens! Wot is life wuth, if you're out of the best o' the
fun?

I argues with CHAPLIN and POWER. 'Orse-racing's a sport to
uphold!

And while the Nobs go in a buster, must we be left out in the cold?

I tell yer, old man, it was proper, (exceptin' my mucker, of course),
I tooled it by road in a hansom, no end of a dashing grey 'orse,
Blue blinds and a hamper all reglar, and as for my *wizawee*, well
If she wasn't up to the nines, I'm no judge of a shequinnine swell.

The prog and the lotion was lummy, the chaff and the spoggin' was
prime,

The jokes jest as 'ot as they make 'em, and Loo was one larf all the
time,

Her cheeks did go pinkish at fust, but lor bless yer, that quickly
goes off,

And the world ain't pertikler yer know if yer does the 'ole thing
like a toff.

Blow prigs and their prate of the "proper," sech cant never was to
my taste,

I agree with that POWER, we 're gettin' too ladylike starched and
straight-laced.

Wot we want is a dash o' the manly, and now the P.R. is a frost,
If it weren't for the race-course, by Jove, British grit would be jest
about lost.

My guynor, he swears he don't twig, wants to know where the *man-*
hood comes in,

Sez the 'orses 'as got all there is, and the rest 's a low scramble for
tin.

But if M.P.'s can't give the straight-tip, wy our Parlyment's simply
a "plant."

No! The stout "Common Sense" of a CHAPLIN must win in a
canter from "Cant."

Hang snivel! The fun coming 'ome was a little bit dashed by my
"drop,"

But a nip put us right, and then, Scissors! we jest *did* go at it
full 'op.

O CHARLIE my pippin, of sprees of the regular rowdowed kind,
A well-lotioned Derby Day Houting's the one as is most to my
mind!

But 'ang it old pal, it's expensive, yes bloomin' expensive no doubt.
A "lark" is a speshus of bird, as a feller can't keep upon nowt.

We 'ad jest the 'ighest old time and got took for the reglar *elect*.
But arter sech jinks it ain't jam to fall back on the key of the
street.

So if you can drop a P. O. for that quid, pal, or wot you can raise,
It will do me to-rights, and no error. I'll toe to yer one o' these
days.

By Jove, if I'd 'ad any chips I'd a' landed a pot on Glengarry.
'Ere's oping to hear from yer soon, with the brass. Yours anceterer,
'ARRY.

LIGHT READING FOR THE CONGRESS.—*The Bessarabian Nights.*

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 17 (Lords).—Their Lordships re-assembled for the
first time after the Whitsun Vacation—a Whitsun in which the Sun
this time was chiefly conspicuous by his absence.

Question by Lord GRANVILLE. Was an evening paper's memo-
randum of an agreement between the British and Russian Govern-
ments on the Eastern Question authentic? Especially as touching
the protectorate of Asia Minor?

Answer by the Duke of RICHMOND and GORDON. Its publication
was unauthorised and surreptitious. He could not tell whether or
no Government could say any more, in the course of the negotia-
tions, than that. No; and he had never admitted that the publi-
cation was accurate as far as it went.

Lords HOUGHTON and GREY thought the House entitled to more
information.

The House would not get it. In other words, the noble Duke said
the Government thought it not for the public interest to go any
further into the matter at present.

With that their Lordships adjourned.

(Commons.)—Discussion of Local Tramways Bills. Two hours of
public time devoted to private business. Which is the biggest
Vestry in England? Give it up? St. Stephen's.

The Marquis of HARTINGTON, of course, put a duplicate of the
question asked by Lord GRANVILLE in Another Place, and also, of
course, received nearly a duplicate of the answer given him. The
publication in the *Globe*, said Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, was incom-
plete and inaccurate. Government would explain at the earliest
proper time. In the meanwhile they appealed to the House to
support them in holding their tongues. ("Hear, hear!") The
House expressed its sense that silence, in the situation, was golden.

Mr. HANBURY, at the instance of Sir W. BARTHELOT, withdrew
his proposal of a Vote of Censure on Mr. GLADSTONE for his *Nine-*
teenth Century article. To this course, Mr. GLADSTONE, although
considering the notice of that vote a notice of a vote for the expul-
sion of a Member of that House, consented. He thought the dis-
cussion of the impugned article, in existing circumstances, would
not conduce to the public service. The Right Honourable, if
impetuous, WILLIAM could afford not to insist on being allowed
to vindicate his loyalty.

We went into Committee formally on the Valuation Bill, post-
poned the actual consideration of its clauses till Tuesday, forwarded
other Bills a stage, and adjourned at half-past one.

Tuesday (Lords).—Twenty minutes of work, alike useful and
uninteresting. When their Lordships do nothing to speak of, they
generally do it quickly.

Commons (Morning).—In answer to Mr. Serjeant SIMON, the
CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER explained that the supposed dearth
of small silver coin was not the fault of the Mint, which had plenty.
No application had been made for them. Bankers, to save them-
selves trouble, paid in half-crowns and florins, instead of small
change.

How will you have it? In sixpences, and fourpenny, and three-
penny bits? Would not this be the way to bring Bankers to book?
Serjeant, take your change out of that.

(Evening.)—Scotch Debate, interesting principally to the—

"Orthodox orthodox,
Who believe in JOHN KNOX."

Question of inquiry touching question of Disestablishment in
Scotland—to begin with. Mr. W. HOLMS moved for a Select Com-
mittee to inquire into the operation of the Patronage Act. He
wanted to know whether the Scotch people are satisfied with their
Kirk and Kirks, or desired their State Kirk to be disestablished.
That was the kernel of the Hon. Member's husk—a long speech of
historical and other detail.

Motion seconded by Mr. J. STEWART. He thought Disestablish-
ment would remove the only barrier to Reconciliation. Very likely.
The only difference between the Kirks appears to be the Establish-
ment of the State one.

Mr. PARKER, Mr. C. DALRYMPLE, Sir A. GORDON, and Mr. BAXTER
respectively, said their say. The penultimate Member moved an
Amendment of no consequence, seconded, however, by Mr. ORR
EWING. The Lord Advocate opposed both original Motion and
Amendment.

Mr. GLADSTONE said that the Patronage Act had opened the ques-
tion of Disestablishment, for which the majority of Scotchmen
wished. It was by their opinion alone that the question must be
decided. Ditto, this to Mr. HOLMS. But, for inquiry, a Select Com-
mittee was not the thing. He had himself no opinion on the subject
except that the Church of a minority could not be called the Church
of a nation. [If it could, it shouldn't.] The House was pretty
well agreed that there would be no present advantage in a Parlia-
mentary or any other investigation.

The HOME SECRETARY said Mr. GLADSTONE had echoed Lord HAR-
TINGTON's Edinburgh speech of last autumn. They both said to the



"THE REMBRANDT EFFECT."

For the benefit of Future Generations, Mr. Twitters submits to be Idealised by the "Rembrandt Process."

Mrs. T. "TOBIAS, MY DEAR, THAT EXPRESSION WON'T DO AT ALL. DO TRY AND LOOK PLEASANT. LOOK AT ME, LOVE!"
[T. does so. Pleasing result!]

Disestablishment Party—"If you will cry out loud enough, we will come and help you." It was unworthy of their high standing as distinguished statesmen of Her Majesty's Opposition. He, on the contrary, believed that the majority of Scots liked Church Establishment. Government could not consent to any inquiry into an Act passed so lately as only in 1874.

Adjournment of Debate moved by Mr. W. DILLWYN, and seconded by Lord HARTINGTON, who defended his Edinburgh discourse in Parliament out of Session.

Then Mr. NEWDEGATE arose and made one of his Protestant and Conservative speeches. Ah! Let the Right Honourable Member for Greenwich look at the results of his experiment in Ireland. Had we not assassins in Ireland and obstructives in that House?

Major NOLAN said a few more such speeches as that would make the Irish Members support Disestablishment for Scotland and England.

Of these two utterances which was the wiser?

Mr. LAING having testified that the Orkneyites and the Shetlanders were mostly for Disestablishment, the debate was adjourned—if not *sine die*, probably to a *dies non*—other, of course, than the Sawbath.

A little formal business having been transacted, off, off and away—at a quarter to two.

Wednesday.—Despatch of that hardy, yet delicate annual, the Women's Disabilities Removal Bill. Shall we say, "Happy Despatch?" Second Reading moved by Mr. COURTNEY, and supported by Mr. PALMER, appropriately, in a maiden speech. Supported, also with the usual stock arguments by Mr. GOSSET, Sir H. JACKSON, Mr. Serjeant SHERLOCK, Mr. BLENNERHASSET, and Mr. HIBBERT. Opposed by Mr. HANBURY, Mr. SMOLLETT—particularly Mr. SMOLLETT—Mr. BERRSFORD HOPE, Mr. FERGUSON, and Mr. GREENE, with the usual stock chaff. Gravely opposed, as sentimental nonsense, by Mr. NEWDEGATE, who appealed to the House not to sanction a principle it involved—the principle of Socialist Democracy—which was disturbing Germany, and had convulsed France. (*Cries of "Hear!"*) apparently not ironical.

The title of this Bill is too big for it by half. For women it is

only a Demi-Disabilities Removal Bill—a project of a half-measure. It aims at removing the disabilities of single women only. This Bill might be entitled, "A Bill for the Enfranchisement of Spinsters and Widows." It would enfranchise young Ladies, and other young persons, who had reached their majority, and were willing to say so. But it leaves the Matrons out in the cold. It would withhold votes from the only class of women likely, as a class, to know anything of affairs. And it would extend the franchise to lodgers. How would that do? In the meanwhile women, collectively, do not ask for the franchise. Woman, in general, is content to remain politically a—

"Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast."

When our sisters, and wives, and daughters, shall unite in claiming the elective franchise, they will probably get it. Probably not till then. For the present, Collective Wisdom declares that they who ask for votes shan't have any, and they that don't ask don't want any.

The Bill was lost by 219 to 140—a majority of seventy-nine.

A Bill to extend the Commutation of Tithes in England and Wales, and a Bill to amend the Supreme Court of Judicature (Irish) introduced, the former by Mr. CURRIE, and the latter by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL for Ireland. Do the parents of these two little Bills hope they will survive the Massacre of the Innocents?

The House rose at the early and constitutional hour of 5'30—in time for Wednesday's dinner.

Thursday (Lords).—A Voice from the Woolsack, on which the LORD CHANCELLOR took his seat at five. He gave notice that he would to-morrow present a measure concerning education in Ireland.

The Bishop of EXETER moved the Second Reading of the Truro Chapter Bill. A Bill to provide the new Bishopric of Truro with a Dean and Chapter, and to transfer a Canonry from Exeter to Truro Cathedral.

More Bishops are to be numbered amongst the results of increasing population. But so are more Clergy of all or most denominations; and the additions to the Episcopacy will ask no additional Votes of Supply.



PREPARATIONS FOR THE LONDON SEASON.

"H'M! I THINK IF I HAVE MY OLD WATERPROOF DONE UP, AND MY UMBRELLA RE-COVERED, AND GET A NEW PAIR OF GOLOSEES, I SHALL DO VERY WELL."

The Bill was read a Second Time; and their Lordships, after a spell of twenty-five minutes, struck work for the day.

(*Commons.*)—Mr. SPEAKER took the chair at four o'clock. Mr. CROSS, in reply to Mr. MACDONALD, said that the District Inspector of Mines was thoroughly familiar and well satisfied with the management of the Haydock Collieries, of which the Wood Pit was a part.

Sad to think what accidents will happen in the best regulated Collieries!

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL, questioned by Mr. B. J. WILLIAMS, made answer that he confidently expected that it will be possible to take the next stage of the Criminal Code Bill before the Summer Circuit. Does he, then, expect to get over all its stages by the anniversary on which "Grouse Shooting begins"? If that is done, he will have done a wonder indeed!

In answer to Mr. BAXTER, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER confessed that Sir C. DU CANE had been appointed Chairman to the Board of Customs, of which he had not had any experience. But there were precedents both in the Customs and Inland Revenue departments for the appointment of inexperienced persons.

It cannot be denied that Sir C. DU CANE has, at any rate, had considerable experience of Conservative Meetings.

Other less momentous questions than the above were put and answered. Not one debated, however; save certain clauses of the Roads and Bridges (Scotland) Bill—in Committee. Several of them agreed to; minor Bills advanced a stage; and the House, after a long and dry evening, adjourned in the morning at five minutes to two.

Friday (Lords).—The Monuments (Metropolis) Bill went through Committee. A Clause, empowering the Board of Works to accept gifts and bequests of monuments, or of money to buy monuments, was most happily, on the judicious motion of the Earl of KIMBERLEY, struck out. The taste so remarkably shown in the demolition of old monuments, could hardly be trusted with the erection of new ones, even if it had not displayed itself as strikingly in that too.

The LORD CHANCELLOR brought in his Bill, in order to the improvement, which there is great room for, of Intermediate Education, in Ireland. A measure principally providing prizes and examinations to that end, namely,

the better education of the Irish middle classes—at a cost not exceeding one million pounds, to come out of the Disestablished Irish Church property. Read a First Time. Their Lordships then adjourned.

(*Commons.*)—More Clauses of the Valuation of Property Bill agreed to. It is creeping on.

On the Motion of Mr. MACDONALD, for the stricter enforcement of the Mines Act of 1872, or the enactment of a more stringent measure, a long talk on mining disasters, ended in an explanation by Mr. CROSS, and the withdrawal of the Motion.

After thus much of business done, the House adjourned at ten minutes to one.

JENKINS'S JOTTINGS.

Unter den Linden.

BEACONSFIELD's here! The British Sphinx is quite the Lion of the hour;

Elipses GORTSCHAKOFF, the cute, and e'en the Chancellor, stern and dour.

As ROEBUCK says, "he rules the World!" Hooray! Who would not be a Briton?

(That Memorandum's awkward, though! I hope JOHN BULL has not been bitten.)

Such a reception! Looks so well; a regular gay and youthful toff!

Elizir vita must be kept in bottles at the Kaiserhof.

I never saw his togs more trim, his jetty locks, in crisp curl;

'Tis hinted he's *le Juif Errant*, our smart rejuvenated Earl!

He'll be a Dook before he's done, or rather *when* he's done—the trick!

The baffled Muscovites declare he's just First Cousin to Old Nick.

Aha! He holds them all in hand, as neatly as I'd drive a tandem;

(There's still a lot of boggling though, about that blessed Memorandum.)

He dined with BISMARCK yesterday. Of course they try to keep things dark,

But all were out *could* I repeat the iron Chancellor's remark

Made when his favourite *Reichshund* old GORTSCHAKOFF had nearly throttled.

(The Memorandum still discussed. State secrets should be better bottled.)

Saw him this evening—*moi qui parle*—with GORTSCHAKOFF, both calmly smoking.

Ha! ha! I thought I should have split. Our Premier's a dead hand at joking.

I heard him say,—well, mum's the word, but Jove, it was a regular screamer!

Had its political bearings too, *important* ones, or I'm a dreamer.

He's spoken! Took the lot by storm assembled round that horseshoe table.

GORTSCHY went green and Bizzzy blue, but smiled, as well as they were able.

Poor SALISBURY beams quite snuffed out, he looks as sour as any sorrel.

Sphinx first and the rest nowhere is *my* tip. (N.B., this is "a moral.")

To see him snub sleek SCHOUVALOFF in his serene *degagé* style.

Floor BISMARCK with a *jeu-de-mot*, disarm ANDRASSY with a smile.

Is just the finest sight that I—but there, discretion must not nap.

(That Memorandum's a mere blind for—*mustn't* say, but *verbum sap.*)

Such an array of tip-top swells—a diplomatic galaxy! But Dizzy quite outshines 'em all, chief star in such a dazzling sky.

Yet this great Areopagus give half their time to dress and diet;

They dine, and drive about in broughams, and settle Europe on the quiet.

Great spread at BISMARCK's yesterday, the covers set for eight-and-forty.
The Chancellor—a splendid host—supported by our Earl and COURT. Then on the terrace—coffee, weeds, tongues free from diplomatic bridle,—
They listened to the nightingales! As BISMARCK said, 'twas quite an idyl.

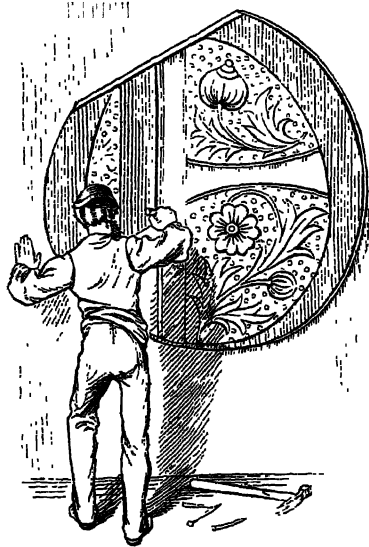
That looked like peace. To-day they say DIZZY was seen to bite his lips
While crossing to the Radziwill, and hope has undergone eclipse.
BISMARCK has grown a grizzled beard, which makes his iron phiz more grim.
Per contra bland ANDRASSY's waist has never looked more jimp and slim.

* * * * *
GORTSCHY not well; some strawberries upset our Earl's most sly of foemen.
Hope Beakey's quite agreed with him, or some would hail it as an omen.
(You've heard of his suggestive gift!) The Chancellor, too, would fain change quarters:
Feels queer, and sighs for Kissengen, its peaceful rest and mineral waters.

That looks like settlement—or split. They've visited the Berlin Zoo.
Some see an allegory there,—the Happy Family! Twiggez-vous? I give these hints for what they're worth,—that's much, to those who understand 'em.
(Mem: I've learnt all—in confidence—about that stolen (?) Memorandum!)

OUR GUIDE TO THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

Last Visit. Thank goodness!



NCE more ascend these steps, brave friends. Hide your eyes as you pass that prize metal picture of BURNE-JONES's. Turn to the right. Now let us take at hap-hazard

No. 10. *St. Jerome*. By A. LEGRAS. More like a Primitive Ancient Inhabitant of the Silly Isles. But the Artist thinks it St. Jerome!! Better have made GEROME your model.

No. 11. *Portrait of Mons. Rouzaud in Armour*. By J. M. JOPLING. The portrait, probably a speaking likeness, seems to say, "Oh, if you only knew how uncomfortable I feel in this armour!" You look it. Poor Monsieur ROUZAUD! J. M. JOPLING has a keen appreciation of humour; and Mons. ROUZAUD hasn't. It was ROUZAUD's ambition to be taken in armour; and this

represents the fulfilment of "ROUZAUD's dream."

No. 24. *Miss Longlegs*. "To be continued in our next," by JAMES WHISTLER. Whizzler, avant!

No. 35. *Autumn*. By ALMA TADEMA. Where are you going to, my pretty maid? or rather, as the Roumanians would have said, had they met her on the road to Khiva, Where are you going to, my very-much-over-painted-and-over-dressed young person, with that very evident French novel under your arm? You're looking back. No followers allowed. But oh, Mr. ALMA TADEMA, what a Pet of Pimlico!! Evidently a relative, and a very near one, of Mr. WHISTLER's young party who lives at No. 55, Grosvenor Gallery, close by. "Sure such a pair were never seen so justly formed to meet"—by Art.

Avoid No. 54. *Variation in Flesh Colour and Green*. Its very sound is unwholesome and ogreish; and let us try one great lunatic series, from 100 to 105, all BURNE-JONES's! Oh, burn! JONES's by all means! Heavens! "Here be Lunacies, look you!"

No. 58. *In the Valley*. A Pastoral. By G. G. LAWSON. Thank goodness, not a "decorative work," though it is a "relief"—after all these works of the Lunatic Lunatics.

No. 79. *Portrait of Mrs. Charles Beatty Pownall*. By JOHN COLLIER. "*Beatty possidentes*."

No. 110. *Portrait of His Grace the Duke of Argyll, K.T.* By R. VON ANGEL. Bless him! *Benedicite eum, Angeli!*

No. 115. *The Rivals*. By G. H. BOUGHTON. Liz, or that Lass of Lowrie's, is sitting, massively, in the foreground, while her two rival admirers are at work, in the quarry, hammering a block. She holds a good thick stick, and, judging from her generally muscular appearance and determined expression, I should not care about being either the unsuccessful lover, who would get whacked by her for losing, or the victor, who would get whacked for winning when she didn't want him to: It seems to be a sell for either party. Talking of sells, I do not know if this picture's a sold 'un, but, anyhow, it is a *Bought 'un*.

No. 125. "*The Rooks assembling seek their wind-rocked bed*." By A. S. WORTLEY. The lower bird is said to be a fancy sketch of *Lalla Rookh*; and the bird above the rest (above the others, I mean, but going to his rest above) is supposed to be a portrait of *Eyre Crowe*.

No. 128. *Fête Day in a Cider Orchard, Normandy*. By W. S. HENNESSEY. Yes; fancy a Cider *Fête*! and won't "Hennessy's Brandy" be wanted to-morrow. The Artist was on the spot with an eye to business.

No. 134. *A Study of a White Cow*. By OTTO WEBER. A Study of a White Cow, i.e., of course, a White Cow's Study. Now Mr. WEBER is justly celebrated for his cattle; but I doubt if he ever possessed such a real wonder as a White Cow of such literary attainments as to require a Study all to herself. Every one has heard of the Learned Pig, and can imagine what the Study of a Learned Pig (from his litter-ary habits) would be like. But the Study of a White Cow! No, no, Mr. OTTO WEBER. There was a Cow that once jumped over the Moon. Paint her.

No. 136. *Pity is akin to Love*. By Mrs. LOUISE JOPLING. True; but this won't end in marriage. Mrs. JOPLING will remember that "they are far too near akin for them ever to be united." The picture may be briefly described as "Old China and a couple of spoons."

No. 138. *Burning Love-Letters*. By R. LEHMANN. Treated as all love-letters should be. But, I say, Mr. LEHMANN, love-letters are always "burning," if they're worth anything at all. They should; however, all be treated as your young woman is treating them, for they do sound so absurd in a Court of Justice.

No. 140. *Up the Craig Crankie*. By EDOUARD RISCHITZ. "Craig Crankie"—what an ill-tempered name! Not a smile in it anywhere.

Up the Craig Crankie?
Oh dear no, thank ye.

No. 141. *Little Daisy*. By J. FORBES ROBERTSON. Pretty. It is a great thing to find, among so many pictures, all more than a little crazy, one only a *little dazey*.

No. 143. *The Bell-ringers*. By W. G. WILLS. This is really kind of Mr. WILLS, who, though he wrote *Charles the First* and *Eugene Aram* for Mr. IRVING, has yet chosen to illustrate what he did not write, i.e. *The Bells*.

And so I've done with these arrangements in glass, and Penny WHISTLER's symphonies in white and grey, and the metal-some BURNE-JONES, and twice of the Grosvenor Gallery is enough in all conscience.

I congratulate Sir COURTS on his being licensed to call up spirits from the vasty deep cellars. And so I take my leave; and never again with you, Robin—if I know it—at that Licensed Whistler's House of Entertainment, in Bond Street. Adieu.

"Joy! Joy! the task is done."

No Small Beer.

HERE, extracted from a Glasgow contemporary, is a rather remarkable example of self-classification:—

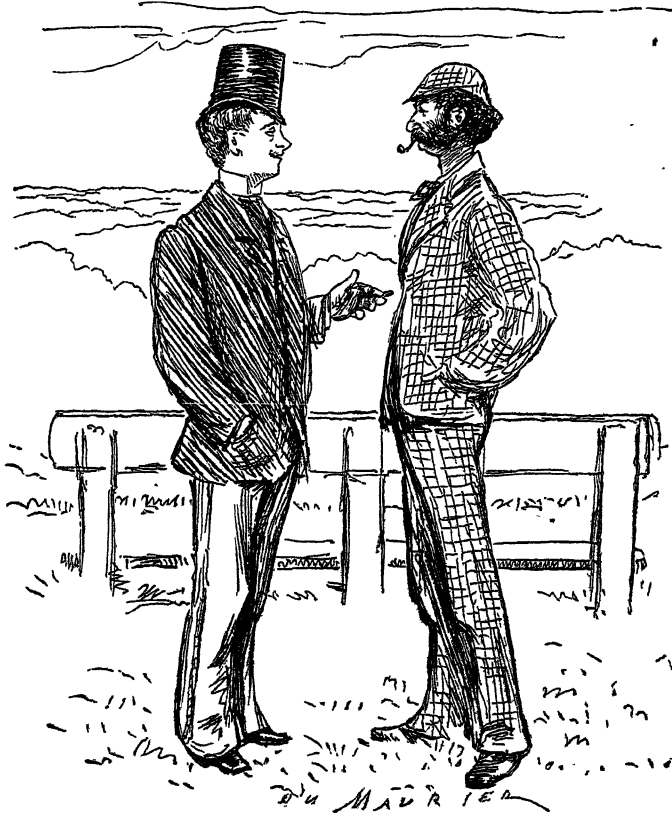
LADY-HOUSEKEEPER, or Companion to a Lady, seeks Engagement. Is a particularly superior lady, of high accomplishments; manner and speaking quite first-class. References from high-class ladies in Glasgow.—Apply to —, Corporation Buildings, Sauchiehall Street.

Altogether a first-class Lady-Help. To complete the above advertisement for a place she might have added:—"No objection to travel in a first-class carriage."

The Fruits of Diplomacy.

"Her Imperial Highness the CROWN PRINCESS has conferred a mark of distinction upon Lord BRACONSFIELD, by a present of flowers and strawberries from the new Palace Nurseries at Potsdam."—*Times*.

LUCKY LORD BRACONSFIELD! HER MAJESTY's eldest daughter gives him strawberries. Of course this is supposed to portend that HER MAJESTY will add the leaves.



'EARD ON 'AMPSTEAD 'EATH.

—“AND TALK OF OUR BEIN' BEHIND THE FRENCH IN GENERAL EDUCATION, WHY ALL I CAN SAY IS AS IT'S THE COMMONEST THING IN PAPER, FOR INSTANCE (OVER FUST-CLASS RESTORINGS, TOO, MIND YEE), TO SEE 'DINNER' SPENT WITH ONLY ONE 'N'!”

IN MEMORIAM.

Charles James Mathews.

BORN, DECEMBER 26, 1803. DIED, JUNE 24, 1878.

BUT yesterday it scarce seemed he could die,
So blithe, so bright, so jubilant o'er time;
At seventy-five still buoyant, frame and eye
As lithe and clear, almost, as in his prime,

'Twas hard to think that he could e'er be old,
Still more that he *was* old, till, looking back,
One noted all our century's records hold
Of pleasant memories crowded on his track.

An Actor's son, himself born Actor, too,
Though not with power to top his father's part—
Who, of all English mimes on record, threw
Round mimicry most light of Truth and Art;

Who trained his son not for, but from, a Stage,
From whose vulgarities he shrunk with pain;
And finding germs of Art, from earliest age
Nursed in him seeds that grew to golden grain.

Artist, amuser, mimic,—dangerous powers!—
The boy grew, quick of wit, and fond of praise;
His mind a dial that marked sunlit hours,
But took no note of dark and cloudy days.

What wonder he was bright and blithe and gay,
Whom the world met so brightly, with a face
That gave back smile for smile; while on his way
All lighter gifts and graces strove for place.

BIPEDS IN THE BERLIN ZOO!

THE readers of *Punch*, at any rate, were prepared for the telegram from Berlin, the other day, informing them that—

“Last night the fashionable world assembled at the Zoological Gardens to see and welcome the members of the Congress, who had promised to attend the ordinary Saturday concert.”

With the representation of certain members of the Congress in *Mr. Punch's* last Cartoon fresh in mind, who could be surprised to learn that some of them were exhibited at the Berlin Zoological Gardens? Of course, they attracted away all the spectators usually grouped before the denizens of the ordinary dens.

“Some 12,000 persons were present, the ladies being dressed in the height of fashion, and the whole presenting a very interesting and animated spectacle.”

The show appears to have been a splendid success, notwithstanding the absence of three of the chief members of the diplomatic menagerie.

“There was hearty cheering as the Plenipotentiaries—excepting Lord BEACONSFIELD, Prince GORTSCHAKOFF, and Prince BISMARCK, who were prevented from attending—entered the Gardens.”

One of the biggest Lions, the biggest Bear, and the biggest Eagle failed to show. Nevertheless, “all went merry as a marriage-bell”—and merrier.

“The bands played the National hymns of the kingdoms represented at the Congress, the public bestowing on all the various anthems an equal amount of sympathy and hurrahing. It was the first time the Congress had come in contact with the public, and the result appeared to give mutual satisfaction.”

To all and sundry except, perhaps, the *Carnivora* in the cages, whose very dinner-hour had for the time lost its interest. It is easy to conceive how horribly they howled and roared with rage and jealousy. But their outcries were drowned in the music of the bands and the cheers of an applauding public; cheers which all Europe will re-echo should Congress, as there is good hope, conclude in a happy issue out of the Eastern Question, and an example of the way to settle international difficulties by less costly and bloody arbitrament than that of Gunpowder.

A SEA-HORSE PUNCH WOULD LIKE TO SEE RUNNING AGAIN.—The Double-ship *Douves et Calais*.

Some happy souls with scarce an effort reach
Ends for which thought and toil had vainly striven;
Whatever the will to learn, the pains to teach,
How few the favoured ones to whom is given

A mind so many-sided, bright, and keen,
So much accomplishment in various art—
To build the theatre, and paint the scene,
And write the play, and act the leading part.

His bark rode lightly o'er the shoals of life,
And braved the buffet of its stormiest swell;
'Twas something in this age of care and strife
To know one soul whose sun no cloud could quell.

And so he lived and acted, laughed and spread
An atmosphere of gaiety and grace;
Light as his artless art the life he led,
And Old and New World hailed his welcome face.

A pleasantness the less is left the earth
Now he is gone: a brightness with him dies;
England could easier spare more solid worth
Than this gay soul's that breathed of sunnier skies.

A Hint from “Hieover.”

WORSHIPFUL PUNCH,

As a Brother of the Brush—I don't mean a Painter, but a Sportsman, who has never failed on occasion to be “in at the death,” and a distinguished performer in the hunting-field—you will have observed, no doubt, with indignation, that the Criminal Code Bill, now before Parliament, contains no clause providing any penalty whatsoever for Vulpicide.

Would you, Sir, please point this omission out to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and let him know how many years' penal servitude you consider adequate punishment for that atrocious offence.

Ever yours,

M. F. H.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



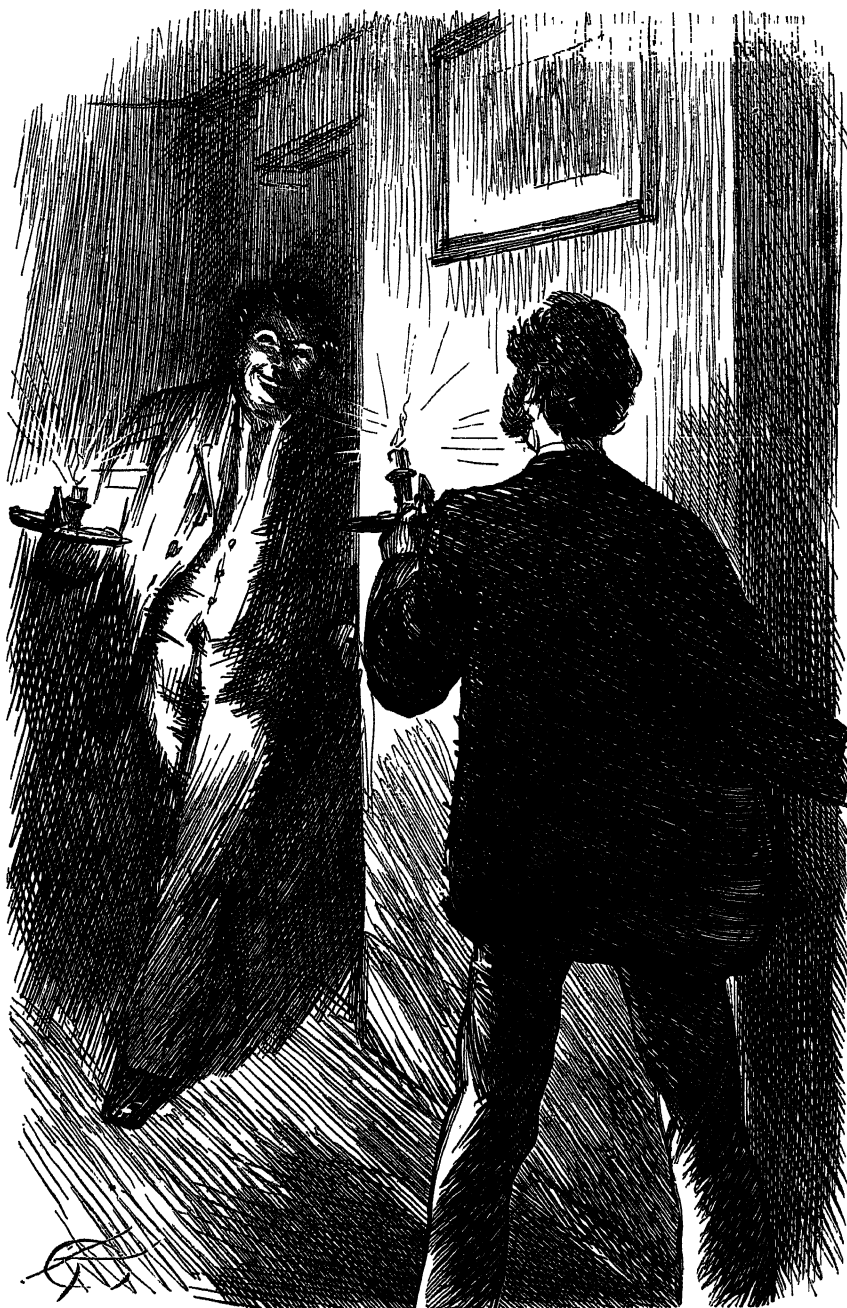
Monday, June 24, it is proposed that money to which a pauper or pauper lunatic may be entitled as member of a benefit or friendly society, is not to be applied to his maintenance, while he has a wife, or other relative, dependent on him? This is, no doubt, against the principle of the Poor Law, which offers a premium, not on thrift, but on thriftlessness. Lord FORTESCUE, Lord KIMBERLEY, and Lord GREY, are all for the rigour of the Game of Life, as played between the poor man and the Poor Law, and so oppose the Amendment. But Lord SHAFTESBURY, a more tender-hearted, if less unbending, economist, taking the dangerous view, "that pauperism did not always arise from

people's own fault, and that the misery which it pleased Providence to inflict on human beings was sometimes so terrible that no man of feeling who became cognisant of it could hesitate to throw political economy to the winds in order to relieve it," supported the innovation, "as it would enable guardians to give timely assistance to deserving families, and so prevent them from being plunged into hopeless pauperism."

Their Lordships, by a majority of one, snubbed stern economical principle, and said ditto to Lord SHAFTESBURY. A very unprincipled proceeding of their Lordships. They repented of it later on.

(Commons).—The Admiralty, inspired, probably, by the legend of Orpheus, has not yet abandoned the hope of bringing back *Eurydice* from the lower regions. When my Lords do hope, their hopefulness is wonderful!

Mr. O'CLERY wants Ireland relieved of her *pro rata* proportion of the cost of English and Scotch Volunteer Corps; and in the attempt



SAFE.

Guest (after a jolly evening). "Goo' RIGHT, OL' FELLAH—I'LL LEAVE MY BOOSH OUSHIDE 'DOOR—"

Bohemian Host. "AU' RIGHT, M' BOY—(hic)—NOBERRY 'LL TOUSSH 'EM—GOO' LIGHT!" [Exeunt.]

to press this precious instalment of the "separate system," brought the House down upon him by 306 to 12.

Then began the weary, but very important, week's work—the debate on Second Reading of the Duke of RICHMOND'S Cattle Bill, which provides, *inter alia*, for the slaughtering of imported cattle, at the port of landing, without regard to the presence or absence of pleuro-pneumonia or foot-and-mouth disease in the cattle or country of their shipment.

Sir M. H. BEACH moved the Second Reading not very brilliantly. Mr. FORSTER moved, as an amendment, not the rejection of the Bill, but of its provisions for compulsory slaughter.

To-night's discussion, like all the week's debates on the Bill, was in the main a clash of contradictions between town and country Members, the natural advocates of free import of foreign cattle, and of protection to the British breeder and butcher against foreign competition—at the cost of the consumer, as all protection must be.

Mr. FORSTER admirably marshalled the arguments against the Bill, showing, as it seems

to *Punch*, conclusively, that its provisions to check the spread of cattle-diseases at home are as much too weak, as its provisions for shutting our ports against their importation from abroad are, partly, inapplicable, partly in excess of the needs of the case. It ignores facts, when it compels the slaughter of fat cattle from Spain, Portugal, Denmark, and Norway, where pleuro-pneumonia, and foot-and-mouth disease are practically unknown. It lies in their face, when it admits fat cattle from the United States, the Canadas, and Ireland, where these diseases are common. It overlooks the notorious truths that, whatever the origin of these diseases, they have now become naturalised amongst us, and that the only way of dealing with them is by a strenuous supervision and rigid isolation of diseased cattle, home and foreign alike; that twelve per cent. of the meat of England, and forty-seven per cent. of that of London, come to us in the shape of cattle imported from abroad; and that the rise of price and curtailment of supply consequent on what will in effect be the prohibition of foreign importation of live cattle, is like to be very serious—so serious, as, with good reason, to override even Mr. WHEELHOUSE'S faithfulness to his Tory colours.

After Mr. FORSTER Professor PLAYFAIR and Mr. RATHBONE delivered the most damaging attacks on the Bill. Of course almost every statement against the Bill had its contradiction; but on the whole, *Punch* is bound to say that the case against it seems, as far as he can judge, immeasurably stronger than that in its favour. That being his conclusion, he is content to state it without registering the collision of orators *pro and con*. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday the debate flowed on, and promises to reach the middle of next week. It has disregarded party considerations, and its upshot may well be beyond the calculation or control of the Whips. It looks, at present, as if the Government would have either to withdraw the measure, or so modify it that the President of the Council will not know his child when it comes back from the rude handling of the Commons.

Wednesday.—The monotony of the week's Cattle Bill discussion was but imperfectly relieved by the annual interlude of the Permissive Bill. Even that was unusually dull this year, for Sir WILFRID was invalidated, and had to trot out his hobby in silence, reserving himself for his speech in reply, in which *Punch*, as usual, congratulates him on his humorous presentation of the evils and extent of intemperance—the 59 cases of wife-beating, attempts at murder, poisoning, brutal assaults, and other crimes traced, in one day's search through the newspapers, up to the accursed fountain of the Bottle; the 140 millions spent annually in intoxicating liquors; the 350,000 drunken cases taken up by the police—and the ten times 350,000 imbibers who work off their liquor out of custody. We throw in Sir WILFRID his fling at the very well-appointed bar, at length legally attached—*Punch* is glad to see—to Sir Coutts's Fine-Art Gallery, "the people who went through which were so used up that they required something to pick them up again afterwards"; his chaff of the "Irish Eleven," who declared that the Irish Sunday Closing Bill would increase drunkenness, and therefore opposed it; the Licensed Victuallers' type of the perfect Christian—"the man who could carry the largest quantity of liquor without getting drunk, and pay for it"; "the new origin of evil—the licensed grocer"; in short, we will give Sir WILFRID credit for humour, credit for consistency, credit for patriotism and humanity—for everything but the wisdom of his *panacea*, the Permissive Bill. That we cannot give him; believing, with the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH, that it is even of more importance that Englishmen should be free, than that Englishmen should be sober.

Sir WILFRID was negatived by a majority of 278 to 84.

Thursday (Lords). Their Lordships did penance for their Monday's lapse into sentiment, and voted by 19 Lord FORTESCUE'S Motion, which they had before rejected by 1.

(*Commons.*)—More Cattle Bill. Debate adjourned to Thursday.

Friday (Lords).—Wonders will never cease. Lord CAIRNS'S Irish Intermediate Education Bill hailed with a chorus of congratulations, and very like to pass Lords, and, stranger still, Commons. Even BUTT has given his *exequatur*, and the Home-Rulers have not risen up against him. To be sure, the Bill proposes to take a million of the Established Church surplus, and devote it to a liberal provision for prizes and payments by results, which will put good money into the pockets of the Irish school-managers, schoolmasters, and their pupils. It creates, besides, two good places of £1000 a-year. All this has materially aided to grease the ways for the Bill. It may even help a conscience clause down Roman-Catholic throats.

(*Commons.*)—On the Highways Bill. The morning sitting spent in desultory discussion of the principles of highway rating on which it is evident the House is all abroad.

At night a Count-Out. With the thermometer at 90° in the shade, what wonder? The House would have run out, if it had not been counted.

BONNETS LIKE BLAZES.



Y DEAR MR. PUNCH,

WILL you kindly inform me if the alarming outbreak of *Scarlet Fever* in the stock of our leading *modistes* is still at its height—or if you see any signs of its mitigation. I am a country lady, of limited means and rubicund countenance, only able to afford two bonnets a year. Before venturing on my Summer one, I took a stroll down Regent Street, as usual, and found the milliners' windows, literally blazing, in spite of the tropical temperature. Will you kindly let me know when the epidemic

abates, that I may have some chance of a cool *neutral tint*.

I remain, your constant Reader,

Sloum Pogis, June 24, 1878.

PRISCILLA MARGOLD.

JULY JOTTINGS.

(By Our Representative Man.)

At the Aquarium. One Beluga is dead. Let us draw a Whale. Another Beluga lives. *Vive la Belugatelle!* The living Beluga looks very pale,—that's her fun, perhaps, looking pail in a tank,—and I'm afraid she's only a whaletudinarian, after all. Being something of a natatorialist myself, I beg to offer my opinion that the present Beluga is simply an uncommonly fine specimen of Whitebait rather late in the season.

As for the "Manatee, the Mermaid," it is as much like a *Man at tea* as it is like a Mermaid. To hint that such an absurd creature, as is this magnified "Miller's Thumb," could ever have been mistaken, by any sailor whatever, for a Mermaid, a Housemaid, or for any old or young bathing-woman at all, is simply a libel on the entire British Navy. Not a Jack-tar, whether sober ashore or "half seas over" on the deep, could ever have wasted his time in winking his wicked eye at this Manatee under the impression he was captivated a Mermaid. Why, were a bumboat woman to be told that she resembled a Mermaid of this sort, wouldn't she soon show what sort of a Mermaid she was, not by combing her own hair, but by combing *his*, with a three-legged stool.

But it's far pleasanter, in these dog-days, to run down, any afternoon by the 5.15 train from Victoria, arriving, punctually, at

Ramsgate 5.15—good *that*—and to sit on the sands—front seats a penny to see the tide come in—and

Watch Miss PHRYNE

Bathe in the briny,

than to look at the Westminster Mermaid in the Aquarium. She is well worth a visit, though, as a real curiosity; but she does seem so very uncomfortable. I met a very intelligent elderly gentleman examining the creature, with his nose flattened against the glass, just opposite the Manatee's nose. Getting into conversation with him subsequently, I found he was an Ancient Mariner, and knew the Manatee at home.

I don't affect Races, but I *do* like the "Cup days" in July and August. I mean the Cider, Claret, and Champagne-Cup days.

Theatrical business in London, with the thermometer at ninety in the shade, has been "dropping" all round. No wonder. In such weather *Shylock* wouldn't have to wait long for *Antonio's* pound of flesh, if he'd take it without the use of the knife, and not insist on its consistency.

A propos of theatres, *Elfinella* has gone back to the Fairies in the Provinces. London was too hot to hold her. Who was the Author? The report is that ROSS NEIL was *Lorne-Tennys-on* in disguise. Was that why the Princess's was the theatre chosen? *Queen's Evidence* has succeeded—I mean, has succeeded *Elfinella*.

Mr. JAMES WHIZZLER has elected himself R.A. (Rum Artist) by his own peculiar R-A-ngement. One *Mrs. Malaprop* calls his pictures "Derangements in black and white."

A word for Miss LYDIA COWELL, at the Duke's. The Marylebone Club and Australians ought to give her a benefit, as her *Little Cricket* is played with much Grace.

The *Flying Dutchman* is still running. Mr. IRVING is to give us his *Bells and Jingle* for his benefit, and for ours. His impersonation of *Jingle* used to be admirable. "We don't want to" go to the Theatre, "but, by Jingle, if we do"—it will be for this occasion only.

Mr. HARK feels so sure that *Olivia* will run as long as *Our Boys*, that he contemplates spelling the name *O-live-here!* Bring iced Curaçoa and soda and a tomato sandwich.

A propos of Sandwich. I drove from Ramsgate to a place called Eastry, in the Isle of Thanet. In the fine old church at Eastry, I asked the sexton if the alterations had been made by the people of Eastry. "No, Sir," he replied, simply. "It were done by the *Westry*." I thought (in my capacity of Representative) of engaging him for this journal. But I have visited the place three times since, and he has only got this one joke. (Weather fine. Sea calm. Slight breeze. No bluebottles. Temper unruffled.)

Young London complains, in this heat, of the absence of Cremorne. There is no *Café Baum*, or *Closerie de Lilas*, for them; but it's the *Entree-Closerie de Cremorne* that bothers them. *Paradis Perdu*.

In the window of a fish-shop in the Strand, there is an advertisement, saying something about "*American Natives in English Beds*." Surely this should be up in the Langham Hotel.

Y. R.

BIG NAMES FOR PLAIN THINGS.

"DOMESTIC Economy" is such a good thing that *Punch* is sorry to see it made ridiculous by association with the tall talk, fuss, parade, and pretension of a Congress. Sir HENRY COLE talks of the desirableness of endowing a "Domestic Economy College" out of the surplus of the Exhibition of 1851. *Punch* is rather of the mind of the Roman-Catholic Bishop of Salford—

"That to establish a College for the special purpose of teaching children how to peel or prepare a potato, &c., was quite uncalled for until we had tried that which he thought would be the simplest method, namely, private or public teaching and example by individuals who were skilled in the peculiar branches."

The real "College of Domestic Economy" is a well-ordered, even if humble, home, and next to that comes a good National Girls' School, in whose table of subjects a fourth R. wants adding to the other three—*Rudiments of House Arrangement and Cottage Cookery*.

INTRODUCING BEVERAGES.

It is expected that the well-known Town Peri will shortly become the genuine Sea-Sider.

CHECK TO COCKNEY SPORTSMEN.



ou won't be surprised, dear *Punch*, to hear from me still here, knowing that I am generally not off till July, though I shut up earlier, and cease singing in June. My fellow-immigrant called my Mate—I don't mean Mrs. C—remains with me; and the other day I had the misfortune to lose a member of his family by the act of a Cockney Sportsman. You saw in the Wandsworth Police report of Thursday last that a certain youth, one FREDERICK SMITH, of Hammersmith, was had up on the previous day on two summonses: one for discharging a gun in a public thoroughfare in Barnes; the other, under the Wild Birds' Protection Act, for infringing that statute by killing, contrary thereto, a "certain wild bird, to wit a Wryneck" (*Yuna torquilla*), otherwise called my Mate—the Cuckoo's Mate. His excuse was that he took it for a hedge-sparrow; as though if he had known what it was, he wouldn't have shot it all the rather.

For letting off the gun, he was fined 2s. 6d., with 2s. costs; for shooting the bird, 2s. These penalties are not severe; but they may serve to deter young cads from shooting wild birds out of season.

We have to thank a Policeman for bringing Master SMITH, of Hammersmith, to justice. I hope he will prove to have set Policemen an example, and that Bobbies will bestir themselves to enforce the Wild Birds' Protection Act. I have it not by me to refer to; but suppose I am down in it: I should be, if I am not, as my Mate is. Its enforcement will, of course, tend to induce all birds of passage, for whose preservation it provides, to prolong their annual sojourn in this country to the very latest day that climate will allow them.

I remain, dear *Punch*,

Your ever fond and faithful Songster,

Richmond Park, June 30.

CUCULUS CANORUS.

AT LAST!

At last! O Phoebus, thou hast been a laggard,
Mid-June was past, and thou off duty still!
With weary waiting Hope grew pale and haggard,
And Summer mirth was mute, and Sport was chill.
Creation frowned, as she would ne'er be cheerful,
Her blues the wrong ones, and her greens dull greys,
Till Nature seemed a Niobe all tearful,
And Earth was sick of wet and windy days;
But lo! the unseasonable deluge past,
Here is the Sun, at last!

Phengh! What a change! Hence moods and wraps hibernal,
Ho for cool vestments and for cooler drinks!
A sprawl, green leaves, a weed, or chatty journal,—
From aught more arduous the spirit shrinks.
Congress? Can't track its changes and its crises:
Whilst the cool Sphinx the Asian Mystery plays,
Let us explore the Mysteries of *Ices*,—
Diplomacy is not for summer days:
Enjoy them while we may, they fly too fast,
Now they have come at last!

Some strawberries and cream? *Barkis* is willing.
"These disagree with GORTSCHAKOFF?" How queer!
Unter den Linden they, perhaps, are killing,
Under our limes they're most refreshing cheer.
"The leaves for BEACONSFIELD?" He's welcome—very,
I at this moment much prefer the fruit.
"Ice claret-cup, or lemonade and sherry?"
A beaker of the first may taste will suit,—
For it is hot, with old Sol in full blast,
And Summer here, at last!

I wonder whether Jingoos still are roaring,
In town, about their idol on the Spree;
I wonder whether GILBERT GRACE is scoring;
I'm sure on such a turf he ought to be.

I wonder whether Fashion, in full feather,
Is sitting at the Opera in this heat!
I wonder whether this delicious weather
Will last a week—or end in snow and sleet!
I wonder,—but, no matter, Winter's past,
And Summer's here—at last! [*Left luxuriating.*]

MR. PUNCH'S SOCIAL CODE.

Offence.	Present Punishment.	Proposed Punishment.
Coming late to dinner	Dark looks from the hostess, and cold soup from the cook	Dinner restricted to dessert and coffee.
Hesitation about singing	Polite pressure . . .	Cheerful acceptance of mock refusal.
Painting the face, dyeing the hair, &c.	Hidden sneers . . .	Open contempt.
Flirting with another man's wife	Amused disdain . . .	No alteration.
Having a photograph taken for the benefit of the public	Strange companionship in the shop-windows	Seven days' hard labour in the Royal Academy.
Reading racy romances by a modern spinster	Silly notions about the character of mankind in general, and Guardsmen in particular	Three weeks' engagement to one of OUIDA's heroes.
Talking in a private box	Suppressed resentment of the pit	Seven nights' penal servitude in a theatre in July.
Heavy pic-nics at LORD's Cricket-Ground	Indigestion	Division of the sexes by a neutral zone one hundred yards wide.
Playing in amateur theatricals	The half-hidden yawns of a bored audience	Two and a half minutes of genuine hissing.
Cutting old friends and cringing to new acquaintances	A mild shake of the head	A couple of weeks of misfortune.
Outraging society generally	Cynical toleration .	The cut direct.
And (worst offence of all) sending voluntary contributions to 85, Fleet Street	Immediate transfer to the waste-paper basket	Capital punishment in its most unpleasant form.

"OUR GUIDE TO THE GROSVENOR GALLERY."

(To the Editor.)

SIR,

THERE was an error last week in my Guide. I give this as a "free admission." When a Guide who does write, as I do, does wrong, he should take the first opportunity of saying, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I beg your pardon, No. 35, in the books, is *not* by Mr. ALMA TADEMA, as I inadvertently misstated it to be, but by Mr. JAMES TISSOT. If I said it was by ALMA TADEMA, *isn't* so. Now I say it is by TISSOT, and 'tis so." I remember the teachings of my Catechism; and I try to be "true and just in all my (picture) dealings;" and so I will merely add that my opinion on the work itself remains unaltered, no matter who may be the Artist. Farewell!

I remain, Sir, Your own Guide,

And beg to sign myself, seasonably,
"DUX" (with an arrangement in green peas.)

Sors Virgiliana for M. Bizet.

(Doubly grateful this hot weather.)

Tale tuum *Carmen* nobis, divine poeta,
Quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per aestum
Dulcis aquae saliente sitim restinguere rivo.

VIRGIL. *Ecl.* v. 45.

CHANGE OF ASSOCIATION.

AMIENS, sixty-five years ago, suggested Peace. Its chief association now-a-days is with a buffet.

SEASONABLE REQUEST.—"Drink to me only with thine ice!"



NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTES.

Mamma. "NOT KISS PROFESSOR JACKSON, LUCY? WHY NOT?"

Lucy. "HE'S GOT SUCH A STUBBLY BEARD, MAMMA, AND IT PRICKS SO! NOW I DON'T MIND CAPTAIN THOMPSON'S MOUSTACHE! DO YOU?"

THE NEW LEG;

OR, THE TURK, THE TARTAR, AND THE TIMBER TOE.

AIR—"The Cork Leg."

I'LL tell you a tale without any flam,
Of a terrible Turk, a horrid old sham,
Who many a year had said, "I am
The greatest glory of great Islām."

With a tooral looral, &c.

He'd a fine estate this terrible Turk,
But he loved his ease and he hated work.
And his only care was all care to shirk,
To bully his slaves, and his creditors burke.

With a tooral looral, &c.

Protest who might, he'd not yield a peg;
He sucked his thralls as you'd suck an egg,
And if for pity they came to beg,
He kicked them out with his terrible leg.

With a tooral looral, &c.

But at last of fighting he had his fill,
And in a terrible Tartar mill
He got his best leg crushed, until
This terrible Turk lay spent and still.

With a tooral looral, &c.

His foes rejoiced, and his slaves made game
Of the terrible Turk, sudden fallen lame,
For they thought the mishap might his temper tame,
Or, at least, that he couldn't kick quite the same.

With a tooral looral, &c.

But a Jew by blood, if not by persuasion,
An Artist in words and education,
Came in, and checked their jubilation
By scheming the Turk's leg-restoration.

With a tooral looral, &c.

Says he, "Don't get in a rage, I beg,
Only trust to my patent Balkan leg;
And, strong on that artificial peg,
You shall stand like an Eastern *Silas Wegg*."

With a tooral looral, &c.

The Turk didn't see his way out of it quite,
So Artist and doctors made it all right;
And the wooden leg shaped fair to sight,
And fitted it on, and screwed it tight.

With a tooral looral, &c.

Both Tartar and Turk thought the leg a bore,
And the Turk's poor thralls did the dodge deplore;
For they thought, "If the old rogue's limbs they restore,
He'll soon be kicking as hard as before."

With a tooral looral, &c.

Quoth a rival Artist, one W. G.,
Who with restoration did not agree,
"Much better have left the job to me,
I'd have cut off the other leg, too, d'ye see?"

With a tooral looral, &c.

But the artful Artist contented stood,
And regarded his work in triumphant mood.
"At odds I'll back the new leg of wood
Against the old one of flesh and blood."

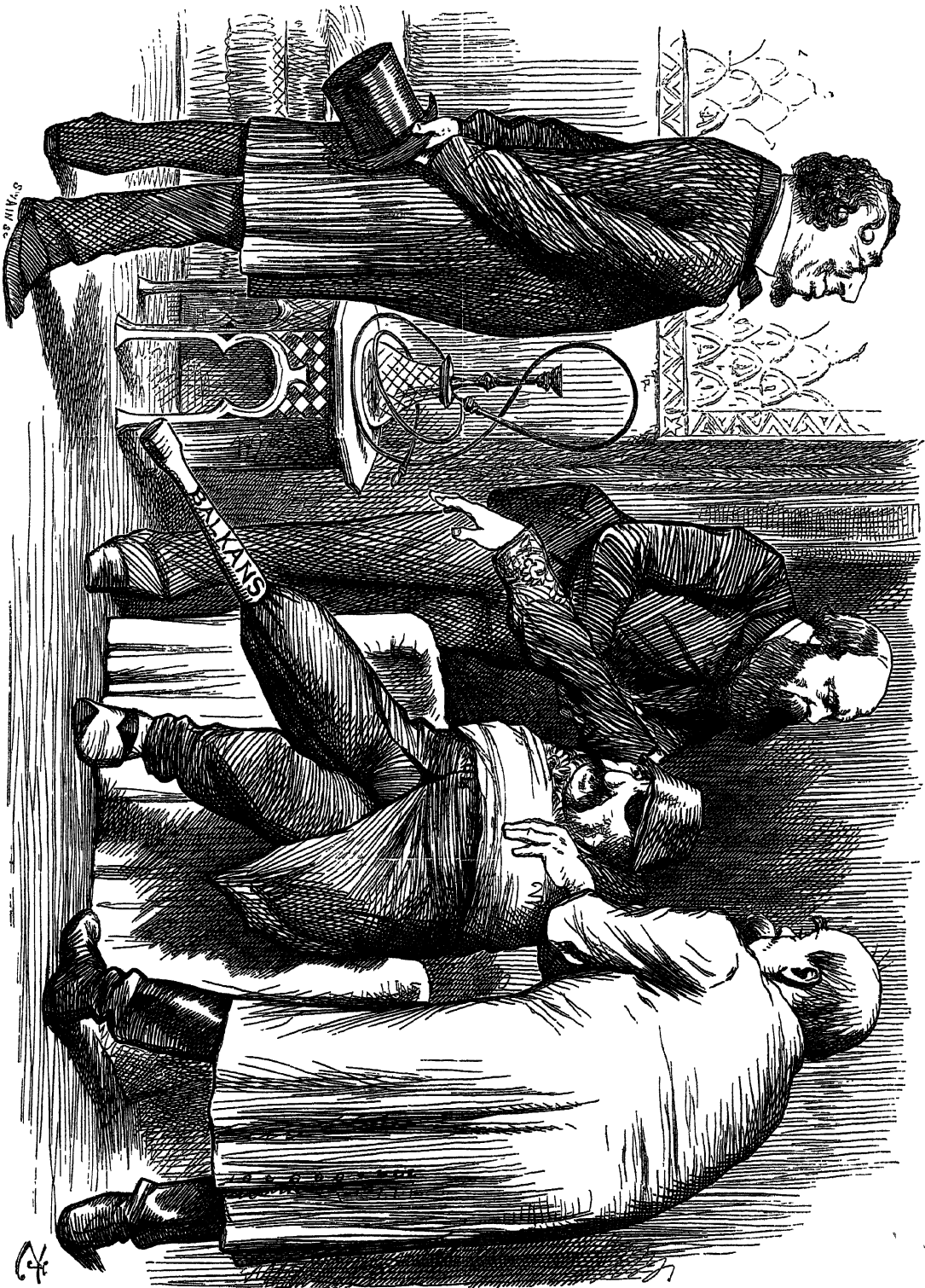
With a tooral looral, &c.

Says W. G., "'Tis fine to talk.
No doubt you fancy you've scored a chalk.
The foes of the Turk 'tis your aim to baulk.
But wait till the old rogue tries to walk."

With a tooral looral, &c.

If the Turk with this new arrangement agree,
And manage to move, even W. G.
Wishing well to the Moslem as is to be,
His "*Resurgam*" may find in his L E G!

With a tooral looral, &c.



THE NEW LEG.

DR. BENJAMIN. "ONLY MAKE AN EFFORT! YOU'LL FIND IT EVER SO MUCH BETTER THAN THE OLD ONE!"

ACROSS THE KEEP-IT-DARK CONTINENT; OR, HOW I FOUND STANLEY.

(By the Author of "Coompassie," and "Notamagdollan," "My! Phillaloo!" &c.)

PART I.

My Mission—The Office—"Yes, Blow it!"—My Plans—Preparations—Thoughtful Friends—More Stanleys in the Field—Away!



I WAS labouring hard at my great work, called, *Travels Over Untrodden Ground*, to which I had vowed to devote myself, even though it should occupy my whole time for three years, without even once quitting my study, when happening to stroll down an old lane in the heart of the City, one of the coldest and stoniest regions I have ever explored, I came suddenly upon a bookstall, where my eye lighted upon a venerable volume, and blazed with unwonted fire.

The name of the work in question was, *How to Do It*. I took down the book, and in less than ten minutes became so absorbed in its contents, that I had actually traversed the length of the street, before I was reminded by a rude tap on my shoulder, that the interesting volume had not as yet come into my possession by right of purchase.

"A most remarkable work!" I said, reassuringly, and affably, to the shopman, whose appearance betokened a mind ill at ease. "I have been quite carried away by it."

"Carried away, indeed!" replied the man, with most unpardonable ferocity. "I've half a mind—" he began, threateningly.

My Christian pity was excited for a man with not more than half a mind; so, as I confessed to being taken with the book, I came to terms with the stallkeeper for half-a-crown less than he had demanded—(he wanted two-and-ninence, which was absurd)—and went off much pleased with my treasure, though somewhat shocked at the want of brotherly trust, and Christian charity, displayed by one, who bore the outward semblance of a civilised member of the Great Human Happy Family. I do not envy that man the gain he acquired by the transaction. He bit my pence to see if they were good! He did not appear to relish the flavour. The volume, however, was mine. Until late hours I sat up reading this book, inventing and planning, sketching out routes, drawing up maps, noting everything that my predecessors in the art of Exploration had done before me, and laying out precisely the ground for my work.

Before I retired to rest that night, I saw that funds would be needed. Struck with this big idea, which seemed to create a momentary difficulty—but what are difficulties except mountains in the distance that become mere molehills when approached boldly?—I sat up in bed, and, having lighted a candle, I once more had recourse to my magic volume for hints. First, it was evident that there must be a *raison d'être* for the journey. What should it be? It was not enough to say, "Oh, I'll go and see what's to be seen, and tell you all about it." No. Any man in his senses would reply, "Bless you, go! Treat yourself liberally, and don't spare expense—out of your own pocket."

COLUMBUS, MARCO POLO (why was COLUMBUS in the nominative, and MARCO POLO in the dative? This must be explored), VASCO DE GAMA, DR. LIVINGSTONE, Mr. STANLEY . . .

Ha! There it was! STANLEY had gone to find LIVINGSTONE;—that was done, and he had had a second commission. Suppose STANLEY should have the misfortune to lose himself? I saw my road at once. I would go and find STANLEY. And then somebody else could come out to find me. Then some one to find him, and so on. In the course of time one-half the world would be finding out the other half. This is the Law of Progress.

The next morning I went to work.

I was at The Office, in Fleet Street, before the shutters were down, or anybody was up. The Early Milkman, on his Milky Way, saw me; the Late Cabman eyed me; the Policeman on duty watched me. Undaunted, I stood there, till the boy came to remove the first shutter. I interrogated the boy. The Editor was not up. The Proprietors were not up. "Would I wait?"

"Would I!" I exclaimed, enthusiastically. "I am here to wait, and wait, and wait—until My Mission is accomplished!"

The boy seemed staggered; but I invited him to coffee at an early stall, and, as he had change for sixpence, and I had nothing about me under a hundred-pound note, the simple, brave, honest youth subsequently became my sworn ally.

I waited. Then the Clerk arrived. I went in, and discussed journalistic enterprise in general with him, over the counter. Still the Editor was not visible; nor were the Proprietors.

One of the staff came in: he was genial, and I talked with him. I found that we had some sort of relationship in an uncle. We conversed, and discussed journalistic enterprise. He gave me his card, and, when he had gone, I sent it in to the Editor. I was ushered into the sanctum.

That moment I note as an epoch in my eventful career. From the instant I entered that sanctum, you, Sir—(this I address to the illustrious gentleman himself)—will bear me witness how energetically I urged my cause; how I argued, at length, for the success of my enterprise; how I talked by the hour at a time; how I partook of your luncheon, of your salt, of your bottle of champagne; how I accepted, at your hands, the choicest of cigars, smoking, as it were, the calumet of peace; and how I refused to leave you, until my indomitable perseverance should be rewarded. You, Sir, with the love of truth that is your eminent characteristic—you, Sir, will bear witness for how many days I presented myself before you, invariably sending in somebody else's card, and by this ruse obtaining the interview, which you, less devoted to the deed, less interested in its success than I was, would have denied me. The first three mornings you wore slippers; on the occasion of my fourth interview you were in boots. My eagle eye detected the change at once. I have a wonderful eye for change.* Perseverance was rewarded at last.

At last, one day, in answer to an eager inquiry on my part, as to your probable possession at that moment of such a curiously uneven sum as five shillings, with which you might feel inclined to speculate as a loan, you returned, impulsively, "Will you go to the—?" And I caught you up before you could complete the sentence, and supplied the words.

"The Dark Continent? Yes, I will. Five shillings down, and for the rest let us consult the Proprietors."

This I added, seeing them enter at that moment.

To them, enlightened and discreet as they are, I explained my plan, so far as it would interest them, and be intelligible.

They paused.

"Recollect"—I went on with tears of passion in my eyes—

"Recollect what has been done on the other side of the road! Do not let it be said that You, Gentlemen of England who live at home at ease, have refused to send an Emissary in the Great Cause which your journal advocates, to the interior of that land where there is yet in store for you The Very Largest Circulation in the World!"

There was another pause. I was inspired.

"Give me, Gentlemen," I cried, "a paste-pot and brush, as many sixteen-sheet posters as you can print off, bales of back numbers, a supply of *Punch's Almanacks* and *Pocket-Books* for the wives and children, and, for a small certainty down, and with such powers of drawing on you, out of sight, as I possess, there will not be a Lake, or a Village, or a Territory, in that vast unexplored region where, within one year, I shall not have established an Emporium in direct trade communication with Fleet Street, which shall be the means of bringing the Lightest of Light Literature within the reach of the pockets of the unclothed savages of the Darkest of Dark Lands. Gentlemen, how say you?"

"Do you think you can settle all this, if we commission you?"

"While I live," I replied, most earnestly, with my right hand on my right heart, which, though it is on the left side for I am but mortal, is still in the right place—"while I live, there will be always somebody, and something, to be done. If I survive," I added, solemnly and touchingly, "all shall be done!"

They were deeply moved, and for some seconds wept on each other's shoulders, unable to utter a word.

The matter was for a moment suspended, in order to allow time for two partners to telegraph to an entire stranger, "Would he join in giving me a certain sum to go away and remain away for a year at least?" And within twenty minutes the electric flash came from the North with this laconic answer,

"Yes; blow it!"

You forgot, amid the multiplicity of your duties, Sir, to announce the compact, and my departure. But all was compacted, and I,

* We were perhaps a little rough, but it was very warm weather, and we didn't know so much of our excellent Fellow-Traveler as we do now.—Ed.

subsequently, departed. But before I left, I wrote a stirring article about myself and my Expedition, which I sent to you, but which you unaccountably omitted, wherein I informed the public (to whom I had presented a subscription-list for the necessary outfit) that "The purpose of the enterprise is to complete what was begun; to solve, if possible" (I was careful to insert this saving clause) "if possible, the remaining problems which the celebrated traveller, JOSEPHUS MILLER, left unfinished, to find out the origin of most of the same author's most ancient traditions, and to report upon the source of the earliest *Conundra* which have puzzled the minds of all ages. The energetic and undaunted Gentleman—(this was an allusion to myself)—who undertakes this expedition has already displayed the best qualities, as a traveller, in many regions, at home and abroad, and he will represent in his person the Entire Civilisation of the World; and with no inconsiderable resources at his disposition, supplied by the enterprising Proprietors of this distinguished Journal, it may be hoped" (this was cautious too—I am always modest), "it may be hoped that very important results will accrue from this undertaking, to the advantage of Science, Humanity, and Civilisation as represented in the humble but invincible* individual who now has the honour to appeal to you for subscriptions, and who now bids you, for a short while, heartily Farewell."

Such was the text of my article. It never saw the light in your journal, Sir, but it was privately printed, and circulated as a Tract for Sunday reading, headed, *Where are you going to, my pretty Maid?* Its success was so great that, had I not been a Man of Honour, I should have given up my Exploration of Tracts of Land, and gone in for Tracts on paper. But I am a Man of my Word. I kept my word, and left.

My mission was to find STANLEY. I ascertained from the *London Directory* that there were more than a hundred STANLEYS, including the Dean of WESTMINSTER. It didn't much matter which STANLEY I found; but I made it a point of honour, and of duty, before I left, to call on all the STANLEYS, who were likely to be good for anything, and point out the advantages of my discovering their next of kin. Some liked it, some didn't. Many were rude: nearly all subscribed.

To the majority of STANLEYS (who had missing relatives) I explained that I had only undertaken to find STANLEY, not to bring him back. Some said, "If you find STANLEY"—meaning their particular STANLEY—"don't, on any account, let him come home. Don't lend him any money." I promised I wouldn't, cheerfully.

Directly my object got bruited about, my door was besieged, for days, by persons representing themselves as STANLEY, who came there, they said, "to save me the trouble of a journey."

For my part I am always careful how I treat any STANLEY, as, after all, he may be (as he was in the *School* for

Scandal) an *Uncle Oliver* in disguise. But in this case they were all mercenary, and most of them utterly dishonest, hopeless impostors. I got rid of them, ultimately, by telling them that I myself was STANLEY; that I had discovered their little game, and had found them out. I bribed a Policeman to appear at the right moment; and, after a week, I heard no more of these unprincipled adventurers, who would have willingly made money, by trading on the best and purest feelings of our nature. They didn't get a farthing out of me.

My time was fully occupied with my preparations until the morning of my departure. Two men and a boy accompanied me. The boy was the same whom I had first met on that memorable morning taking down the shutters. He was a sharp boy, and required more "taking down" than the shutters. The cup of coffee at that early stall had not been thrown away upon him. He had lent me money *then*, and he would not desert me *now*.

There was one thing absolutely necessary to success, and that was the preservation of Presence of Mind whenever I should happen to meet Mr. STANLEY. I knew, that, were I to evince emotion, it might be fatal to him, and to myself. "Practice," I said to myself, "makes perfect." So, from the moment I conceived the idea, I went to work, walked out all day in the most crowded thoroughfares, in the Parks, in the Row—everywhere—and suddenly selecting my man, I went at him, and taking off my hat, said—"Mr. STANLEY, I presume?"

Nineteen times out of twenty I was wrong. The twentieth said, "Yes, I am Mr. STANLEY." And taking me by the button-hole, he reminded me that when we were at (I really forget *where*) a long time ago (I had quite forgotten *when*), he had paid my hotel bill.

That interview would have cost me more than one pound ten, had I not got him to wait for me, in a cab at the Piccadilly end of the Albany, while I went in to get my purse off the mantel-piece in my chambers.

Such tricks does memory play us! The fact of my having given up my chambers long ago had quite escaped me; and when I went out to look for my friend, he had disappeared—at least, he wasn't there; though I may perhaps attribute this to the circumstance that my exit was at the Savile Row end of the Albany, while he was still (and *is* still, for aught I know,—as Piccadilly is not my line of country now) at the other side.

After this I commenced another method of rehearsing. It was as follows:—

Every morning alone in my room I practised finding STANLEY. I used to make a figure up out of the bolster, some old clothes, and boots, and then get the boy to place it in unexpected places, so that I might come upon it suddenly, and be taken aback. This was to try my presence of mind. I was to preserve a tranquil demeanour on every occasion, however startling, and to be ready with the words, pronounced with the utmost gravity, "Mr. STANLEY, I presume?"

To which, of course, the figure would make no reply.

The boy, assisted by some young friends, once put it into an omnibus before I got in. I kicked against him, recovered my self-possession, addressed him with "Mr. STANLEY, I presume?"—and the Conductor made me pay for two places.

On another occasion the boy and his friends heard I was going to walk across the fields near Hampstead. It was a solemn evening when I was saying farewell to the only person whom I have ever really loved, and was expressing my fervent hope that she would be faithful to me in my absence, in which case I would marry her on my return, when I suddenly saw a man seated, and looking askance at us. Was it her angry brother? or a rival? No . . . neither. In a second I had resumed my imperturbable serenity, and, taking off my hat, I saluted him—

"Mr. STANLEY, I presume?"

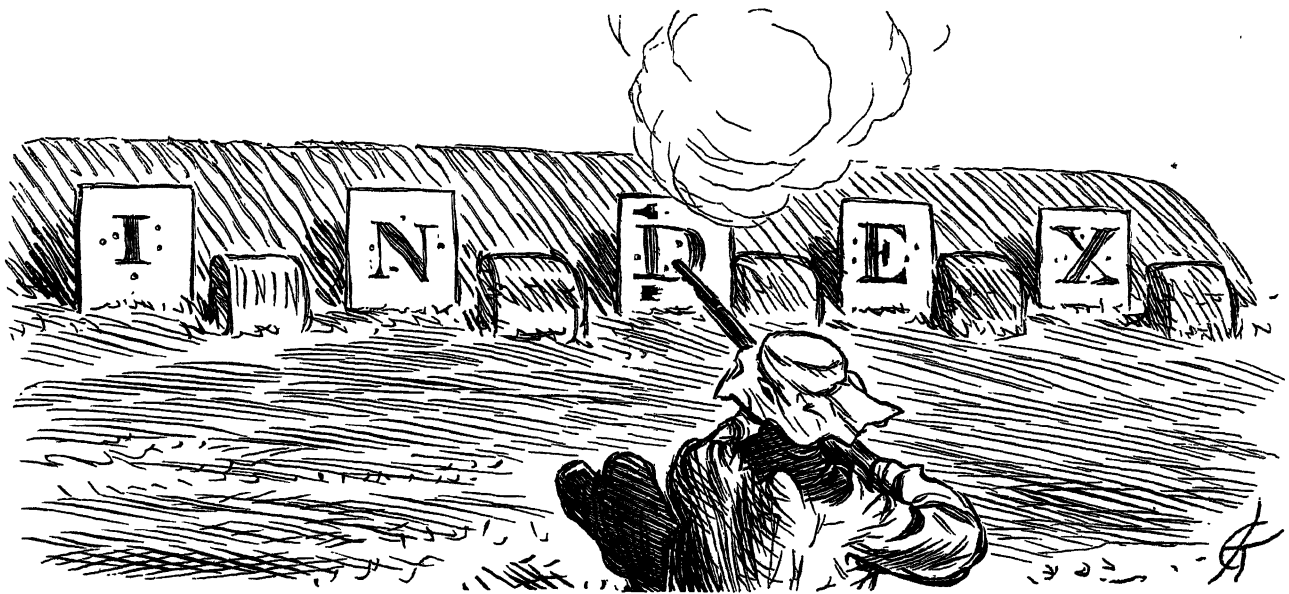
The boys, playing at savages, peashooted me from behind one of the Hampstead Heath fastnesses, and we retired.

The next morning I set sail for the Keep-it-Dark Continent.



MR. STANLEY. I. PRESUME

* Had we published this article originally, we should, on our own account, have substituted "Irrepressible" for "Invincible." We admit that that would have expressed our sentiment at that time. Perhaps *tempora mutantur*.—ED.



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